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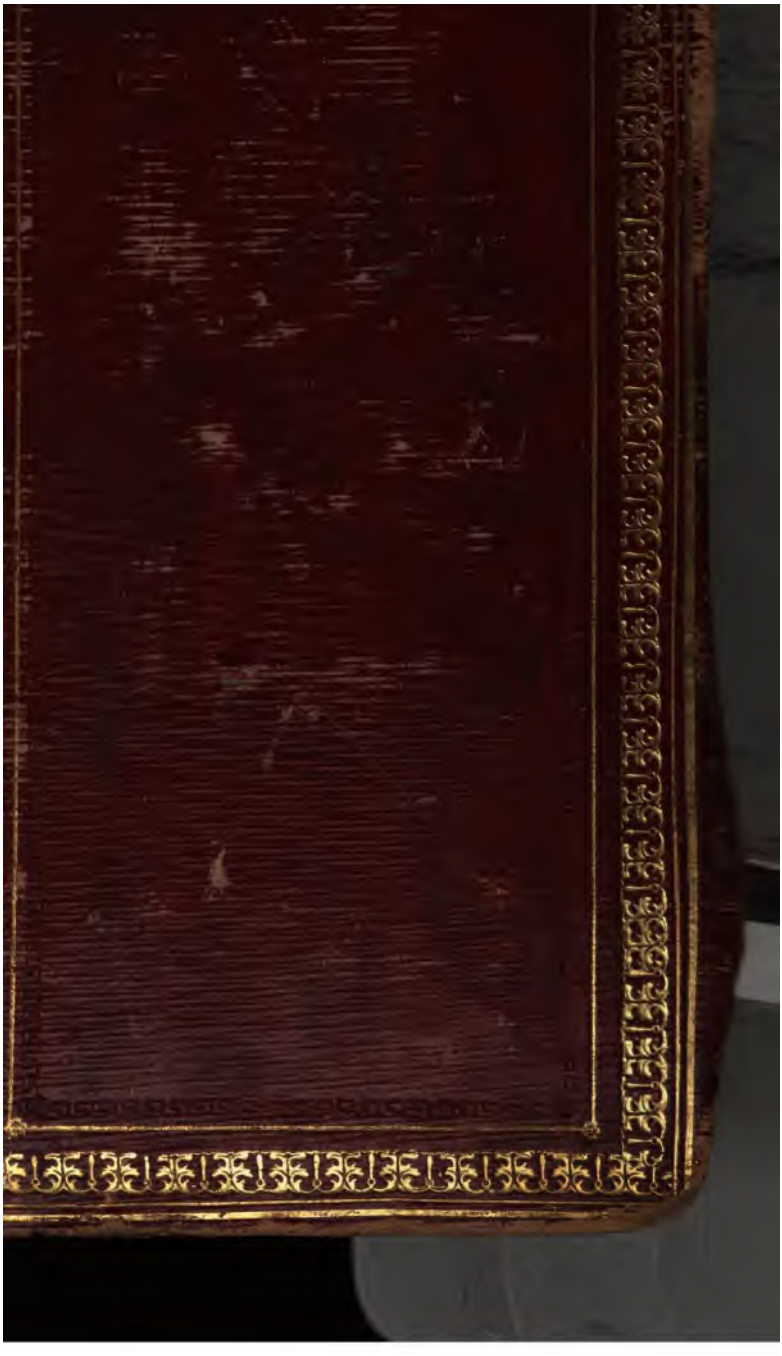

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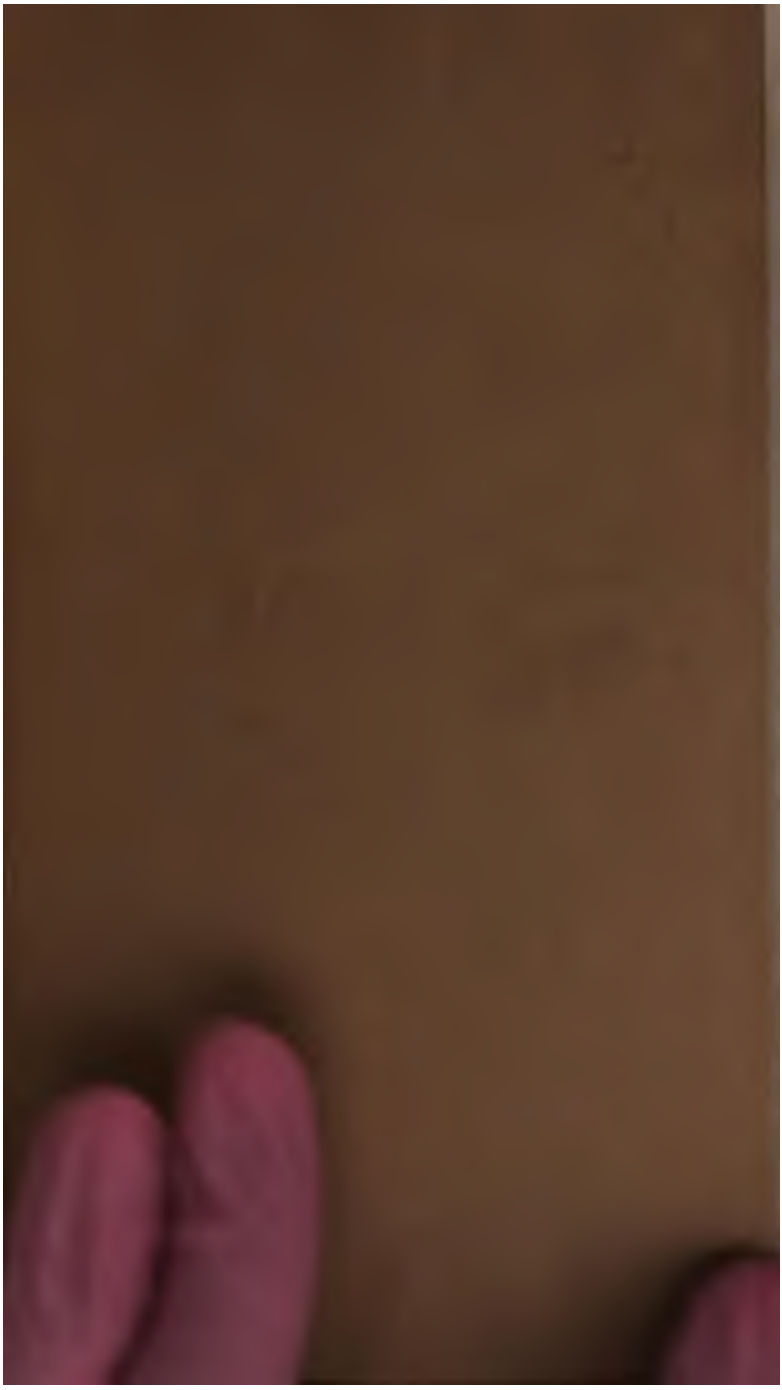

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL,

IN

EGYPT AND ARABIA PETRÆA.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY A LADY OF NEW-YORK.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is a man of fine talents and high attainments; he occupies an elevated position among contemporary French writers; and the annunciation of his name as the author of the following work is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and interest of its details.

Mr. Dumas made the tour here described in the year 1830, but deferred its publication until 1838. Mr. De Behr, of New-York, republished the book in February, 1839.

The translation, — made from the New-York edition and now submitted to the public, — is *altogether free:* the author's *style*, as well as his French, is put into an English dress; and although, in the process, much of the beauty of the original is necessarily lost,

yet in some instances a portion of its redundancy is avoided.

Should any one take the trouble to compare the two books, he will find a great want of literal correspondence between them: he will find that I have added words and sentences, and omitted sentences, paragraphs, and pages: and I hope he will think that the additions were requisite, and the omissions judicious. Were the work of a more solid, scientific, or serious character, — were it almost any thing, indeed, but "Impressions of Travel," — such liberties with the context, being inadmissible, would not have been taken.

The last three chapters will be especially noted for their comparative tediousness, although abridged nearly one half from the original. Indeed, as, at the best, those chapters are a heavy episode; as they are but a record of the Quixotic folly and exterminatory defeat of the French armies, transcribed

almost verbatim from the pages of Joinville; it is not easy to imagine the author's motive for introducing them at such unconscionable length; but it is certain that the reader will lose nothing of what the title-page induces him to expect, — by closing the book at the end of the eleventh chapter.

Mr. Dumas evidently pursued his journey beyond the point where he ceases to describe it: but as some months have elapsed since the publication of the narrative in Paris, and as no continuation of it has yet been issued or announced, he probably has determined not to give to the world an account of his visit to Palestine.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1839.

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IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL

IN

EGYPT AND ARABIA PETRÆA.

CHAPTER I.

ALEXANDRIA.

On the 22d of April, 1830, about six o'clock in the evening, we were interrupted in the middle of our dinner by shouts of *land! land!* which rang along the deck of the brig *Lancier*, as she was conveying Messrs. Taylor, Mayer, and myself to Egypt. We ran up the companion-way, and, by the last rays of the setting sun, greeted the ancient soil of the Ptolemies.

Alexandria is a belt of sand, a broad, glittering ribbon, rolled out on the surface of the water. At its extreme left, and forming one of the horns of a crescent, is Canopus, or Aboukir, — just as the defeat of Antony, or the victory of Murat,* is present to one's mind. Nearer to the city stand Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, the only remains of the city of the Macedonian. Between these two monuments, and near a palm-grove, is the viceroy's palace, a miserable white edifice, erected by Italian builders. On the other side of the port, relieved against the sky, is a square tower, constructed by the Arabs, at the foot of which the French army disembarked under the conduct of Napoleon. Alexandria, the old queen

* Possibly an *Englishman* might have thought of Nelson in this connexion.

of Lower Egypt, ashamed, no doubt, of her vassalage, has long hidden herself behind the waves of the desert; where she sits like an island of stone on an ocean of sand.

All these had successively risen, as if by magic, from the sea, while we gradually approached the shore. No one but an artist who had long dreamed of such a voyage, and who had, like us, touched at Palermo and Malta, (those two *relais* of the East,) can comprehend our feelings as, towards the close of a beautiful day, on a calm sea, amid the shouts of the sailors, and under a horizon lit up as by the reflection of a fire, we beheld this ancient land of Egypt before us, naked and glowing, — this mysterious ancestress of the world! to whom she has bequeathed, as an enigma, the undecipherable secret of her civilization.

Recovering ourselves from these thoughts, with which, for a time, our minds were wholly occupied, we began some hasty preparation to disembark; but Captain Bellanger stopped us, smiling at our eagerness. Night, which descends rapidly in these eastern climes, had begun to tarnish the brilliant horizon; and by the last light of day we saw the silvery waves breaking against a chain of rocks that almost entirely enclosed the harbour. It would have been imprudent, even with the aid of a Turkish pilot, to attempt an entrance into the port; and it was not at all probable that any of these marine guides, strangers to our impatience, would venture on board of us at night.

Nothing, therefore, remained for us but patience till the morrow. I cannot answer for my fellow-travellers; but, for my own part, I was unable to close my eyes. Two or three times during the night I went on deck, hoping to discover something by the

aid of the stars; but not a light gleamed from the shore, — not an echo came from the city. It seemed as if we were a hundred leagues from land.

At length the day dawned. A yellowish fog enveloped the coast, which was distinguishable only by a long line of denser vapour. We did not, however, make the less exertion to reach the port. By degrees, the veil which covered this mysterious Isis, without being drawn aside, became less thick, and, as if through gauzes more and more transparent, we gradually beheld again the landscape of the preceding evening.

When we were about a hundred yards from the breakers, our pilot made his appearance. He came in a four-oared boat, that had two great eyes painted on her prow, which were fixed on the water as if to discover its hidden rocks.

He was the first *Turk* I had ever seen; for I do not consider the date-venders on the Boulevards, or the *employés* of the Sublime Porte sometimes seen at the Theatre, as real Turks. I therefore beheld the honest Mussulman with the undisguised curiosity of a traveller who, wearied of all known men and things, and coming eight hundred leagues to see new ones, eagerly grasps at the picturesque the moment he discovers it, and claps his hands with joy at finding the strange and unknown which he had journeyed so far to seek.

He was doubtless a worthy son of the Prophet, — with his long beard, ample and showy garb, slow and deliberate movement, and slaves to fill his pipe and carry his tobacco. He now gravely ascended the vessel's ladder, saluted the captain (whom he recognised by his uniform) by crossing his hands over his

breast, and then took his post at the helm, vacated for him by our own pilot. I could not keep my eyes off the man. In a few minutes, his face contracted as if he had some foreign substance in his throat, which he could neither bring up nor swallow. At length, after astonishing efforts, he succeeded in pronouncing these two words: "*à droite.*" It was full time. In another second they would have strangled him. After a slight pause, the same paroxysm recommenced; but now it was to say, "*à gauche.*" Indeed, these were the only French phrases that he knew; his education in our language was restricted to the minimum of necessity.

This vocabulary, however, scanty as it was, sufficed to procure us an excellent anchorage. Baron Taylor, Captain Bellanger, Mayer and I hurried over a collection of boats at anchor, and gained the shore. It is impossible to describe my sensations as I touched the land; and, indeed, I had no leisure for sentiment, as an unexpected incident put my ecstacy to flight.

On the very edge of the wharf were ass-drivers in waiting, as one sees the conductors of hacks, cabriolets, etc. in Paris. In fact these men were every where, — at the Tower, at Pompey's Pillar, at Cleopatra's Needle, — and, to their praise be it spoken, they surpass in officiousness the coachmen of Sceaux, Pantin, and St. Denis. Before I had time to make my selection, I was seized, carried off, put astride of an ass, torn from my seat, placed on another, dragged from this again, and thrown upon the sand. All this took place so rapidly, in the midst of cries and cuffs, that I had no time to oppose the least resistance. I took advantage of the respite afforded by

the combat between my persecutors over my prostrate body, to look around me. I found that Mayer was in a still more critical situation than I; he was entirely a prisoner, and, notwithstanding his vociferations, was carried off at a gallop by an ass and its driver. I ran to his assistance, and succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the infidel. This done, we darted down the first lane to escape this eighth plague of Egypt, of which Moses had not forewarned us; but we were soon overtaken by our men, who, for greater speed, had bestrode their quadrupeds, — thereby taking the advantage of cavalry over infantry. This time I know not what might have been the issue, had not some good Mussulmans, recognising us for Frenchmen by our dress, taken compassion on us. Without saying a word, or informing us by a gesture of their good intentions, they attacked and dispersed our pursuers with thongs made of hippopotamus's sinews; and, having accomplished this to *our* entire satisfaction, they moved off on their own journey, without waiting for our thanks, or seeing further to our welfare.

We entered the city, but had not proceeded a hundred steps, before we saw how rash we had been in refusing to ride, even under compulsion. Asses are the cabriolets of the country, and, owing to the mud, it is impossible to do without them. The streets are watered five or six times a day. This police regulation is confided to the *fellahs*, who walk along with a leathern jug under each arm, which they squeeze — first one and then the other — to make the water spirt out, accompanying each expression with a double Arab phrase, pronounced in a monotonous tone, which signifies, "Look out, on the right;

look out, on the left." The character of this portable irrigation, gives to its performers the appearance of bag-pipers, and converts the sand into a sort of Roman cement, through which asses, horses and dromedaries alone can pass without difficulty; Christians may traverse it with boots, but Arabs must leave their slippers in it.

However, we were but at the commencement of our troubles. Emerging from the dirty and narrow street, we found ourselves in the midst of an infected bazaar, — one of those mephitical foci to which the plague comes once or twice in a year to gather the putrid miasm, which she afterwards spreads throughout the city. But, although we made all haste to cross it, such was the medley of bales, asses, merchants, and dromedaries, that for a time we were jostled and wedged against the shops, without power to advance a step. We had just determined to turn back, when we saw the Cadi, who, like him in the "Arabian Nights," was making his rounds at the head of his *kaffas*. As soon as he found the public way obstructed, he directed his course towards the crowd, and, with his aids, commenced pummelling the backs and heads of the people. A breach was instantly effected; the Cadi passed on; we followed; circulation was re-established behind us, as a river resumes its course. At a short distance further on, the Cadi took the right, and we the left; he to disperse another assemblage, and we to go to the Consul's.

For more than half an hour, we passed through narrow, irregular, and tortuous streets, the houses of which all had projecting fronts. These, commencing from the lower windows, kept encroaching from sto-

ry to story upon the streets, until they nearly met in the centre, and daylight was almost entirely obstructed. On our route, we passed several mosques which were not at all remarkable; two or three only, in the whole city, being ornamented with *madenahs*,* and these not much elevated, having but one gallery. At their doors, through which a giaour never passes, some true believers were seated smoking, or playing *mangallah*.† At length, after wandering around more than an hour, we arrived at the Consul's.

Mons. de Mimaut received us with great kindness. A distinguished man of letters — an indefatigable antiquary — a jealous supporter, not only of the rights, but also of the dignity of our nation, — every Frenchman was sure of receiving from him hospitality as a traveller, protection as a compatriot. He received us in a large room formerly occupied by Bonaparte, Kleber, Murat, Junot and others, the bravest and most renowned generals of the Egyptian expedition. The greater part of these adopted the oriental style of living on their arrival, and the use of coffee and pipes became a part of their daily relaxation. They smoked on large divans which encircled the room; and our host pointed out to us the stains which the smoke of their long pipes had left on the wall. I state this to show how well the most minute particulars of their sojourn in Egypt are remembered.

After an animated conversation, such as would nat-

* A sort of belfry, from the top of which the *muezzin* calls the faithful to prayer.

† A piece of solid wood, of an oblong form, ordinarily of oak or cedar; demi-spherical holes are made in it, and it is frequently encased in mother-of-pearl. The game is a kind of back-gammon, at which each party plays with thirty-six shells.

urally occur between compatriots meeting at this distance from home, and during which M. Taylor declared the purpose of his expedition, and the mission to the Pacha with which he was charged, we called for guides and asses, being by this time cured of our fancy for walking. We then set forward for the gate *Mahmoudié*, which leads to the ruins of ancient Alexandria. Secure from the mud, and quietly seated on our beasts, we could now devote our attention to the peculiarities of the country. To us, Parisians, every thing was a matter of surprise: all physical and social order seemed overthrown; the very sky and earth were unique; the language bore no analogy to any other; the manners and customs of the people were strange and new. Our habits of life were here reversed. We shave our chins and let our hair grow; the Mussulmans shave their heads and let their beards grow. We punish bigamy and denounce concubinage; they sanction the one, and give full license to the other. Woman, with us, is a wife, a sister, a friend: here, she is nothing but a slave, and the most miserable of all slaves: she is a prisoner; none but her master approaches her habitation: the greater her beauty, the greater is her misery; her life is suspended by a thread: if her veil rises, her head falls!

After passing the gate, we turned aside a little to view a small hillock which bears the pompous name of Fort Bonaparte. The city of Alexandria lies so low, that the French engineers had only to throw together a few spades-full of earth, and surmount the embankment with a battery, to force it to surrender.

While contemplating this modern memento, our thoughts were carried back into antiquity. Ancient

Egypt, that Egypt which came down from Ethiopia with the Nile, exists no longer save in the ruins of Elephantina and of Thebes. Trojan Memphis succeeded them; and under its walls the empire of the Pharaohs, bequeathed by Cambyses to his successors, fell with Psammenitus. Darius then reigned: his dominion extended from the Indus to the Euxine; from Jaxartes to Ethiopia. Continuing the labour of his predecessors, who for a century and a half held Asiatic Greece in bondage; and who sometimes with myriads of men, sometimes with gold and intrigue, but never with complete success, attacked European Greece; Darius contemplated a third campaign over this familiar battle-field. Then it was that, in a province of that Greece, bounded East by mount Athos, West by Illyria, North by Hœmus, and South by Olympus, a young king aged twenty-two arose, who resolved to overthrow this immense empire, and to effect what Cimon, Agesilaus, and Philip had vainly attempted. This king was ALEXANDER.

He raised thirty thousand infantry; four thousand five hundred cavalry; assembled a fleet of a hundred and sixty galleys; supplied himself with seventy talents and provisions for forty days; set forth from Pella; ranged along the coast of Amphipolis; passed the Strymon and the Hebrus; arrived in twenty days at Sestos; landed without opposition on the shores of Asia Minor; visited the kingdom of Priam; crowned with flowers the tomb of Achilles, his maternal ancestor; crossed the Granicus; beat the Satraps; killed Mithridates; conquered Mysia and Lydia; took Sardis, Miletus, and Halicarnassus; subdued Galatia; traversed Cappadocia; subjugated Cilicia; encountered the Persians on the plains of

Issus, and scattered them before him like dust; advanced to Damascus; came down to Sidon; took and sacked Tyre; passed three times around the walls of Gaza, dragging at his chariot wheels its governor, Bœtis, as Achilles had formerly dragged Hector; sacrificed to the God of the Jews at Jerusalem, and to the Egyptian deities at Memphis; descended the Nile; visited Canopus; passed around the lake of Mareotis; and, arriving at its northern shore, was so much struck with the beauty and strength of the country, that he determined to found a rival to Tyre. He accordingly commanded Dynocrates, the architect, to build the city of Alexandria.

The architect addressed himself to the task. He traced a circuit of seventy-five thousand feet, to which he gave the form of a Macedonian mantle. He divided his city by two principal streets, so that the Etesian winds, which blew from the north, might refresh it. One of these streets extended from the sea to the lake of Mareotis; it was ten stadii, or fifty-five hundred feet, in length: the other crossed this at right angles, reached from one extremity of the city to the other, and was forty stadii, or twenty-five thousand feet, in length. Each street was two thousand feet in width.

The new city, unlike other large towns, did not grow gradually: she rose at once. Alexander paused only to lay the foundation. He then set forth for the Temple of Ammon, whose priests he forced to acknowledge him as the son of Jupiter. At his return, the new Tyre was built and peopled. Its founder continued his victorious career. Alexandria, lying between the lake and her two ports, listened to

the sound of his footsteps as they approached the Euphrates and the Tigris; the east-wind wafted to her the noise of the battle of Arbela; she heard the thunder of the fall of Babylon and Suza; she saw the horizon redden with the conflagration of Persepolis; and at length the reverberating echoes of this distant tumult were hushed behind Ecbatana, in the deserts of Media, on the other side of the river Arius.

Eight years after, a funeral-car entered the gates of Alexandria. It rested on two axletrees, to which four Persian wheels were attached: the spokes and fellies of these wheels were gilded: heads of lions, in massive gold, with lances in their mouths, ornamented the hubs. The car had four poles, to each of which was affixed a quadruple row of yokes, and to each yoke four mules. On the head of each mule was a crown of gold, golden bells on each side of their jaws, and collars of precious stones around their necks. This chariot sustained a vaulted, golden room, eight cubits in width and twelve in length. The dome was decorated with rubies, carbuncles, and emeralds. In front of this chamber was a golden peristyle, upheld by Ionic columns. Within the peristyle were four pictures. The first represented a superb chariot, in which was a warrior, seated, with a sceptre in his hand: around him marched the Macedonian guard and the Persian battalion. The second represented a train of elephants, prepared for battle, Indians mounted on their necks, and Macedonians on their backs. The third represented cavalry in *mêlée*. The fourth exhibited a squadron of ships, in order of battle, preparing to attack a hostile fleet in the distance. Above the chamber, that is, between its ceiling and the roof, the space was oc-

cupied by a quadrangular throne of gold, ornamented with figures in relief, to which golden rings were appended, bearing garlands of flowers that were daily renewed. Above the whole was a golden crown, of such huge dimensions that a tall man could stand upright within it; and when the rays of the sun fell on it, it shone with inconceivable splendour. In the chamber lay the lifeless body of Alexander, embalmed in aromatics, and enshrined in a coffin of massive gold.

One of the eleven captains whom the death of their general had made kings, was the chief mourner. In the great division of the world which was made over this coffin, Ptolemy, son of Magas, took Egypt, Cyrenaica, Palestine, Phœnicia, and Africa for himself. He also changed the original destination of the corse; claiming for the city which Alexander had reared, the immortal honour of conferring the rites of sepulture on his remains; and thereby preserving to his own descendants a palladium which secured the empire for three centuries and a half.

From this period Alexandria was styled "The Queen," as Tyre and Athens had been, and as Rome was to be. Each of her sixteen kings and three queens added a precious stone to her diadem. Ptolemy, called Soter (or Saviour) by the Rhodians, built the tower of Pharos; connected the island of that name with the continent by a causeway; transported the images of the god Serapis from Sinope to Alexandria, and founded the famous library which was burnt by Cæsar. Ptolemy II. ironically called Philadelphia from his persecutions of the princes of his family, collected together the Hebrew books of the Old Testament, and caused them to be translated

into Greek; which translation is now known by the designation, "The Septuagint." Ptolemy III. (the Benefactor) sought in Bactriana and restored the gods of ancient Egypt, which Cambyses had carried off to the mouths of the Nile. The Theatre, Museum, Gymnasium, Stadium, and Pannion arose under the successors of the Ptolemies. Subsequently to these, six immense canals were constructed: four connected the waters of the Nile with the lake of Mareotis; the fifth led from Alexandria to Canopus; and the sixth traversed the entire isthmus, divided the Rhacotian quarter, and, having commenced at port Kibetos, threw itself into the lake by the gate of the Sun.

Nothing now remains of the ancient isle but the causeway, enlarged by accretion, and on which the new city is built. In the midst of ruins almost without form, but which, nevertheless, can be recognised as those of the Baths, Library, and Theatre, there is nothing standing but Pompey's Pillar, and one of Cleopatra's Needles: the other has fallen, and is half buried in the sand. All that was formerly an island, — in the centre and at the eastern extremity of which arose the citadel and the celebrated tower of Pharos, which latter threw its beacon-light for fifty thousand paces over the sea, — is now nothing but a bare and sterile shore, that girds the city in the form of a crescent.

Pompey's Pillar is a shaft of marble, surmounted with a Corinthian capital, and resting on solid masonry composed of ancient ruins and Egyptian fragments. The name it bears, and which has been given to it by modern travellers, has no connexion with its origin. Indeed, if we may credit the

Greek inscription, this monument is no older than the time of Dioclesian. It has a slight inclination to the South. The capital and base have never been finished. I did not measure its height; but it is loftier by two-thirds than the palm-trees around it.

Cleopatra's Needles, of which one (as I before remarked) has fallen, are obelisks of red granite, having three columns of hieroglyphics on each side. Pharaoh Mœris, a thousand years before the Christian era, drew them, as from a casket, out of the quarries in the Lybian mountains, and placed them before the Temple of the Sun, at Memphis. Alexandria coveted them from Memphis; and Cleopatra, disregarding the remonstrance of the superannuated crone, took them from her as jewels she was no longer handsome enough to possess. The antique thimbles, which served for the base of these obelisks, still remain; they rest on socles of three steps, are of Greco-Romanic construction, and confirm the architectural date of the received tradition, which affirms that their second erection occurred about forty years before CHRIST.

We wandered about these ruins more than two hours, with Strabo and Plutarch in our hands. Suddenly and accidentally my eyes lit on Mayer's white pantaloons, which were black from the foot to the knee, and gray from the knee to the hip. I at first thought that, in his haste to visit the ruins, he had neglected to change the garments he wore as we *walked* along the muddy streets of Alexandria; but, on a closer scrutiny, I perceived that this sombre hue, which grew lighter as it receded from the ground, was *moveable*. Instinctively, and with an undefinable foreboding of evil, I gave one short look at my own

clothes: it was enough! the terrible truth was revealed! we were covered with fleas!!

The best resource in such a strait was the bath — an eastern bath — the delicious refreshment of which we had so often heard extolled. No time was to be lost. We made signs to our guides for the asses; bestrid them with more or less dexterity, according to our proficiency in horsemanship and our recollections of Montmorency; and returned to the city at a gallop. But no sooner had we apprized our interpreter of our purpose in coming back so suddenly, than his face assumed a most disquieting expression of alarm. The baths were closed to us for the day, and it was as much as our heads were worth to attempt an entrance.

Saturday is set apart for female ablution exclusively; and we saw troops of women from the harems availing themselves of the privilege, enveloped in white or black silk mantles, yellow slippers, etc. Their faces are covered with a sort of mask, which terminates in a point and is attached to the veil by a chain of gold, pearl, or shells, according to the fortune or caprice of the wearer. These women, who never go out on foot, were mounted on asses, and conducted by a eunuch, who preceded them with a cane in his hand. We saw squadrons containing sixty, eighty, and even a hundred females.

The next morning I presented myself at the baths the moment they were opened. After the mosque, the bath is the finest embellishment of oriental cities. The one to which I was conducted is a vast edifice of simple architecture, and neatly ornamented. At the entrance is a large vestibule, having rooms on the right and left for the reception of cloaks, and, in

the rear, a door hermetically closed. Through this door you pass into a room warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, and from this (as I afterwards learned) you may retreat if you choose; but put your foot in one of the adjoining closets, and you are no longer your own master: two attendants seize you, and, for the time, you are the property of the establishment.

Much to my surprise, this was my predicament. I had scarcely entered a closet, when two strong men belonging to the bath laid hold of me, and, in an instant, I was stripped to the skin. One of them then passed a linen shawl around my waist, while the other buckled on my feet a pair of gigantic clogs, which at once made me a foot taller. This mode of shoeing not only rendered flight impossible, but, by its clumsy elevation, destroyed my equilibrium; and I should inevitably have fallen, had not the two men supported me on either side. I was fairly caught; I could not retreat, and therefore suffered them to lead me whither they would.

We passed into another room. Here, whatever might be my resignation, the vapour and heat stifled me. I thought that my guides had mistaken the way, and trundled me into an oven. I tried to shake them off, but my resistance was anticipated. Besides, I was in no condition for a trial of strength, and was obliged to confess myself vanquished. In a few moments I was astonished at perceiving that, as the perspiration poured from me, my lungs began to dilate, and my respiration returned. In this state I passed through five or six rooms, the heat of which increased so rapidly that I began to believe man had for five thousand years mistaken his proper element,

and that his appropriate destiny was boiling or roasting.

At last we came to the furnace. Here the fog was so dense that I could not see two steps before me, and the heat so entirely insupportable that I partly fainted. I shut my eyes, and resigned myself to my guides in utter helplessness. After leading, or rather carrying me a few steps further, they took off my girdle, unhooked my clogs, and extended me, half swooning, on something like a marble table in the middle of the apartment.

Here, again, I soon became accustomed to the infernal atmosphere. I prudently took advantage of the gradual return of my faculties, and looked about me. With my other senses, my sight revived; and, despite the fog, I made out with tolerable accuracy the surrounding objects. My tormentors seemed to have forgotten me for a moment: they were busy at one side of the room. I lay in the centre of a large, square saloon, incrusted, to the height of five or six feet, with variously coloured marbles; a series of spouts threw out incessantly streams of smoking water, which, falling on the pavement beneath, glided thence into four basins, like cauldrons, at the four corners of the room. On the surface of the water in these basins was an indefinite number of bald heads bobbing about, and expressing, by the most grotesque contortions of face, various degrees of felicity. This spectacle so occupied my attention, that I scarcely heeded the return of my masters. They came, however; one with a large wooden bowl of soap-suds, the other with a ball of fine hemp. Suddenly one of the rascals inundated my face and

neck with his suds; and the other, seizing me by the shoulder, rubbed most furiously my face and breast with his hemp. This treatment and the pain induced by it were so perfectly intolerable, that all my powers of resistance and resentment waked at once. I bolted upright, kicked my hempen friend half across the room, and planted my fist in the face of soapsuds with such good will that he lay sprawling on the floor. Then, knowing of no other remedy for the soap, (which was blistering my skin,) I drew a straight line for the basin that seemed the most inhabited, and boldly plunged in. I had misjudged. The remedy was worse than the disease. Before, my face and neck were cauterised: now, my whole body was scalded: the water was boiling! I yelled with pain; sprang on and over my neighbours, who could not comprehend my case; and got out of the tub *almost* as rapidly as I got in. However, I was not rapid enough to escape the effect of the ablution: my body was as red as a lobster. I was stupified! I must be dreaming, or riding a night-mare. Yet there was no deception. Here, under my very eyes, were men stewing in a broth of which I had *tried* the temperature, who evidently took great delight in the operation. What could it mean? My notions of pleasure and pain became confused: they could *enjoy* what to me was *agony!* I once more resolved to resign myself to fate. I doubted my own judgement. I distrusted my own senses. I determined, again, to submit to my tormentors. They came, having recovered from my assault. I followed them without resistance to another basin. They made signs to me to descend the steps: I obeyed, and found myself in

water of about 35 or 40 degrees.* This seemed to me temperate.

From this I passed to another of a higher temperature, but still supportable. I remained in it, as in the first, about three minutes. I then proceeded to the third, which was still some ten or twelve degrees hotter; and, finally, reached the fourth, where I had commenced my hellish apprenticeship. I approached it with the greatest repugnance, but I had made up my mind to go through with my desperate adventure. I first dipped my toe in the water: it was hot, certainly; but not so scalding as before. I gradually immersed my whole body, and was surprised to find it endurable. In a few seconds I thought no more of it, though I am confident the heat of the water must have reached to 60° or 65°. When I emerged, my skin had changed from the lobster scarlet to a deep crimson.

My attendants now again took me in hand. They replaced the linen around my waist, bound a shawl on my head, and led me back through the rooms by which I had entered (taking care to add to my covering at each change of atmosphere) until I arrived at the chamber where I was so unceremoniously stripped. Here I found a good carpet and pillow. My turban and girdle were taken off, I was enveloped in a large woollen gown, laid down like an infant, and left alone.

I had now an undefinable feeling of comfort. I was perfectly happy; yet, so exhausted, that when

* This probably refers to the scale of Celsius, or the *thermomètre centigrade*, 40° of which correspond to 102° of Fahrenheit: and 65° of which (see following paragraph) are equivalent to 149° of Fahr.

the door was opened, half an hour after, I had not changed my position by the movement of a finger or a muscle.

The new comer was a sinewy and well-set Arab. He approached my couch as if he had some business with me. I looked on him with a sort of dread very natural to a man who had passed such an ordeal as I have described; but I was too weak to attempt to rise. He took my left-hand; cracked all its joints, and did the same to the right. After my hands, he administered upon my feet and knees; and, to finish the matter, he dexterously threw me into the position of a pigeon-to-be-broiled, and gave me the *coup de grâce* by cracking the vertebræ of my spine. I screamed with terror, thinking my back-bone was broken, to a certainty. My *masseur* then kneaded my arms, legs and thighs for a quarter of an hour, and left me. I was weaker than ever; my joints all pained me, and I had not strength sufficient to cover myself with the carpet.

A servant now brought me coffee, pastiles, and a pipe; and left me to intoxicate myself with perfume and tobacco. I passed half an hour in a drowsy state, lost in the vagaries of a delicious inebriation, experiencing a feeling of happiness before unknown, and entertaining a supreme indifference to every (absent) earthly thing.

I was awakened from this by a barber, who shaved me, and combed my whiskers and moustaches. Next, my Arab returned, to whom I made signs that I wished to depart. He brought my clothes, assisted me in my toilet, and led me to the chamber opening on the vestibule, where I found my cloak. The cost

of this entertainment, which lasted three hours, was a piastre and a half, or eleven sous of our money.*

I found asses at the door. Without waiting to be urged, I mounted at once, and rode off at a foot-pace. Although near ten o'clock in the morning, the air felt cool, owing to the contrast between the bath and the atmosphere.

Returning to the Consul's, I learned that we were that day to be received by Ibrahim Pacha, his father being absent at Delta. The audience was appointed for mid-day, and as I had two hours to spare, I went to bed.

At the hour indicated, an officer of the prince arrived to conduct our cortège, which consisted of M. de Mimaut, Baron Taylor, Captain Bellanger, Mayer, and myself. The officer led the way, while we were flanked by two *kaffas*, who prevented the rabble from impeding our progress, by beating them off with sticks.

We met several corps of infantry enveloped in the uniform recently introduced by the Pacha. The dress consists of a red cap, red vest, red breeches, and red slippers. The regiments thus present a most unvarying aspect of *red* — save and excepting the men's faces, which comprehend all the gradations of colour, from the pale skin of the Circassian to the ebony hide of the Nubian, and which all the Pacha's efforts have failed to render *uniform*.

He has been equally unsuccessful in perfecting their evolutions. In parading through the muddy streets of Alexandria, to the sound of drums beating French marches, they miss the step and cannot pre-

* About ten cents of our currency.

serve their ranks, because their red slippers will constantly stick in the mire, and they are obliged to stop, or lose them. This never-ending manœuvre, which is not provided for in the "School of Infantry," so disorders the columns of the Egyptian troops, that they might easily be mistaken for country militia; and the more readily, as, in this scorching air, where every weight is a burden, each soldier carries his gun in the way most convenient to his individual self.

At length we surmounted all obstacles, and arrived at the palace. In the court we found a regiment of these red troops under arms, awaiting our approach. We passed through their ranks, mounted the stairs, and traversed a suite of large, white, unfurnished rooms, in the centre of each of which was a fountain. We paused in the last but one, where M. Taylor deposited the presents for the Prince Ibrahim, consisting of armour for colonels of curassiers and carabineers, fowling-guns and duelling-pistols. This done, we entered the reception-chamber.

It resembled the others, and had no furniture excepting an enormous divan, which went entirely around the room. In its most obscure angle a lion-skin was thrown on the divan; and, on this lion-skin, squatting down, one leg over the other, was Ibrahim; a rosary in his left-hand, his right hand playing with his toes.

M. Taylor bowed to the Prince and sat on his right, M. Mimaut at his left, and the rest of us where we pleased. As soon as all were seated, Ibrahim made a sign, and lighted pipes were brought. During the operation of smoking, we had time to examine our host. He had a Greek bonnet on his head,

wore the new military costume, and appeared to be about forty years old. He was small, thick-set, robust; had lively, sparkling eyes, red face, and moustaches and beard the colour of the lion-skin on which he sat.

When the pipes were smoked, coffee was brought in. The offer of pipes and coffee is the highest courtesy that can be rendered to guests. In ordinary cases, one or the other only is proffered. Ibrahim then rose slowly, walked towards the door, and, followed by M. Taylor and the rest, entered the room where the presents were deposited. He examined them, one after another, with visible satisfaction. The arms for the carabineers, ornamented with a golden sun, pleased him particularly. After finishing the inspection, he seemed to be seeking for something else; not finding what he desired, he addressed some words to his interpreter, who, turning to M. Taylor, said,

"His highness demands to know if you have thought to bring him some champagne wine?"

"Yes," interposed the Prince, accompanying his words with a significant movement of the head, "yes, champagne! champagne!"

M. Taylor replied that he had anticipated the wishes of his highness, and that several cases of the wine were already deposited in the palace.

From this moment Ibrahim was in the most gracious humour. He returned to the reception-chamber, spoke much of France, which he regarded, he said, partly in the light of his native country, as he was the grandson of a French woman. After this, as a last act of honour to his guests, his slaves entered with lighted pastilles, and, advancing towards us,

perfumed our beards and faces. This ceremony ended, M. Taylor arose and took leave of the Prince by touching his (own) forehead, mouth, and breast; which, in the figurative and poetic language of the East, signifies: my thoughts, my words, and my heart are thine!

We returned to the Consul's in the same order that we left it. In the evening, M. de Mimaut proposed to go to the Theatre. The company was indifferent. The performance consisted of two vaudevilles of M. Scribe.

CHAPTER II.

DAMANHOUR. — ROSETTA.

THAT we might not waste our time at Alexandria, M. Taylor, — who was obliged to remain there for the Pacha, — sent Mayer and myself forward to sketch the mosques of the city of the "Arabian Nights," which the Arabs call *El Masr*, and the French, *Caire*.* On the morning of the 2d of May, we left Alexandria on asses followed by their drivers and our servant, Mohammed.

This Mohammed was a Nubian, — young, vigorous, alert, and intelligent. He spoke a little French, and wore the costume of his country, which is the simplest, and, at the same time, the most picturesque imaginable. It consisted of white trowsers and a blue tunic, the wide sleeves of which are drawn back and fastened by a silk cord that forms a cross in the middle of the back. He wore on his head the *tarbouch* and a white turban; from his shoulders hung a black mantle, called *abbaye;* his waist was girded with a sash, in which stuck an ivory-handled poignard; his shrewd and intelligent face was set off to advantage by long and flowing hair: moustaches fell on either side of his perfectly formed mouth; and his

* And the English, *Cairo*.

beard, scanty on the cheeks, united in a pointed tuft at the chin.

Besides the drivers and our Nubian, our escort was reinforced by two *cavas*, a sort of body-guard belonging to the militia of the city, which the governor of Alexandria granted us to facilitate our journey. They were uniformed after the fashion of the old Mamelukes, and their duty was to secure for us the aid and protection of the Turkish authorities.

We followed the road which leads from Alexandria to Damanhour for some hours, when we came to the Mahmoudie canal. This can be no other than the ancient Fossa, which conducted the waters of the Nile from Schedia to Alexandria. The defile was guarded by Turkish troops, to whom we showed our *tekeriks*, or passports. The commander bowed before the hieroglyphics with which it was ornamented, and told us we were at perfect liberty to continue our route, but on foot and unattended by our escort. We demanded an explanation of this strange decision, and again presented our passports. His excellency replied, with another bow over the parchment, that our *laisser-passer* was perfectly in order, bearing in its centre the plan and elevation of Solomon's Temple, and, at the four corners, the seals of Saladin and Solyman, with the sabre and hand of justice of Mahomet; but it contained not a word about our servants, asses, and drivers. We called the *cavas* to our assistance; but they gave no opinion on the matter. They, however, advised the offer of a dozen piastres to the captain of the guard. As the Egyptian piastre is about eight *sous* of our currency, we did not hesitate to follow the advice. The effect of the bribe was instantaneous. The barriers were

opened; and we, our beasts and our men passed through triumphantly. Our *cavas* left us here: we found them of no further service than to dictate our bribes — a duty to which we were ourselves fully competent. The municipality of Alexandria, in conferring on us the favour of their escort, had only imposed on us a couple of sponges, incapable of anything but exacting a reward for nothing. However, on discharging them, we gave them the *batchis;* which is the *pour-boire* of France, the *trink-geld* of Germany, the *buona-mano* of Italy, and the golden-key of all nations.

After following the borders of the canal for about two hours, through a flat, unvaried country, we halted at the door of a Greek, named Tuitza, who received us into his small, square house, and permitted us to eat in a shady place, provided we would furnish our own breakfast and give him a share of it. This is after the manner of Sicilian hospitality, where travellers always feed the innkeepers.

The road from Alexandria to Damanhour is remarkable for nothing but its sterility. We waded through a sea of sand, in which our attendants and asses sank knee-deep. Occasionally we were blinded by gusts of hot wind mixed with dust; and we knew, from the momentary oppression at our lungs, as it passed, that we were encountering the burning breath of the Desert. Here and there, on either hand, were circular villages, built on the rising ground, which, during the overflow of the Nile, become islands. The houses are of a conical form, built of brick and earth, and pierced with small, square holes, designed to admit just as much light as is strictly necessary, with just as little heat as possi-

ble. At intervals, too, we passed several isolated tombs of hermits and dervises, each shaded by a palm tree; that consecrated friend of the sepulchre, around the tops of which clouds of shrieking hawks flew at our approach.

It was nearly three o'clock when we perceived Damanhour in the distance. This was the first really Arabian city that we had seen; for Alexandria, with its cosmopolitan population, is nothing but a medley of divers nations, whose distinctive characters and peculiarities are gradually wearing away by contact.

Damanhour, through the *mirage*, appeared like an island enclosed by water and mist; but, as we approached, the vapours of this seeming lake gradually disappeared, and the city assumed its proper aspect. Our shadows lengthened in the last rays of the setting sun, and the palm-trees gracefully waved their parasols of verdure to the evening breeze, as we reached the gates, and paused a moment to admire the beautiful *madenehs*, striped alternately with white and red, and darting their slender forms high above the walls of the mosques.

Indeed, the landscape on all sides was, to us, equally novel and picturesque. A pure, transparent sky, with a delicacy of colouring that no pencil could imitate; small lakes closely bordering the city, reflecting its walls in their sleeping waters; long files of camels, led by Arabian peasants, slowly gliding through the gates, — all gave to this wonderful picture an air of reality, repose and sweetness most gratifying to us after the dreary and lifeless scene through which our day's journey had taken us.

There is but one hotel in Damanhour, although it

has a population of eight thousand souls. Mohammed, after leading us through streets of wild originality, brought us to this all-desired caravansary, which we had by anticipation, and after the description in the "Arabian Nights," looked on as enchanted ground. Unfortunately, we were not permitted to compare, closely, romance with reality. The hotel was thronged; and, despite our proffers and entreaties, we were obliged to return. Already much disappointed in many things, I still recollected that Arabian hospitality was greatly vaunted by travellers and celebrated by poets. I therefore begged Mohammed to make some efforts in our behalf at the most comfortable looking houses on our route. But all was in vain; and, mortified with the rebuffs to which we had exposed ourselves, we were obliged to rejoin our company, who, more prudent than we, and desirous to save themselves unnecessary steps, were waiting for us at the gate.

There was now but one course to pursue. I looked around for a comfortable place to encamp, found a clump of date-trees, and had our carpets unrolled under their branches. I then set an example of resignation to the decrees of Providence, by tightening the waistbands of my pantaloons, lying down and turning my back on the inhospitable city.

Unluckily for my repose, in an opposite direction from the city, and exactly in the semicircle embraced by my vision as I lay, was a charming Arabian house with white walls, standing out from a grove of verdant mimosas. I could not resist the desire to make a last attempt, and sent Mohammed on an embassy to the owner of this oasis. But he was in the city; and, during his absence, his servants dared not admit.

strangers. After a half hour had elapsed, a richly dressed cavalier approached us from the city. He was mounted on a magnificent white horse, and was followed by a numerous retinue. Presuming, from some undefinable prompting of the imagination, that this was our man, I ranged our caravan along the road he had to pass, and recommended each man to assume as pitiable an air as possible. When he reached our locality, we volunteered a most obsequious salute. He returned our civility; and, perceiving by our dress that we were Frank travellers, inquired what detained us from the city at that late hour. We related our mishaps in the most moving terms, though, doubtless, the relation lost some of its force while passing through the interpreter's brains. Nevertheless, it produced its effect; for he invited us to follow him, and pass the night in the white house standing in the grove of green mimosas.

We were shown into a large chamber, around which ran a divan covered with mats. We laid our carpets on these, but still our mattrass was none of the softest. As we made these nocturnal arrangements, three domestics entered, each bearing a porcelain dish with a handsome silver cover. One contained a sort of mutton *ragoût;* another, rice; and the third, vegetables. They placed them on the floor. Mayer and I squatted opposite each other. A slave then brought us a basin to wash our hands, and we commenced our apprenticeship at oriental epicurism, by helping ourselves with our fingers. This manner of proceeding was so repugnant to our notions, that it really took somewhat from the charm of the repast, notwithstanding the voracity of our appetites. Our drink was simply cistern water, in a decanter with a

silver stopper. When our supper was ended, the same slave brought again water to wash our hands and faces, served us with coffee and pipes, and left us to finish the night as we pleased.

We gravely looked at each other for a time through the smoke of our pipes, thanked our host in our hearts for his hospitality, commended him to the care of his Prophet, and went to sleep.

I awoke next morning with the dawn. I rapidly made the tour of the city, discovered the best view, drew a general outline of the place, sketched two or three mosques, and returned out of breath to give orders for our departure. I was desirous to take leave of our entertainer, and thank him for his civility; but the wise Mussulman's hour for rising had not come, and it was impossible to see him. I asked his name, however, that I might transmit it towards posterity: it was *Rustum Effendi.* We gave the *batchis* to his slaves, mounted our beasts, and, at five hundred paces distance from Damanhour, were in the midst of the Desert, — so closely do the extremes of civilization and desolation approximate in this eastern world.

We trudged along for several hours through the sand; and then, ascending a hill, we unexpectedly saw from its summit the Nile!

Delightful landscapes now succeeded arid plains. In place of a palm-tree here and there lost in the burning horizon, we found forests of fruit-trees and fields of maize. Egypt is a valley, with a river in its centre and an immense garden on each side, shut in by the Desert. Birds of ruby and emerald, of brilliant song and plumage, unknown to us, fill the groves of mimosa and lilachs. Large droves of sheep and buf-

falo, led by lean, naked herdsmen, followed the course of the Nile which we were ascending. And, finally, by way of climax, two enormous wolves, attracted no doubt by the scent of the cattle, emerged from a wood fifty yards in front, and came to a halt as if to arrest our progress: our guides, however, succeeded in beating them off with stones.

Night descended rapidly, and our way, intersected by ditches necessary to the irrigation of the country, became more and more toilsome. In many places our asses sunk to their knees in the swamps, and we were obliged to dismount; and occasionally we forded actual torrents, wading to our arm-pits: this sort of bath, though much cooler, was also much less agreeable than that of Alexandria. At length the moon arose in full brilliancy, illumined our path, and gave a new character to this strange landscape. Despite our embarrassments, we could not be insensible to its beauties. On the summit of the hills which divide the valley from the Desert, the palm-trees gracefully waved their branches against the sky. Mosques were visible in every direction, their bases laved by the Nile, their walls surrounded by the shade and verdure of the sycamore. But we were constantly interrupted in our ecstacy, by a bog or a ditch; so that, by the time Rosetta was in sight, we were drenched altogether, and our shoes, like Panurge's, took in water from our shirt-collars.

As we approached the city, however, these vexations lost much of their force; for we saw, in anticipation, a comfortable room where we should exchange our dripping clothes for the dry ones of some good Mussulman; we having left our trunks at Alexandria, and in them all our wardrobes, save what we

stood in. Our stomachs, too, gave warning of necessities which it is always so comforting to satisfy; and, recollecting the repast of the preceding evening, we determined on just such another, even should we be compelled to eat it with our fingers. And, as for our beds, our extreme fatigue would render the first divan we came to most welcome. In this happy temperament, this extreme predisposition to be pleased with our prospective host and entertainment, we arrived at the gates of Rosetta. Gentle reader, the gates of Rosetta, the gates of Rosetta, the gates of Rosetta —— were closed for the night!

This *was* a thunder-stroke. Of all possibilities, the gates' being closed had not entered into our imaginings. We thumped upon the barrier like madmen, of course; but the guards were deaf. We essayed that prime mover of all things, the *batchis;* but the fates were against us, i. e. the crevices in the gates were not large enough to admit a five-franc piece. Mohammed coaxed, supplicated, and threatened in vain; and, having done so, he turned to us with the composure of conviction, to say that the matter was hopeless. We saw the truth of his remark in the Mussulman resignation with which he and the men looked about for a favourable spot to encamp: still, we were, at the moment, too much enraged to quit the gate. At length Mohammed announced to us that he had discovered a very eligible bivouac, to which we hesitatingly and most reluctantly followed him, taking care to curse the gate-keepers most lustily as we parted from them. He conducted us to the side of a mosque, surrounded by lilacks in flower, where he had spread our carpets under two magnificent palm-trees. Here, as we needs must, we lay

down with our stomachs empty and our clothes wet; yet, such was our exhaustion, we shortly fell into a stupor, which, to any one seeing us so motionless, might have appeared like sleep. When we opened our eyes the next morning, we were perfectly stiff. We tried to rise, but not a muscle would move. We were fast in our clothes, like a sword rusted in its scabbard. At length, Mohammed and the drivers, who were more accustomed to such exposure, came to our assistance. They raised our jointless bodies as Harlequin does the clown, and set us against the trunks of the palm-trees, with our faces towards the rising sun. We soon felt the advantage of this position; life returned with the warmth, and by degrees we began to thaw: so that by eight o'clock our limbs and clothes were in a condition to move into the city.

The houses in Rosetta are of brick, some of them four or five stories high: the piazzas of the lower stories being supported by columns of pink granite, of unequal dimensions, brought from the ruins of ancient Alexandria. The Nile, which here forms a commodious port, flows also through large and beautiful rice-fields; and the delicate green of that plant contrasts finely with the sombre masses of dark sycamores and towering palms.

The French consular agent, M. Camps, received us with great cordiality, and presented us to his wife and daughter. We here met M. Amon, a fellow-countryman; he is a veterinary surgeon, a pupil of d'Alfort, and had been for five or six years in the service of the Pacha of Egypt. He married a Cophtish girl in Rosetta. As the Cophts are Christians, there was nothing repugnant to his conscience in this union, but there was a queerness (to our European notions) in the manner of its accomplishment.

When M. Amon came to the grave determination of eschewing bachelorship, he employed, as is customary, a female *marriage-broker* to find out a suitable person. In a few days she reported the discovery of a handsome Cophtish girl, fourteen years of age. M. Amon asked to see her. As a compliance with this request would have been contrary to all usage, he was told that it would be impossible; but, nevertheless, he might ask any questions he thought proper, and depend on honest and faithful answers. These answers proving satisfactory, a suitable portion was the next day offered to the parents, and accepted. The time was then fixed for the ceremony, and at the hour appointed, M. Amon on one side, and the lady and her friends on the other, appeared at the Cadi's. The money was counted out, the bride was passed to M. Amon as the receipt, and the husband marched off with his prize. He did not see her face until he reached his house. The parties, however, had dealt fairly with him; and he felicitates himself, to this day, on his *blind-man's-buff* sort of marriage.

But fair dealing does not always occur in these matters; and great disappointment often takes place. In such a case, the deceived husband sends his wife back to her parents, giving a second portion, equivalent to the first. The husband always reserves this right to restore the wife when a moral deception has been practised on him, and when, at the end of a certain time, the pair perceive that their characters cannot assimilate. They then become free of each other; and after this divorce, which is valid by mutual consent, they are at liberty to marry elsewhere a second, third, or fourth time.

M. Amon gave us these details while taking us to see the mosque of Abou-Mandour, which is out of the city and on the bank of the Nile. This oriental edifice stands in the midst of a charming landscape, and reaches far into the river, leaving a narrow passage between its base and the opposite shore. A dome in the form of a heart reversed, surmounted by a crescent, crowns its white and festooned walls: from one of the angles, a madeneh of rare elegance elevates its galleries, while the opposite side seems to uphold an enormous mass of sand, resting like a hill on the declivity of the mountain. Tall palm-trees, also, shoot up their single stems through the thick and sombre foliage of the sycamores, crowning them as with an aigrette. The true believers say that the holy dervise, Abou-Mandour, sustains on his shoulders the mountains of sand which seem ready to swallow up the mosque, and choke the current of the Nile.

M. Camps and M. Amon both invited us to take up our abode with them; but we declined their hospitality, fearing to incommode them, and established ourselves in an old capuchin monastery. It was a large and dilapidated edifice, where all that remained of the order was one monk — a living ruin amid dead ruins. The poor old man, like the followers of Ulysses, had eaten the fruit of the lotos, which occasions the loss of memory: for twenty years, no echo of the world by whom he was forgotten had reached his ears, and he reciprocated its indifference. His regular habits, long beard, and ample vesture cut after the eastern fashion, made him respected by the Arabs.

We passed the evening at the house of one of M.

Amon's friends, — a worthy Turk who abrogated the strongest precept of the Koran to indulge his love of wine. The apartment in which he received us was simple, as are most oriental ones. A large divan, as usual, circumscribed the room; in the centre a *jet d'eau* fell from a beautiful fountain of white marble into an octagonal basin; a collection of rare and brilliant flowers, covered with liquid pearls as if the dew had weighed them down, was disposed around this basin with great taste, giving a cheerful aspect to the immense saloon. The Turk received us in the midst of his friends, made us take places in the circle, and presented pipes and coffee. A half-hour after, lemonade was handed round. Our conversation, the while, was very languid, being carried on through interpreters. No interchange of thoughts can bear this ordeal: we soon tired of the intellectual effort, rose and departed. To be candid, the Turk made no attempt to detain us.

The next day, M. Taylor, Captain Bellanger, and M. Eydoux the surgeon-major, arrived from Alexandria. The last named came less from curiosity than a motive of philanthropy most honourable to him. He was aware of the danger of opthalamia in this clime, and he exposed his eyes to save ours.

We had nothing to detain us at Abour-Mandour, and were impatient to reach Cairo. The day following, therefore, (May 6th,) we chartered a *djerme* of the largest class. She was about forty feet long, and carried two latteen sails of frightful dimensions. At the hour appointed for sailing, the wind hauled to an adverse quarter, and to while away the time, we went to the bath.

As at Alexandria, the baths are the largest and

finest buildings in the city: and here, as there, I passed from condensed vapour to boiling water. But because my lungs had become hardened by breathing hot sand, or because my skin was toughened by the blaze of an Egyptian sun, I felt not the least inconvenience this time: even the *joint-cracking* was rather agreeable, and I took postures under the direction of my bather which would have done honour to Mazurier or Auriol.

In the morning we were awakened with the pleasing intelligence that the wind was favourable. We set forth with good will and in high spirits. The day was magnificent; the wind blew as if under our own orders; and the sailors sung lustily to keep up their courage, and act in concert while working ship. We had two of their songs translated. One was in verse, to the praise of God; the other a medley of sentences and misanthropic reflections tacked together, the most prominent of which seemed to be: "The earth is vanity, and all in it is misery."

As we were in great glee, these truths were more grave than agreeable, and we requested a change of tune from the Arabs. They brought immediately a sort of flute resembling an ancient pipe, and a drum equally antique in appearance, and commenced a clatter the savage wildness of which so absorbed our attention that we did not think to ask for an interpretation of the words, but tried our best to detach from the infernal hubbub some one musical note. But our curiosity was soon diverted from the song and its accompaniment by a fat Turk in a green turban, — a descendant of Mahomet, — who, excited by the music, slowly arose, balanced himself to the measure, first on one foot and then on the other, and com-

menced a dance. When he had finished his performance, which certainly had the attraction of *novelty*, we thanked him for his pains. He replied, with much complacency, that the Almeys danced so in Cairo. The day passed away at last. The shores of the Nile presented to our view their extraordinary verdure: the declining sun gilded, with his last rays, a pretty village overtopped with palm-trees.

We retired to the stern of our vessel, where the sailors had constructed a tent, or rather an arch of cloth supported by bamboos. We spread our carpets beneath, and did not wake till morning. The day passed as the preceding one had done; nothing new in the landscape, nothing interesting on board.

Towards the close of the third day, after we had encountered divers head winds and shoals, three symmetrical mounds arose slowly under the glowing horizon; they were the Pyramids: and, at the same time, on our left, commenced the chain of Lybian mountains which enclose the Nile with their granite flanks.

We were unable to turn away from the gigantic monuments to which belonged so grand a record of antiquity, and so glorious a memento of modern days. There, too, was the battle-field of the modern Cambyses, where we, like Herodotus viewing the corses of the Persians and Egyptians, might have discovered the bones of our fathers. As the sun descended, his beams climbed the sides of the Pyramids, leaving their base in shade; soon the summit alone sparkled, like a reddened point, and then a single ray, like a distant beacon-light, seemed to float on the sharpened extremity. This soon detached itself and ascended towards the sky, as if to light up the stars, which, a

moment after, began to twinkle in the firmament. We were now wild with enthusiasm, and clapped our hands with delight at this magnificent spectacle.

On awaking, the next morning, I felt an uneasiness like a night-mare; and I found my companions similarly affected. The air was heavy and suffocating. The sun had arisen, gloomy and dull, behind a curtain of burning sand driven by the wind from the Desert. We experienced the same oppression in breathing, as one does when descending into a very dense atmosphere; besides, the air burnt our lungs. Not understanding this phenomenon, we looked around the deck. The captain and crew were seated and motionless, wrapped in their cloaks; their mouths were concealed in the folds, and they had the appearance of Flaxman's *Dantesque* figures. They seemed utterly lifeless, excepting that their eyes were fixed, in anxiety and dread expectation, on the horizon. They took no notice of our approach; they returned no answer to our questions. We inquired of the captain the cause of their consternation: "the *Khamseen!*" he replied, extending his hand toward the horizon, but without uncovering his mouth.

He had hardly pronounced the word, when we recognised by visible signs the approach of this disastrous wind, so dreaded by the Arabs. The palm-trees, moved by capricious blasts, waved in different directions, as if contrary currents of air were crossing each other in the heavens. The sand, each grain of which was hot like the spark from a furnace, beat in our faces. The frightened birds quitted the higher regions, and cowered close to the earth. Clouds of hawks, with long narrow wings, wheeled about, uttering piercing cries, alighted suddenly on the tops of

the mimosas, and then darted up again towards the sky as swiftly and perpendicularly as arrows; the very trees shuddered, as if they partook of the general terror. None of these signs escaped the Arabs; but we could not tell, from their immoveable countenances, whether they were propitious or otherwise.

The blast gradually decreased, and as it threatened no more serious consequence than I have described, we determined to go on shore with our guns. We beat about in the style of St. Denis sportsmen, and found the game, such as it was, abundant. When we returned, our crew were in jubilation: the khamseen was quite gone over, and they were jumping for joy and bathing their faces and hands in the Nile. The European style of bathing exactly suited me; and I was determined that the ceremony should not finish before I had taken a part.

In a moment I was in the costume of a Santon; and, taking my leap from the vessel, I pounced on a head like a hussar's, bobbing about in the water. I went under, however; and when I rose to the surface, all the sailors were intently watching my movements. I knew there were no crocodiles in this part of the river, — being above the first cataract; therefore, conceiving myself in no danger, I could interpret the interest with which the men watched me, in no other manner than one altogether flattering to my self-love. I redoubled my efforts and address in swimming; all that the repertory of natation contains, from the *simple brasse* to the *double culbute*, was executed with increasing success under the eyes of my swarthy spectators. I was at the *planche raide*, when I suddenly received, in my right leg, an

electric discharge so violent that my whole side was paralyzed. I turned immediately to swim towards the boat, but I felt in an instant that I could not reach it without assistance. Half laughing, half choking, I called out for a pole, sustaining myself with my left arm and leg, for my right was perfectly numb and motionless. Luckily, Mohammed, as if he had foreseen the accident, had already thrown me a rope. I caught the end of it, and he drew me on board. I mounted the side of the vessel in a much less triumphant style than I left it. Nevertheless, from the almost jeering heedlessness with which the Arabs regarded me, I was convinced that the accident was not an alarming one. Still, I desired to know the cause of it, were it only to guard against a similar one in future. Mohammed informed me that, amid a multitude of fishes agreeable to the taste and curious to the eye, there was a sort of torpedo in the Nile, possessed of remarkable electric power, of which the Arabs were so much afraid that they always limited their bathing to an ablution of face and hands. One thing was clear to my mind, however; if they feared this electric shock in their own beautiful persons, they had no compunctions about witnessing its effect on me. In conclusion of this matter, I remark that the pain soon left me, and I have since experienced no inconvenience from the shock.

The wind now failed entirely. We dined on our game, and, that accomplished, prepared for rest. By the advice of our Arabs, (who were not inconsiderate of real danger to their passengers,) we carefully examined our carpets to see if any scorpions were

hid in them; for if *they* had played on us the trick of the torpedo, it would have been infinitely less of a joke. We then laid ourselves down to sleep, in the pleasing hope of seeing Cairo in the morning, as we were distant from it but seven or eight leagues.

CHAPTER III.

CAIRO.

We weighed anchor at day-break on the following morning, and rapidly approached the Pyramids — which, on their part, seemed to advance upon us, and bend over our heads. At the foot of the Lybian range we began to perceive, through the sandy vapours that darkened the air, the towers and domes of mosques surmounted with their crescents of bronze. By degrees this curtain, driven by the northern wind which wafted us along, was uplifted from Cairo, and we discovered the jagged outline of the tops of the buildings, their foundations being yet hidden by the swollen banks of the river. We made great headway, and were soon off the Pyramids of Gizeh. Farther up, and on the same side of the river, a palm-grove waved over the spot where Memphis once stood, and where the daughter of Pharaoh walked when she rescued Moses from the ark of bulrushes. Above the palm-trees, and in a mist, not of fog, but sand, arose the reddened summits of the Pyramids of Sakkara, the venerable ancestors of those of Gizeh. Shortly after, we passed several boats laden with slaves, among whom were females. As soon as our Captain saw them, he struck a knife into the main-mast, and threw some salt into the fire: this double

operation was to avert the effect of the *evil eye*. The precaution was sufficient—*for*, an hour afterward, we landed at Shoubra, on the eastern bank of the Nile. The residence of the Pacha, hard-by, was pointed out to us; it is charmingly situated in the midst of verdure and coolness.

We found, here, an abundance of asses and drivers; the first larger and finer, the latter more eager and contumacious (if possible) than their brethren of Alexandria. Profiting by experience, we were careful not to make objections or be particular: we allowed ourselves to be *taken* by the first we met, and striking off into a delicious avenue of sycamores where we were perfectly protected from the sun, proceeded at a rapid rate on our journey.

The road being thirty feet higher than the river, we had, now, a more extended horizon. In front lay the island of Roudah, the base of the monument where the *Nilometer* is preserved; an instrument which measures the height of the inundations of the Nile. The lines traced on it indicate the years when the overflow of the water, reaching an unusual elevation, causes seasons of remarkable fertility. Here, every year, the sheiks of the mosques declare the height of the inundation, and apportion the measure of rejoicing which the people may indulge in; or, with the resignation of Mussulmans, announce sterility and the fasting and famine to which the insufficient rising of the river condemns them. On our right stood the Pyramids of Gizeh, visible from the base to the summit; and there, too, was the hill formed by the Great Sphinx, which has guarded them for three thousand years, turning its granite face, mutilated by the soldiers of Cambyses, towards

the tomb of the Pharaohs. On our left, was the battle-field of Heliopolis, rendered famous by Kleber; its immense solitude extends farther than the eye can reach, and is enlivened by one sycamore which flourishes in the burning sand of the Desert. Our guides called our attention to it; for an Arab tradition says, that under this tree Mary reposed when flying from Herod into Egypt. It appears from this that the Mahommedans themselves believe that this sacred tree owes its miraculous longevity and perpetual verdure to the hallowed influence communicated to it while sheltering the mother of CHRIST.

Boulac, which we now passed through, is a sort of suburb of Cairo, standing like a sentinel to guard the city. But half a league of our journey remained We cast a look at the bay, enlivened by a multitude of vessels. Those ascending the Nile were loaded with garden-produce; those returning brought the fruits of Upper Egypt which the pale sun of the Delta cannot ripen. The active and numerous population of this vicinity denoted the approach to a large city. I pointed, to Mohammed, in the direction of the walls; "el Masr!" replied he; and, putting his beast on a gallop, invited us to follow. We did not need urging, nor our beasts either, for that matter, as their noses were pointed homeward.

We soon came in sight of Cairo, standing perfectly isolated in the midst of an ocean of sand, the burning waves of which beat without cessation against her granite walls. They would eventually effect a breach or escalade, did not the Nile, twice a year, sweep them away in its overflow. As we came nearer, we could distinguish the various hues of the buildings, and the elegant forms of the cupolas; and

above the coloured turrets, which crown the ramparts like the squares of an immense chess-board, shot up the madenehs of three hundred mosques. At length we reached the Gate of Victory — the handsomest of the seventy gates that enclose Cairo, and through which Napoleon marched on the 29th of July 1798, the day preceding the Battle of the Pyramids.

On entering the city, M. Taylor, who knew the inconveniences of traversing the streets, — we being, here, like countrymen in Paris, — set off on a gallop; and we were forced to follow, for fear of losing our way. The truth is, our European dress was drawing upon us a very unpropitious observation; the uniform of the officers of marines especially excited the attention and prejudice of the followers of the Prophet. We redoubled our speed, elbowing the Turks and Arabs who were passing in their brilliant costumes before our dazzled eyes, and who cried out to us, "*yamin*," or "*chemal*," i. e. to the right, or left, just as the movement seemed necessary on our part to escape interference with the straight and undeviating line they gravely follow, whether riding or on foot. At last, after such a race as one sometimes takes in a dream, we arrived at the Frank-quarter, and alighted at an Italian inn.

Our first care was to procure a tailor. He came, a Turk of pure blood. We made our selections from his stuffs; and he took from his pocket a tape with a weight at the end, suspended it from the neck to the instep, noted the length, then drawing the same line across our shoulders, the measure was taken.

Our next care was to procure a breakfast, for which our stomachs were now urgent. We therefore took possession of our rooms — where the want

of suitable dress would confine us until evening — and called our host, delighted to find some one in this strange land to whom we could speak without an interpreter. In half an hour a cover, in European style, was laid in our chamber; and it was with no small satisfaction that I seated myself once more in a christian manner at the table. Mohammed, whom we could not neglect at this interesting juncture, was standing by a window; we called him, and he seated himself, after his own fancy, on the floor, by the side of our table.

If we had played for his amusement, on the commencement of our journey, by eating with our fingers, we now had him at similar advantage. The poor fellow was astounded at the juggler-like adroitness with which we handled instruments quite unknown to him. He attempted, however, without hesitation, to imitate us; but, after pricking his tongue and cutting his fingers three or four times, he cast aside knife, fork, spoon, and returned to the natural system. The comparative sumptuousness of our repast also astonished him, for he had been educated with Arabian notions of frugality; but here he was rather more conformable to our views — he tried every dish, and liked them all.

In the evening, we determined to risk our European dress in the dark, and go to the French Consul's. The Vice-Consul, delighted to see some of his countrymen, insisted on giving us a little *fête*. He sent for half-a-dozen musicians, who squatted around the divan on which we were seated, tuned their instruments with imperturbable gravity, and played some national airs, singing at intervals. No one but he who has heard Turkish or Arabian music

can form an idea of the climax of discord and confusion. I verily believe that, but for the precaution the musicians took in blockading us, my recollections of the Italian opera, overcoming my natural politeness, would have forced me to take French leave at the fourth strain. After two mortal hours, the executionists arose, as solemnly and stately as if they had not abominably persecuted us, and departed. Our host informed us that, to pay us due respect, they had played their gravest airs, but would certainly, at another time, entertain us with something more sprightly!

We returned to our hotel guided by a *kaffa*, who walked in front of us with a lantern of waxed paper elevated on a spiral wire. The streets were entirely deserted; we did not meet a living soul. We slept that night on beds; the first time since we left Alexandria.

Notwithstanding the superiority of couches over divans, and mattrasses over carpets, my nerves had been so entirely unstrung by the infernal music at the Consul's, that I could not sleep. And soon a foreign and physical cause was added to my nervous irritability, to keep me awake. I heard and felt some sort of animal, which in the dark I could not see, running and jumping over my bed. For a time I attempted to catch some of them with my hand, grasping quickly at a particular spot as I felt their pressure on the clothes; but they always eluded me with a quickness and sagacity which showed no small experience in this exercise. During a momentary truce, while I stood on the watch, I heard Mayer, on the other side of the room, playing the same game. All doubt now disappeared; it was a regu-

lar and combined attack! We compared notes; and finding our situations to be not only exactly similar, but extremely critical, we simultaneously mounted to the heads of our beds, so as not to be surprised from behind, and desperately assailed the enemy. But action and words were vain; like the Mameluke,

"Qui charge, combat, fuit, et revient fuir encore,"

we found our foes *unseizable*. I therefore determined on a *sortie*, flew into the antechamber and lighted my candle by a lamp burning there. I returned, as I went, in haste; and now, if we could not touch our assailants, we could, at least, see them; they were enormous rats, old and fat as patriarchs! At sight of the candle, they effected their retreat under the door with cries of fear, and in the greatest disorder. Said door did not reach the floor by the space of four good inches. We exercised our wits to contrive a stopper to this passage; and after unsuccessfully essaying several expedients and experiments, I saw that the hour for a great voluntary sacrifice had come, and, Curtius-like, I devoted my coat. I rolled it up tight and hard, and wedged it under the door. Scarcely was the light extinguished, scarcely had we returned to our beds, when the attack was re-commenced at the out-post: but the gate was closed, and we closed our eyes, with the complacent assurance that the rats had met their match.

Mayer rose the next morning in ecstacy at our success; but *my* triumph was qualified. At night I had placed in the breach an excellent coat; in the morning I drew it forth — a roundabout, irregularly scolloped; the skirts had disappeared: they were the *spolia opima*.

This defect in my toilet, joined to the previous impossibility of leaving the Frank-quarter without a Turkish dress, kept me at home the ensuing day. I profited by the quarantine to throw together on paper, some reflections on architecture, the result of former observations and studies with Baron Taylor in the North, and of present ones now commenced with him in the East.

The Arabian architecture presents, at the first glance, a character of strange individuality, which makes it appear, like some indigenous plants, to belong essentially to that country, and to bear no analogy, beyond a certain oriental characteristic, to any other. Notwithstanding the mystery with which this wayward daughter screens herself behind her golden cupola, encircles her head with verses in an unknown tongue, like the hieroglyphic fillets on the forehead of an Egyptian mummy, and envelopes her form in her mantle of a thousand-coloured marble — let the eye of the antiquary, familiarized with the dazzling richness of her trappings, look from particular details to the general plan; let the first layer be removed, the skin, as it were, laid back; and he recognises at once by the muscles and organs, the ancient stock, the common origin, the fraternal source whence the North and the East, — Christianity and Mahomedanism, — sought what was wanting individually to each, viz. the hand that traced the plan of the mosques of Cairo and the cathedrals of Venice.

For here, in few words, is the history of architecture. Born with the primeval civilization of India, she scooped out caverns before she raised palaces; she built monolithic temples before she constructed airy cathedrals; at length, and by degrees, what ori-

ginally lay below, was elevated to the surface, and the art of great nations and great epochs saw the light.

Did Indian architecture cross the Red Sea to dwell in Ethiopia? We do not know. Was Egyptian architecture her sister, or her daughter? We cannot tell. We know, only, that she set forth from Meroe, the grave and mighty ancestress, built Philæ, Elephantina, Thebes, and Tentyra; and then lingered on her way to watch the ramparts of Memphis growing under the hand of strangers, who were moving up the Nile that she was descending. This was the second epoch; the epoch of progression, which preceded the epoch of art; the epoch in which were raised, by a power unknown to us, gigantic masses to the top of lofty monolithic shafts; the epoch when the architrave of a single block, fitting upon the centre of the capital, formed the square roof, flat and massive; the epoch, in short, when all edifices whatever, had the appearance of being built for giants; vastness was the predominant idea of the time: and it was written from Babylon to Palanque, from Elephantina to the walls of Sparta, not in stones but rocks.

Greece succeeded Egypt; the graceful and coquettish daughter of the reserved and veiled mother: ideality gave place to art; grandeur to beauty. Words hitherto unknown, began to be spoken —purity, proportion, elegance. Athens, Corinth, Alexandria, scattered abroad a company of laughing nymphs bearing four orders of columns: structure remained stationary, but ornament rose to her apogee.

Afterwards came Rome the industrious, with her world of labourers and soldiers; to her, on account

of the lavishness of her predecessors, granite, porphyry, and marble were always rare; she possessed the travertine alone. Paltry materials succeeded rich ones, but science came to the aid of poverty: the arch now arose, and from this day it formed a prominent feature in the Roman art. It was applied to all structures; temples, aqueducts, triumphal arches: the extremities, only, of the empire caught and adopted, in some degree, the style of adjoining countries. At Petra, as in India, they scooped out monolithic temples: at Persepolis they substituted Darius's elephant heads and Xerxes' horses, for Toscan and Corinthian capitals.

Suddenly this immense Babel was arrested. The East pushed the North upon the West, and both rolled across the old world, enfolding her like serpents, inundating her like an ocean, devouring her as with a conflagration. Rome, the empress of the world, launched hastily forth on the troubled waters in her holy ark and landed, with the subsiding flood, at Byzantium, sheltering the germ of each art as Noah, upon Ararat, preserved the germ of each race.

And not only had one world given place to another, but, in the midst of this cataclysm, a voice from Heaven was heard; a new idea was promulgated; an unknown symbol shone. Monuments were needed to embody this thought: a base rose for the symbol; the barbarians turned their eyes to Byzantium, to the cupola of Saint Sophia, and beheld the cross: the symbol and the monument were united; and the Christian idea was realized.

But if faith was everywhere, at Byzantium were art and light. There the Christian sought his artists, the Arab his architects: for the Arab, ignorant and

savage, is as enthusiastic as the Christian. Byzantium, then, was the common source: her sons, degenerate descendants of their sires, (destined, however, to the rebuilding of the world,) came to the task with their past remembrances and present unskilfulness. They essayed, they bungled, they copied. In this second period, the church of CHRIST and the mosque of Mahomet were sisters; and it was not until the necessities of the Bible and the Koran had spoken loud enough for marble and granite to obey, that these two daughters of the same mother separated to meet no more.

Each endeavoured to collect and unite around her visible symbol all that was requisite to complete it. The church, at first, took the form of the Grecian cross, but soon abandoned that for the Latin, which is the cross of CHRIST. She raised the belfry, near her portico, and surmounted it with the spire to point, with its finger of stone, toward Heaven, for the encouragement of those whom the bells assembled together. She built twelve chapels to the memory of the twelve apostles; placed her choir on the right, because our SAVIOUR, in dying, bowed his head on his right shoulder; and made three windows in the choir, because GOD is Three, and all light emanates from Him. Then came the stained window-glass, of a thousand shades, softening the light of day, and giving to every hour a twilight hue, suitable to meditation and prayer. And, finally, the organ, that great voice of the church, speaking all languages, from vengeance to mercy, crowned the Christian's effort; his idea, in its greatest perfection, was realized and chronicled in the gothic cathedral of the 15th century.

With the Mussulman, on the contrary, in whose conception everything was addressed to the sense and not the soul; whose recompense, after the pleasures of this world, was a voluptuous paradise;—the religious monument assumed a different character. His first care was to open the roof to the perpetual smile of the sky. Under the pretext of ablution, he caused fountains of liquid silver to gush forth, the very murmur of which, in this torrid zone, was a foretaste of Heaven. He encircled these with tufted and odoriferous trees, and called together nightingales and poets to sing under their shade. A small, square spot only was reserved where the body of the pious Mussulman might repose, sheltered by a dome enriched with ingenious arabesques. Near this arose the many-storied madeneh, whence, thrice a-day, the muezzin called the faithful to prayer. But the Mohammedan art, although emanating from Byzantium, did not pass with impunity by Persepolis and Delta. The arches enlarged in the centre, united at the ends with a Persian grace; and India supplied light and delicate combinations with which she covered her walls as with a lace-work of stone. Then, in turn, was the Mohammedan idea perfected and developed in the mosque, as the Christian had been in the church.

The architects of these two ideas had this in common: they destroyed to reconstruct; they built the new with the wrecks of the ancient world: they found its skeleton extended on the sand, and they stole its firmest bones and finest proportions. The Christian purloined from the Pantheon, Coliseum, Temple of Jupiter Stator, Golden House of Nero, Caracalla's Bath, and the Amphitheatres of

Titus: the Arab, from the Pyramids, Thebes, Memphis, Solomon's Temple, the Obelisks of Karnac, and the Columns of Serapis. This was in obedience to that immutable Will, which permits nothing to be created anew, but links all things together; and gives to man, by this theory of infinite connexion, a symbol of eternity.

Achmed-Ebn-Tayloun, whose father was chief of the guard of the Caliphs of Bagdad, founded old Cairo. This wandering conqueror called it *Fostat*, or the tent, and erected there the mosque of Tayloun. The Fatamite Djouhaar made himself master of this encampment of stone in the year A. D. 969, and traced the site of the new city, to which he gave the name of *Maur-el-Kakira*, the victorious. At the commencement of the 12th century, Salah-Eddin, lieutenant of Nour-Eddin, subdued Egypt, and included "the victorious" in his conquest. Under his captain, Karacoush, the citadel and walls were built. Some years after, Beybar, the chief of the Mamelukes, poignarded the Visier and reigned in his place, and he and his descendants possessed Cairo in tranquillity until 1517, when Selim converted Egypt into a Turkish province. It was during these different reigns, while the city of Achmed-Ebn-Tayloun was falling into ruins, that that of Djouhaar was successively rearing her splendid edifices.

Cairo, which covers a large extent of ground, and has a population exceeding three hundred thousand souls, is divided into quarters, like the European cities of the middle ages: there are Arab, Greek, Jew, and Christian quarters; each is enclosed by gates, around which guards are stationed during the night. We were, as I before remarked, in the Christian, com-

monly called the Frank quarter, which it is dangerous to leave in European costume. To this danger the reader owes this long antiquarian and chronological dissertation, for which I humbly ask his pardon; although I deem one such discussion necessary in a work of this kind.

On the day following, at the hour appointed, our clothes-merchant arrived. His punctuality and some other things about him force me to acknowledge the superiority of the Turkish over the French tailor. He was accompanied by a barber, and some of our fellow-countrymen who had a curiosity to witness our metamorphosis. This barber was a sort of prologue to the tailor; we had to pass through *his* hands, or rather his knees, before Snip could perform. M. Taylor having gone to the Consul on business connected with his mission, the ceremony commenced with me.

The barber placed himself on a chair, and me on the floor. He drew from his girdle a small steel instrument, which, from his strapping it on his hand, I took to be a razor. The thought that this scythe was to make acquaintance with my head, made my hair stand on end; but in an instant my forehead was enclosed between the knees of my adversary as in a vice, and I concluded, since I could not help myself, to keep perfectly quiet. To do the fellow justice, this despised piece of steel glided around my head with a gentleness, skill, and softness that went to my very heart. At the end of five minutes the vice was unlocked, I raised my head, and every-body began to laugh. I looked in the glass, — I was completely bald; nothing of hair remained on my cranium but that blueish shade which decorates the chin after a

close shave. I was stupified at the change, and at the magic-like rapidity with which it was wrought: and never having before seen my head in such a plight, I did not at all recognise my own face. I felt over the bump of theosophy for the lock of hair by which the angel Gabriel carries Mussulmans to paradise: I thought I had a right to claim that; but it was gone. As soon as I spoke of it, the barber assured me that this ornament was worn only by a dissenting sect not in the least respected by the regulars, on account of their dissolute lives. This arranged, I passed without further parley or regret into the hands of the tailor, who began at the right end of his task. He placed on my bald head a white cap; over this a red *tarbouch;* and rolled a shawl over the latter, which, of itself, almost transformed me into a true believer. He then donned my gown and *abbaye;* my waist, like my head, he bound with a shawl; and in this shawl, to which I fiercely suspended a sabre, I thrust a poignard, crayons, paper, and bread. In this accoutrement, which fitted to a fraction, my tailor assured me I could go where I chose, without molestation. I looked in the glass again, and believed him; and, like an actor ready to spring on the stage when his *cue* comes, I waited with bursting impatience until the travestie of my companions should be effected. They all, of course, submitted to the same operation as I had undergone; and I may say, without vanity, that mine was not the queerest looking pate of the company. At length, all being prepared, we sallied from the threshold, and made our debut.

I was sufficiently embarrassed, like most debutants. My turban weighed down my head; the folds

of my robe impeded my walking; and my feet and slippers, being quite unaccustomed to each other, frequently parted company. Mohammed walked by our side, directing our movements with the word, "gently, gently." After our French petulance was a little soothed, and we had so graduated our steps as to attain some Arabian grace, we went along better. Indeed, this costume is perfectly appropriate to the climate, and infinitely more convenient than ours. As for the turban, it forms a sort of fortification around the head, within which perspiration can go on *ad libitum*, not consulting or interfering with the rest of the body.

We passed a half-hour in Mahometanizing ourselves, and then commenced our investigations. We first visited the palace of the Pacha, on our road to which we found many objects of interest to detain us, much to Mohammed's annoyance, who constantly urged us along. Cairo is as remarkable in detail as in general: as striking at the corner of a street, or by the side of a mosque, as when, in a comprehensive view, one sees its three hundred madenehs, its seventy gates, its girdle of walls, its tombs of the Caliphs, its Pyramids, its Desert, and its Nile.

We sped through sumptuous bazaars, and streets crowded with Arabs and tents, until we arrived at the gigantic mosque of the Sultan Hassan. We next took the steep path leading, first, to Joseph's Divan, near which is a famous well, described to us by M. Taylor. It is quadrangular in form, and is designed to supply the citadel with water: its depth is said to reach the level of the bed of the river. It is dug through a solid rock, in which also are steps for the descent: this stair-way is lighted partly by windows through the sides of the rock, and partly by torches.

The mosque known as Joseph's D'van is built with monolithic columns of very fine marble; these support, on Corinthian capitals, arches which are narrow at the base. The sides of the arches are ornamented with Arabian letters, indicating particular verses of the Koran. Continuing the ascent up the hill, you reach the walled platform of the citadel, from which culminating point the palace of the Pacha rises — a mass of stone, wooden columns and Italian paintings of a miserable taste, — all quite inappropriate to the nature of the climate.

As before remarked, it was Karacoush, the prime-minister and general of Salah-Eddin, who built the citadel, dug the well, and traced the walls of the new city. His memory is of course notorious; and as he was very short in person and hump-backed, they give his name to a species of very indecent punchinello, which is played openly in the streets of Cairo. The celebrity of the name has brought something similar to it in vogue at Paris, under the auspices of Messrs. de Marlborough and de la Palisse.

We were accompanied in our excursion by M. Msara, interpreter to the Consul, and formerly drogoman in the Mameluke guard, who was residing at our hotel when we arrived. He was familiar with the antiquities of the country, and possessed, besides, a fund of anecdote, which made him a most agreeable cicerone.

The citadel commands the city: in every direction you embrace a semi-circular view, uninterrupted and of immense extent. Under our feet, as it were, lay the tombs of the Caliphs: a dead city, silent and uninhabited, yet standing like a living city. It is the Necropolis of giants. Each sepulchre is as large as a

mosque; each monument has its guardian, as mute as a sepulchre. We visited it at a later period by torch-light, evoking its spectres and startling its birds of prey, which latter all day long cover the spires, and at night enter the tombs, — to tell the shades of the Caliphs it is their hour to wander. Behind this monumental and funereal city rise the mountains of Mokattan: perpendicular and arid rocks, which reflect the burning rays of the sun even to Cairo.

Turning to the other side, the city of the living is beneath our feet. There are Arabs walking slowly, clothed in their magnificent *msallah;* there is a confused mass, from which come the bustling cries of merchants and camels; there are the bazaars; there is a myriad of cupolas, appearing, in their close combination, like a roof, or like the "thick bosses" of a Titan's buckler; and there is an array of madenehs, like a navy of masts or a forest of palm-trees. On the left stands old Cairo; on the right, Boulac, the Desert, Heliopolis. In front, and beyond the city, is the Nile with its isle of Roudah: on its opposite shore is the battle-field of Embabeh; farther on, the Desert; on the south-west, Gizeh, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, an immense wood of palm-trees where sleeps the Colossus and where *was* Memphis; above their tops are Pyramids again, and again the Desert: the Desert on all points of the horizon, — an immense ocean of sand; with its ebb and flow; its dromedaries traversing it like boats; its caravans covering it like navies; its simoom sweeping it like a tempest.

On the platform where we were now standing, the Pacha of Egypt, I believe in 1818, assembled together the whole corps of Mamelukes, as if for a feast; and, having suddenly secured all egress, excepting

the sheer and precipitous descent over the sides of the elevation, he destroyed them with cannon and musketry. They came, according to custom, in their richest costume, with their finest arms, and bearing about them all their wealth. At a signal, given by the Pacha, death burst upon them from all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame and iron; and men and horses were at once weltering in blood. The dismayed troop dispersed itself in the circumscribed arena, the individual horsemen dashing against the walls with infuriated cries of rage and vengeance. They rushed together; divided in groups; scattered like leaves before the wind; then, uniting again, returned as in a last effort to crush the breasts of their horses against the muzzles of the blazing artillery: still again they dispersed like flocks of frightened birds, again to be overtaken by the iron rain which followed them. Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the citadel, and were destroyed in the abyss. Two, however, recovered themselves. At the first shock of the concussion, both horses and riders were stunned; they trembled for an instant like equestrian statues when shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with the rapidity of lightning: they passed the nearest gate, which fortunately was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. They directed their flight towards the city of the Caliphs, traversed its silent streets, and arrived at the foot of the Mokattan mountains at the moment that a troop of the Pacha's guard left Cairo in pursuit. One of the fugitives took the road to El Arich; the other dashed up the mountain: the pursuers divided, one half following each.

It was a fearful thing, that race for life and death!

The steeds of the Desert, let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, flew along the edge of precipices. Three times the horse of one Mameluke fell breathless; three times, hearing the tramp of the pursuers, he arose and renewed his flight. He fell, at length, not to rise again; his strength expended, his spirit broken. His master exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity. Instead of gliding down the rocks into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to cavalry, he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and awaited the arrival of the executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres, without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy. The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed El Arich, gained the Desert, escaped unhurt, and, in time, became the governor of Jerusalem, where, at a later day, I had the pleasure to see him, — the last and only remnant of that redoubtable corps which, thirty years before, rivalled in courage, though not in fortune, the élite of Napoleon's army.

What we remarked especially in our first ramble through Cairo, was the large number of faces shorn of the appendage of ears and noses. I interrogated Mohammed as to the cause. He replied that these invalids were the customers of the tribunal of correction. This answer, however, required explanation; and M. Msara, always obliging and fluent, gave it, off-hand.

Cairo, a primitive region, is quite in the rear of European civilization, being unprovided with an army of spies to watch an army of thieves: besides, here the most minute surveillance, the closest search,

are easily frustrated; since the suspected has only to pass the gates of the city, and he is safe in the Desert. Now justice has a horror, a *phobia*, alike of water and sand: all oceans are her aversion; hence an expedient must be provided to save pursuit, and also, especially, incarceration. The Cadis, who were nearly concerned in this matter, laid their heads together, and hit on a very ingenious expedient of distinguishing thieves from honest men: their plan, it will be seen, was based on the principle that prevention is *equivalent* to cure.

When therefore a theft is committed, and (which sometimes happens) the thief caught, the Cadi summons the accused, or suspected, and interrogates him: if satisfied of his guilt, which is soon done, he takes the culprit's ear in one hand and a razor in the other, and passes the instrument adroitly between his hand and the thief's head: the pretty general result of which manœuvre is, that the piece remains in the Cadi's fingers, and the thief walks off minus an ear.

It is obvious that this proceeding simplifies the duty of the police. If a thief, once punished, commits a second theft, his previous guilt is demonstrated at a glance, and a very brief trial is sufficient to condemn his remaining ear: it is lopped in virtue of the legal axiom *non bis in idem.* If the fellow prove incorrigible, and transgress a third time, his nose very summarily follows his ears, — *reversing* nature's original design. A thief, being thus marked, always carries his character about him, and the citizens who see a head in their vicinity wanting any of its proper appendages, have only to be on their guard; and thus, as I said, prevention in many cases supersedes cure.

As M. Msara finished his explanation, we saw the Cadi on duty. He goes out in the morning without

making known his intended route; takes his walk with suitable attendants; and stops at the first bazaar. He seats himself at random in one of the shops, and examines the weights, measures, and merchandise. He lends an ear to all complaints, interrogates any merchant accused of infraction of the law, and then, without court or jury, and especially without delay, pronounces judgement, applies the penalty, and goes on in quest of other delinquents. In these cases, however, the punishment is of a different character. Notwithstanding the moral identity of the crime, he cannot treat the offending merchant as a common thief; that would have a prejudicial effect on commerce. The penalty is graduated thus: the mildest, confiscation; the moderate, closing the shop; the severest, exposure. This last is inflicted in a singular manner. The culprit is placed with his back against his shop, and is compelled to raise himself on his toes until the weight of his whole body rests on them; his ear is then nailed to the door or shutter of his shop. This punishment lasts two, four, or six hours. It is true, the criminal may abridge its duration whenever he chooses to let himself down; but the Turkish merchant is jealous of his reputation, and nothing but the last necessity would induce him to resemble a thief by the mutilation of his ears.

I stopped in front of one of these wretches, who had just been nailed up. I was disposed to compassionate his case, but Mohammed told me he was an *habitué*, and that if I would observe his ear closely, I should find it was like a cullender. This changed the current of my sympathies, and, as he was to remain some time longer, I ceased to regret his sufferings, and rejoiced in the opportunity of making a

sketch. I drew forth crayons and paper, and begged the rest to continue their route with M. Msara, leaving Mohammed to assist me in any embarrassment. But Mayer would not quit me; so we three remained, and the others proceeded on their way.

My picture was composed: the criminal, nailed by his ear, was standing stiff and motionless on the extreme points of his great toes; and, seated near him, on the sill of the door, was the guard charged with seeing the punishment duly executed, smoking a pipe. The quantity of tobacco in the pipe seemed to be graduated to the time that the punishment was to continue. Around these two personages was a demi-circle of idlers. We took our places at one side, and I commenced my task.

After a time, the culprit, finding he had nothing to expect from the crowd, — among whom, perhaps, he recognised some of his customers, — hazarded a word to the guard.

"Brother," said he, "one law of our holy Prophet is, that men should help one another."

The guard seemed to take no exception to this precept in the abstract, and continued quietly to smoke.

"Brother," resumed the patient, "did you not hear me?"

The guard made no other reply than a large puff of smoke, that ascended to his neighbour's nose.

"Brother," still persisted the man, "one of us can aid the other, and do a thing acceptable to Mahomet."

The puffs of smoke succeeded each other with a regularity that extinguished the poor fellow's hopes.

"Brother," cried the despondent, with a dolorous voice, "put a stone under my heels, and I will give you a piastre."

No reply.

"Two piastres."

A pause.

"Three piastres."

Smoke.

"Four piastres."

"Ten piastres," said the guard quietly.

The ear and the purse of the man held a parley which was visible in the countenance; at length, pain conquered, and ten piastres rolled to the feet of the guard, who counted them with great deliberation, put them in his purse, rested his pipe against the wall, and, picking up a pebble about as large as the egg of a tom-tit, placed it under the man's heels.

"Brother," said the culprit, "I feel nothing under my feet."

"A stone is there, however," answered the guard, resuming his seat and his pipe: "but, it is true, I selected it in reference to your price. Give me a *talari* (five francs) and I will place a stone under you so appropriate to your necessities, that you shall sigh for it when you reach paradise."

The result may be anticipated; the guard had his money, and the merchant his stone. How the affair terminated thereafter, I do not know. My drawing was completed in half an hour, and we proceeded on our walk.

As the heat began to be oppressive, Mohammed made a sign, and two asses magnificently caparisoned, were brought. They proved to be far the most petulant beasts we had yet encountered: but we came out to sketch, and not to gain a prize at Chantilly. We merely endeavoured to make them walk as we wished; but this was no easy matter, especially for

Mayer, who being an officer of marines had little taste for horsemanship. Mohammed assured us that before the arrival of the French at Cairo, an ass was never known to gallop; but that the pacific quadrupeds had no sooner experienced the power of the new-comers' experiments, such as the point of a bayonet in the flank, or a lighted match under the tail, than they struck into that eternal gallop which is now hereditary from generation to generation. Mohammed pretended, too, that the beasts knew well enough the origin and country of their riders: and, indeed, I have seen one of them restive and intractable to-day under a European, and to-morrow the same animal would be walking quietly with a Turk on his back, or gently trotting between the legs of a Cophtish merchant.

We visited, now, several bazaars. Each one is nearly if not exclusively restricted to a single branch of commerce, as each dealer in them is to one kind of merchandise. We began with the bazaar of eatables. Its principal commodity was rice, which is the article most easy of transportation, and, in fact, the most common food of the people. There was, also, a prepared paste of apricots, made in large, thin sheets, and rolled up like a carpet; measuring sometimes twenty-five or thirty feet in length, and three or four in breadth. Another article was a compounded mass, in solid cubes of a hundred pounds weight, made of dates ripe, dates too ripe, and dates too green. This is furnished at a low price, and forms the regular dessert, as rice does the regular dinner, of the lower classes.

The bazaars for materials of dress, etc. are very richly stored. India shawls are there in abundance,

and at prices far less than in France. The bazaar for arms is very sumptuous. The weapons are of exquisite materials and workmanship. It is not usual, however, to find them in a finished state. You buy a blade of one dealer, take it to the armourer's for a handle, to the case-maker for a sheath, to the silver-smith for the garnishing, and, finally, to the examiner for the stamp. Some blades are held at an exorbitant price; two thousand and even three thousand francs.

To facilitate purchases, Jews are constantly passing through the bazaars offering to change gold and silver, or to lend money to known persons who may need a larger sum than they happen to have brought with them. The Jews are easily recognised by their black dress, the laws of Cairo forbidding them to appear in any other colour.

As a conclusion to our day's journey, we went to the bazaars of female slaves. The building which encloses them is divided into miserable, square courts, having cages ranged around the walls: these courts are divided by a partition. The lower story is a little the most comfortable, and is reserved for slaves of high value.

The unfortunate beings were entirely destitute of clothing. They were assorted by colour, nation, and age. Jewesses were here with large black eyes, straight noses, and serious faces; Arabians of a swarthy hue, with golden bands on their limbs; Nubians with hair of remarkable fineness and luxuriance; and young Greeks from Scio, Naxos, and Milo: among these latter was a child full of grace and beauty; I inquired the price demanded for her, and received for answer, three hundred francs.

These slaves all assume a cheerful countenance; for, horribly fed by their owners, and beaten for the least fault on their own part, or the least caprice on the part of their masters, no condition is worse for them than to remain unsold; and they naturally enough use every exertion to render themselves agreeable to visiters, that they may be induced to purchase them.

Jews are found in these slave-bazaars; but here their business is to sell clothes. As the slave is transferred to the purchaser the moment a bargain is made, and as she cannot be removed without some sort of covering, of course the Jew finds a ready market for his wares.

Near each bazaar is a magnificent fountain, enclosed by a bronze railing. A copper bowl is suspended within the railing by a chain. You reach through the apertures, take the water in the bowl, drink, and let the bowl fall back: another thirsty throat is usually waiting for it. A group of Arabs may always be seen seated at each fountain. They move around with the sun, and keep themselves lazily in the shade.

We left the bazaars so occupied with what we had seen, that, for a time, we abandoned our asses to their own wise guidance: they brought us suddenly in front of a troop of women going to the bath. They were all on mules, were wrapped in white silk mantles, and conducted by a eunuch with the insignia of the Pacha. Everybody vacated the road they were to pass, the men throwing themselves down with their faces to the ground, or hiding behind the projecting corners and walls of houses; Mayer and I alone remained in the middle of the street. Mo-

hammed, seeing our danger, immediately seized my beast by the halter and drew him to one side, crying out to Mayer, at the same time, "to the left! to the left, Seigneur Francais!" But this direction was more easily given than understood. Mayer was a sailor, and could comprehend no points but those of the compass, together with starboard and larboard: therefore, though desirous to move, yet fearing to go wrong, he drew in both reins of the bridle at once; and his ass, like Balaam's, stood still. At this juncture he was encountered, face to face, by the eunuch, who, accustomed to disperse all obstacles by a sign, lifted his cane and laid it over the ears of Mayer's ass. The animal reared, Mayer slipped in his saddle and was nearly thrown: but grasping the pummel with one hand and the beast's neck with the other, he recovered his balance, and, moving up to the unconscious eunuch, laid him flat on the ground with one of the finest blows that ever mortal eunuch received from mortal fist. Then, like a true Parisian, he drew forth his card that the eunuch, if not satisfied, might know where to find him. But the sable champion, terrified by treatment to which he was totally unaccustomed, raised himself on his knees; and, seeing Mayer's card thrust into his face, humbly kissed it. Mayer, satisfied with this demonstration, accomplished the manœuvre indicated by Mohammed, and rejoined us on the left. Mohammed, without saying a word, seized our bridles, struck into a gallop, and after threading a thousand irregular streets, brought us to the court-yard of the French Consul. We asked him the reason of this mute and furious race: his only answer was, "tell the Consul, tell the Consul."

Indeed this proved the shortest way to find out what the matter was. We sought the Consul, accordingly, and told him our adventure. He listened with manifest consternation, and replied, "It has all ended well; but if the eunuch had ordered you to be poignarded on the spot, I should not have dared to remonstrate, nor even to claim your bodies."

All that saved us was the eunuch's momentary confusion at such an unexpected assault; and his mistaking us for two great personages and Mayer's card for our *firman*.

We remained secreted at the Consul's until evening, and then made our way quietly to our hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

MURAD. — THE PYRAMIDS.

On the 1st day of July, 1798, Napoleon landed in Egypt, near fort Marabout, a short distance from Alexandria.

I will state, in few words, the political situation of Egypt when this event took place. Such brief exposition will naturally lead me to the causes of the French expedition, of which I must relate the principal incidents, so many traces have they left in the places through which we are about to pass.

The Porte at that time had only nominal sway in Egypt. The Pacha, Seid-Abou-Beker, was rather a prisoner in the citadel of Cairo, than governor of the city. The actual power was lodged in the two beys, Murad and Ibrahim; the former, Emir-el-Hadj, or prince of the pilgrims; the latter, Sheik-el-Belad, or prince of the country.

For eight-and-twenty years, these two men had divided Egypt between them as a lion and a tiger divide their prey; the one taking by force and the other by cunning, such portions as they fancied of the rich country around. For a time they contended with each other; but, taking alarm at the joy manifested by neighbouring beys who witnessed their dissensions, they buried their individual animosities and

united against a common danger. Once, in pursuance of Ibrahim's suggestion, they essayed to procure a formal recognition from the Porte. They sent an envoy on whom they could rely, to the Grand Seignor with horses, arms, and stuffs as a voluntary tribute; but finding that their envoy was tampered with; that the title *vekkel*, i. e. lieutenant of the Sultan for Egypt, had been bestowed on him, and that bribes, as he himself informed them, had been offered him to watch them on his return, they stopped all concession and negotiation; fearing that some future envoy, less loyal than the first, might bring them, in exchange for their presents, a hidden poignard, or a subtle poison. From this hour there was a covenant for rapine and blood between these two men. Ibrahim by his base and shameless extortions, Murad by bold achievements and open violence, drained the country of its wealth; Ibrahim, to heap up his booty in secret; Murad, to throw it by handfuls to his Mamelukes, to cover his women with pearls, his horses with trappings, and his arms with diamonds. Being masters of Egypt, they monopolized and withheld provisions from the people; then, opening their storehouses as famine threatened, they filled the bazaars with rice and maize at exorbitant prices. These extortions led to revolt; revolt to contributions; and, with a sentiment of justice truly Arabian, these contributions were levied equally on Egyptians and strangers. The French merchants were taxed; the consul complained to the Directory; and the Directory availed itself of these complaints as a pretext for sending a French army into Egypt. The army came, ostensibly, to revenge the insult offered to the nation; but in reality to destroy the commerce of London

with Alexandria, and establish a military post at Suez, the future *relai* of India.

When the two extraordinary men who governed Cairo, learned that the French army had disembarked at Alexandria, they betrayed great, but opposite, emotion. Ibrahim burst into reproaches against Murad, whom he accused of having wantonly drawn upon them a powerful foe: Murad sprang to his war-horse, traversed the streets of Cairo with his Mamelukes and commanded the muezzins to announce the news. "It is well," said he; "if I have drawn the French to Egypt, I know how to drive them home again."

From this time there was neither rest nor peace for Murad. His noble savage nature was roused to the uttermost, and he proceeded with all the Mamelukes he could hastily collect to meet the new-comers of whom such wonderful things were related. A flotilla of *djermes*, *canges*, and gun-boats descended the Nile in company: and Ibrahim remained at Cairo to imprison the French merchants and pillage their warehouses.

At Rahmanie, Napoleon received the intelligence that the Mamelukes were advancing to meet him. General Desaix, who commanded the vanguard from Alexandria, wrote on the 14th of July from the village of Minieh-Salame that a detachment of twelve or fourteen hundred cavalry were manœuvering at a distance of three leagues, and that a hundred and fifty Mamelukes had exhibited themselves at his outposts that morning. Bonaparte took the same route that we recently followed, accompanied, like Murad, by a flotilla, which the commander of the division Perrée, was bringing from Rosetta. This road was

the most difficult and dangerous, but it was also the shortest, and on that account Bonaparte chose it. Murad, on his part, had spared Napoleon half the journey by sending his vanguard to meet him; and the finest troops of the East and the West found themselves opposed to each other.

The shock of the two-fold encounter by land and water was terrible. The flotillas dashed against each other, prow to prow; the troops met at the point of the bayonet and sabre. The Mamelukes, covered with gold, swift as the wind, destructive as a flame, charged our squares and hacked the barrels of the guns with their Damascus blades: and when the volleying thunder of these squares poured forth like the blaze of a volcano, this fiery soldiery unrolled its masses like a ribbon, wheeled off to re-form and then galloped up again in squadrons to each angle of bristling steel. Finding it impossible to effect a breach and reeling under the ready volleys which welcomed them, they fled away as a long line of affrighted birds, leaving around our battalions a moving belt of mutilated men and horses; again they wheeled at a greater distance, formed, and returned to a new charge as ineffectual and as fatal as the others.

In the middle of the day they made a final rally; but, instead of returning to the attack, they disappeared under the horizon in a whirlwind of sand. They were going to Murad with the news of his *first defeat.*

Murad was at Gizeh when he heard of the defeat at Chehrheis. It was true, then; the infidel dogs were in chase of the lion. The same day messengers were sent to Saïd, to Fayoum, to the Desert — everywhere. Beys, Sheiks, Mamelukes, all were con-

voked against the common enemy; every one was summoned to come with his horse and weapons. In three days, Murad was surrounded by six thousand cavaliers.

These fine troops were irregularly encamped along the bank of the Nile, in sight of Cairo and the Pyramids, and between the village of Embabeh, against which their right wing rested. and Gizeh, the favourite residence of Murad, to which they extended their left. Murad had pitched his tent under a gigantic sycamore which could shelter fifty armed and mounted men under its branches. In this position he awaited the arrival of the French army with the eager impatience of anticipated victory. Ibrahim had collected his women, treasures, and horses, in readiness to fly into Upper Egypt.

Napoleon was informed, at the village of Omedinar, that the Mamelukes were waiting for him before Cairo. The city was the price of the battle. He made his dispositions.

On the 23d, at day-break, Desaix, who was still with the vanguard, discovered a party of five hundred Mamelukes reconnoitering, who, at his approach, retired, but within sight. At four o'clock, Murad heard a loud shouting: it was our entire army saluting the Pyramids.

At six o'clock, the two armies were in full view of each other.

Survey for a moment the battle-field. It was the same that Cambyses, the other conqueror, who came from the other extremity of the world, had chosen on which to meet and overwhelm the Egyptians. Since that period, twenty-four centuries had rolled away;

the Nile, the Pyramids were still the same; the granite Sphinx, whose face had been mutilated by the Persians, reared only her gigantic head above the sand; the Colossus, of which Herodotus speaks, was fallen; Memphis had disappeared; and Cairo had risen. All these thrilling recollections of the past, distinct and present to the minds of the French officers, hovered vaguely over the heads of the soldiers like the strange birds which, in ancient days, fluttered over the battle and presaged victory.

The ground was a vast sandy plain, suitable to the manœuvres of cavalry. The village of El-Bekir arose in the middle of it. A small stream partly enclosed it in front of Gizeh.

Napoleon's intention was not merely to defeat, but to exterminate the Mamelukes. He deployed his troops into a semi-circle, forming each division into squares of unusual size, in the centre of which he placed the artillery. Desaix, accustomed to the front, commanded the first square, which was stationed between Embabeh and Gizeh. Then came, in order, the division of Regnier; the division Kleber, commanded by Dugua; the division Menou, commanded by Vial; and, lastly, the division of General Bon, forming the extreme left, resting upon the Nile, and nearest to Embabeh.

All these squares were directed to put themselves in motion, and advancing upon Embabeh, to drive horses, Mamelukes, everything, before them into the Nile.

But Murad was not the man to await, behind a few sand-hills, the onset and stratagie of the French troops.

Scarcely were the squares formed, when the Mamelukes burst forth from their entrenchments in irregular masses, and, without method or order, dashed towards the nearest squares: these were the divisions of Desaix and Regnier.

When within point-blank musket range, they separated into two columns, drooped their heads to the saddle-bow, and rushed, severally, to the left angle of the division Regnier, and the right of the division Desaix. The squares reserved their fire until the Mamelukes were within ten paces of their lines, and then, with deliberate aim, poured upon them a volley that was astoundingly fatal. The heads of the columns sunk to the ground as if an earthquake had swallowed them; the remainder of the squadrons, arrested in their course by this wall of flame and steel, yet unwilling to retreat, ranged along the whole face of the square Regnier,-whose sustained fire, however, at such murderous proximity, threw them, in some confusion, on the division of Desaix, around which they flew like a whirlwind. This division, finding itself enveloped with such a tempest of cavalry, now poured forth a storm of musketry on every side, and, occasionally, as a brief opportunity presented, opened its angles to emit the destructive thunder of its artillery.

Meanwhile every effort was made by this fierce soldiery to break or disorder our immoveable squares. They would retire, form, charge in close column; and, as their horses recoiled from the serried ranks of bristling bayonets, they would deploy and rein them backwards on the lines, kicking, plunging, rearing, and often falling upon the guns; and the riders, thus dismounted into the very arms of the infantry,

or under their feet, would drag themselves along and cut at the legs of the men with their sabres. This horrid mêlée lasted for three-quarters of an hour, during which time the infantry within the squares, were mowing down their mounted assailants with incessant volleys of musketry. From the ferocity of the Mamelukes, our troops could no longer recognise them as men, but thought they were dealing with phantoms and demons, flying irregularly through clouds of smoke and flame, on horses as ghostly as themselves. Finally, the struggling cavalry, the yells, the neighing, the flame, and the smoke disappeared and ceased. There remained nothing around and between these two divisions but a mass of the dead and dying, a sea of blood and carnage; bristling with arms, sprinkled with standards, murmuring and moving still, though with a subdued motion, like the yet unquieted billows after an ocean-storm.

Napoleon had now given the signal for a general attack. Bon, Menou and Vial were ordered to detach from their respective divisions the first and third companies of each battalion, and form in columns: while the second and fourth companies, retaining their relative position, should compress their squares and advance to sustain the attack, presenting only three men deep.

The body of dispersed and defeated Mamelukes had directed its course towards the little village of El-Bekir to re-organize; but an incidental occurrence threw them at this moment into the power of the French.

As I have already observed, the divisions of Desaix and Regnier arrived first on the field and were post-

ed between the Nile and El-Bekir, before the battle commenced. Some of the troops thinking that this village might contain provisions and water, asked permission to reconnoitre it. The supposition was plausible, and besides it was important to inspect the place, as a detachment of the enemy might be concealed there, ready to make an unexpected sally. Desaix therefore ordered four companies of grenadiers and carabineers, a company of the fourth regiment of artillery, and a complement of sapeurs to occupy the village, under the command of Dorsenne and Paige, and take possession of what provisions they could find. The foragers were not disappointed in their expectations, but were securing a large supply of stores, when the rattling of musketry and the roar of cannon apprized them that the battle had suddenly begun.

Dorsenne, aware that his small reinforcement could now be of little value to the divisions they had left, and fearing to be hemmed in if he made any demonstration, quietly distributed his six companies behind the walls of enclosures, in houses, and on terraces.

To return, the Mamelukes hurried directly to this village like a flock of partridges ready to alight: but scarcely had the head of the column entered the street, when the houses and terraces blazed with the rapid and deadly fire of an ambuscade! The Mamelukes, however, did not retire or falter; but the mass unrolled itself, like a prodigious serpent, through the street, and passed, bleeding and mutilated, through the opposite gate. They formed in their flight an immense semi-circle, crossed the little river, and reappeared on the right of Desaix's division.

At this instant all the squares advanced, enclosing Embabeh in their iron-circle; and, at the same time, Murad's flotilla and entrenchments opened their batteries from the Nile. Thirty-seven pieces of artillery crossed their net-work of fire along the plain, and Murad himself, at the head of three thousand cavaliers, advanced under cover of this fire to break the squares, embarrassed, for the first time, by his cannon. The column retreating from El-Bekir joined him at this crisis, and they attacked in concert.

It must have been a wondrous sight to the eagle hovering over the battle-field, to see these six thousand horsemen, the finest in the world, mounted on horses that left no foot-print on the sand, doubling like hounds around these blazing and immoveable squares; encircling them as with a band, and straining them in its ligature; seeking to crush and suffocate by envelopement what they could not open or break by collision: then dispersing, reforming to disperse again, and changing position like waves beating against the shore. On a sudden the batteries of Murad changed their direction: the Mamelukes heard the thunder of their own guns pointed against their own masses, and they fell in scores under the iron rain of their own balls: then the flotilla took fire and blew up with a loud explosion. The cause of all this was soon apparent. While Murad was bending every effort to destroy our squares, our more distant columns of attack had reached and carried his entrenchments, and Marmont now commanded the whole field with his guns.

Napoleon ordered a final movement and all was finished. The squares opened, deployed into line, united their several flanks, and stood one immense

chain of iron. The Mamelukes were now between their own entrenchments and the whole French line, receiving from each a sustained and insupportable fire. Murad saw that the day was irretrievably lost; he rallied the remnant of his men, who, lowering their heads and putting spurs to their horses, galloped down this double line of exterminating shot through the narrow interval left by Desaix between his division and the Nile. They thus forced their way into the village of Gizeh, re-appeared an instant after beyond its enclosures, and retired towards Upper Egypt, reduced to three hundred men.

Ibrahim, who took no part in the combat further than watching its progress from the opposite shore of the river, no sooner saw the day lost, than he re-entered Cairo.

Murad left three thousand men,* forty pieces of artillery, forty loaded camels, with tents, horses, and slaves, on the field. This field, thus covered with gold, cashmeres, and silks, was abandoned to the conquering troops: the booty was immense, as the Mamelukes were covered with their richest panoply, and carried about their persons all the gold, silver and jewels they possessed.

That night Napoleon slept at Gizeh, in Murad's villa. And that night Ibrahim set out for Belbis, capital of the province of Charkieh, carrying with him Seid-Abou-Beker, the representative of the Grand Seignor.

The next day the French merchants came to head quarters and gave such intelligence to Napoleon that

*Throughout this description there is a confusion and inconsistency as to the *numbers* of the Mamelukes, for which the author, not the translator, is responsible.

he resolved to take possession of Cairo that evening, and despatched the Adjutant-General Beauvais to General Bon, at Embabeh, commanding him to send General Dupuy to occupy the city with the grenadier companies of the 32d brigade. Dupuy assembled his troop immediately, and quietly prepared with two hundred men to possess himself of a city containing three hundred thousand inhabitants. His instructions were to penetrate, under cover of night, into the Frank-quarter, and there entrench himself. He effected the passage of the Nile, from Embabeh to Boulac, at eight o'clock in the evening.

The night was advanced when this little band reached the walls of Cairo. The gates were shut, but no guards remained to defend them. The French pushed them open and saw a sombre and silent city: they might have imagined that they were entering the Tombs of the Caliphs.

General Dupuy ordered the drums to beat, so that the rear-guard might not lose its way in the winding and inhospitable streets; and the unusual noise, instead of rousing the Arabs from their lethargy, only inspired them with deeper terror.

But it was no easy matter for our soldiers to find the Frank-quarter in a city where, even in the daytime, a guide is indispensable. At one o'clock, after a profitless and tedious march through the uneven and stony streets, General Dupuy came to a halt, and commanded to force the doors of a large house in front. It happened to belong to a Mameluke chief, a follower of Murad, and was uninhabited. The troops entered and established themselves till day, sleeping as quietly as if they had been quartered in the centre of Paris.

This was the first act of the taking possession of Cairo. The same day Bonaparte with his staff, made an entry into the Capital of Egypt. For two years we remained masters of Cairo and all the Delta.

To such recollections which, as Frenchmen, we must necessarily indulge in, we for a time surrendered ourselves.

Our next ramble was to the *place Erbekieh*, on one of the terraces of which Kleber was assassinated.

The siege that Cairo sustained after its second revolt was very disastrous to the city. Many houses were burnt, and many so injured as to be uninhabitable. Among the latter was General Kleber's. He had, in consequence, taken up a temporary residence in Gizeh, at Murad's villa; visiting Cairo daily, however, to direct the repairs. On the 25th prairial of the year VIII. (June 14th, 1800,) he was walking in a gallery overlooking the place and giving some instructions to M. Protain, an architect, when a young Arab sprang upon him suddenly, and before the General could defend himself, struck him four blows with a poignard, one of which penetrated to the right auricle of the heart. M. Protain endeavoured to protect him with a cane that he carried, but he himself received six wounds from the assassin and fainted. When he revived the Arab had disappeared, and Kleber was still leaning against the balustrade, but without strength and nearly speechless. M. Protain referred to his imprudence in venturing to go without an escort; but Kleber, extending his hand towards him, said "my friend, this is no time

to give me advice; I feel very badly" — and fell dead.

The same day the Quarter-masters Perrin and Robert, found in the garden of the French baths a young Arab secreted behind a dilapidated wall, which in some places was stained with blood. He had a dark complexion, piercing eyes, and was short and slender. When brought before a court-martial assembled to try him, he declared his name to be Solyman-el-Haleby, a native of Syria, aged twenty-four years; by profession, a scribe at Alep. He refused to state anything further.

"The accused, persisting in his silence," say the minutes, "the General commanded that he receive the bastinado, according to the usage of the country. It was inflicted until he declared himself ready to speak the truth. Re-conducted before the court, (I give the questions and answers verbatim from the minutes)

Interrogated, How long he had been in Cairo.

Answers, Thirty-one days, and that he came from Gaza in six days on a dromedary.

Interrogated, Why he came here.

Answers, That he came to assassinate the General-in-chief.

Interrogated, By whom he had been sent to commit the said assassination.

Answers, That he was sent by the agha of the janissaries: that on their return to Egypt the Mussulman-troops had inquired for some one who would assassinate the General-in-chief: that they had promised money and military preferment, and tha the had presented himself for this purpose.

Interrogated, Who were the persons to whom he

had been directed in Egypt, and whether he had revealed his project to any one since his arrival in Cairo.

Answers, That he had been directed to no one, and that he had lodged at the Grand mosque."

With such avowals, judgement was not long delayed. Solyman, found guilty of assassinating Kleber, the General-in-chief, was condemned to have his right-hand burnt off; to be impaled; to expire on the pale and to remain there until his body should be devoured by birds of prey.

The execution of this sentence took place on the mound of the fort *de l'Institut*, at the return of the funeral procession of General Kleber, in presence of the whole army in mourning, and in view of the affrighted inhabitants; affrighted because, accustomed to the pacha's and bey's administration of justice, who make a whole city answerable for the crime of one man, they could not believe that the punishment was to end with Solyman.

Solyman was a true Arabian assassin. Believing himself the victim of fate, he walked to the place of execution without fear or ostentation, calmly and firmly as a martyr. His vest, which covered his breast, was first stripped off and his hand then placed on the brazier. It had remained there five minutes without his uttering a moan, when, suddenly, a live coal snapped from the fire and alighted on his arm. His firmness now disappeared in a moment: he struggled violently, and demanded that the coal should be taken off. The executioner expressed his surprise that a man who had shown such fortitude while his hand was consuming, should complain so loudly for a trifling burn.

"It is not the pain that causes my cries," said Solyman; "but I insist on my right. That coal is not in my sentence."*

After his hand was entirely consumed, the executioner made him ascend the minaret of the adjacent mosque and impaled him on the spire of the cupola. He remained in this situation four hours and a half without dying, reciting verses from the Koran, and interrupting himself only to ask for a drink. At length the muezzin brought him a glass of water; he drank it, and expired. His corpse remained on the spire nearly a month, during which time the birds of prey accomplished the last part of the sentence.

The skeleton of this unfortunate wretch was brought to France in company with the body of his victim. It was placed in the building adjoining the Jardin-au-Roi, in the first hall of anatomy, at the left of the door of entrance. It is that of a man about five feet two inches in height. The bones of the right wrist are burned, and the effect of the fire is still visible. The pale had broken two of the dorsal vertebræ: they have been replaced by two in wood which resemble the natural ones so closely that a particular observation is necessary to distinguish them.

We resolved to visit the Pyramids the next day, pass over the battle ground and return by Gizeh. At day-break our beasts were at the door; we mounted, and proved their good qualities by arriving at Boulac in ten minutes. We here crossed the Nile; and immediately found ourselves on that field where,

* The heroic and the childish, if not the sublime and the ridiculous, approximate very closely in this reply.

thirty-two years before, the great contest between the East and West was decided. The heights of Embabeh command the whole view; but our survey was short; for everything here was for association and thought, and nothing for description.

On our landing, the first Pyramid seemed to be within a stone's throw; yet owing to the actual distance, and to the character of the intervening sand, in which our beasts sunk to their knees at every step, nearly five hours were occupied in reaching it.

The largest Pyramid, and the one we preferred to ascend, rests on a base six hundred and ninety feet* long, and appears, from below, slightly sloping at its summit. It is built of large stones, placed on each other in receding tiers, and has the appearance, on its sides, of a gigantic stair-case, each step of which is about four feet high and ten inches broad. The ascent appeared, at first, difficult, if not impossible; but Mohammed attacked an angle, sprang with address up the first step and invited us to follow him, as if it were the easiest thing in the world. Still, however slight might be the pleasure of clambering upwards more than four hundred feet under a broiling sun, and with a dazzling reflection in our eyes from the stones to which we must cling like lizards, we were ashamed to stay behind.

This was Mayer's turn to triumph. Accustomed, in his vocation, to run up the rigging of his ship, he mounted from ledge to ledge like a goat in a frolic. We followed as we best could; and, after twenty minutes of hard labour, we reached the top without

* The reader will bear it in mind, that whenever *feet* are mentioned in this work, they are *French* feet, each of which is about twelve and three-quarter inches English.

any nails on our fingers or skin on our knees. Our next care,—and we were immediately impressed with it,—was to descend: for the little fat which this Egyptian sun had left on our bones, was fast melting away. However, fat or no fat, I resolved to turn my labour to some account, and have a view of the landscape before I descended. Turning my back to Cairo, the immense forest of palms that covers the site of Memphis was on my left; beyond the forest stood the Pyramids of Sakkarah; beyond these lay the Desert; in front, the Desert; on my right, the Desert: in short, a vast plain, of the colour of fire, unvaried save by here and there a sand-hill, now heaped up by the wind, to be, by the wind, levelled again the next hour. Facing about, there lay Egypt, i. e. the Nile, gliding through an emerald-valley; then Cairo, a living city, between Fostat and the Tombs of the Caliphs, her two dead sisters: and beyond the Tombs of the Caliphs, the sterile range of the Mokattan mountains enclosing the landscape with granite walls.

I stepped around the platform, which appeared to extend thirty or thirty-five feet. Some enormous stones were lying about, like peaks torn from the crest of a mountain. These are covered with names, among which are some, still legible, of those belonging to the Egyptian expedition. Near these I saw *Charles Nodier* and *Chateaubriand*, inscribed by M. Taylor on a previous visit.

I now looked at the foot of the Pyramid, where stood our asses and drivers, like beetles and ants. I attempted to throw a stone to them, but, with all my efforts, I could not cast it clear of the base: it fell on the side, and bounded along to the ground.

The latter motion of this stone struck me as typical of my own descent, which process now presented a difficulty unlike, and yet not inferior to that of our ascent. The width of the steps was so disproportioned to their height, that each upper edge overhung or rather hid the step that next succeeded it; and the only method of reaching the ground seemed to be a *sheer slide* in a sitting posture. Luckily, one thinks twice before attempting such a *glissade*. On stepping to the very verge of the first stone, the second became visible; and a succession of well graduated jumps accomplished the task safely. Still, I would recommend all persons liable to vertigo, to refrain from ascending the Pyramids.

When I reached the ground, I threw myself on the sand, dying with heat and thirst. I had not thought of the latter before, so much was I occupied with other matters. Mohammed discoursed very sagely about the necessity of drinking but little at a time; and I replied by seizing the bottle from his hand and draining it at a draught. Hunger was the next affection; and as all were of one mind on this point, breakfast was ordered, instanter. The sumpter-ass was marched up, and we observed with satisfaction that no accident had happened to its freight.

We made the circuit of the Pyramid to find a shade. But the sun was in its zenith, and blazed equally on the four sides of the tomb of Cheops. We could not find a spot where it was possible to remain more than five minutes without becoming crazy. At this juncture, one of our Arabs pointed out the entrance into the Pyramid, on the north side, and about one-third of the distance to the top. This sombre orifice, through which one might imagine that the

Colossus breathed, seemed to promise shade and coolness; and, despite our exhaustion, we mounted with some alacrity to reach it. In five minutes we were in a dining-room, which, if not very commodious, was sufficiently cool.

After our breakfast, we ordered torches to explore the inside of the Pyramid. The entrance is by a square corridor about three feet in dimension, descending at an angle of forty-five degrees. As we receded from the entrance, the heat rapidly diminished; but the air, thickened by the smoke of the torches, and mixed with the impalpable dust raised by our motion, was very difficult to breathe. The two chambers, within, are known as the King's room and the Queen's room: in the former is a sarcophagus of granite, with the cover broken; the latter is empty.

We left these chambers (containing nothing to repay the trouble of a visit) to salute her highness, the Sphinx. It is nearer to the Nile than the Pyramids by a few hundred yards; and may be called the gigantic dog that watches this granite flock. With the assistance of my Arabs, I succeeded in mounting its back, and from its back to its head, which was no easy job. Mayer immediately followed. I then slipped down to the shoulders of the Colossus, and from there to the ground, and began to sketch. Mayer, standing on its ear, served for its plume, and also supplied me with a scale of proportion.

Near the large Pyramid, stands a smaller one which is perfectly preserved, and terminates in a clearly defined point. It is rarely ascended. Our Arabs told us that the first person who ever attempted the ascent was a French drummer, who, pursued by the

Mamelukes, flew up its precipitous sides, well knowing that, at least, the horses could not follow him. Arrived at the top, he braced his drum and beat the *rappel* with all his might. The noise was heard for a league around, and General Regnier despatched two companies to the rescue. They soon put the Mamelukes to flight, raised the siege, and *Monsieur le tambour* descended with the honours of war.

We re-mounted our asses and returned by Gizeh, not to see Murad's villa, of which, I believe, no vestige remains; but to visit the establishment of the *orphan chickens.*

It is well known that, in the place of hens (which, with the best intentions and the greatest devotion in the world, cannot cover more than a dozen or fifteen eggs at a time,) the Egyptians have substituted ovens heated by steam, each capable of containing some thousands of eggs. This institution is under the direction of a man who both hatches on his own account, and undertakes the incubation of all eggs brought by others; and, for a small premium, he guarantees a successful result. The dormitory where he places his *encoqués* boarders is a long gallery, with two ranges of cells on either side, which communicate with each other by small openings for the purpose of admitting the heat from the furnace below. The mouths of the cells open into the corridor, but are tightly closed for the first ten or twelve days: after that they are gradually opened, day by day, until the twentieth, when the chickens are ready to emerge.

We arrived just as an oven was in labour. The operation is quite simple. The eggs are broken, as if for an omelette, and the chickens are shelled out

like peas. They are then thrown back, one over another, into the oven. The first act of their lives is a trial which can squall the loudest; and the second, a search for food. But the latter is an unprofitable pursuit, since the master of the establishment engages to hatch, but not to feed them. They will live in this way three days; at the end of which time, if not called for by their owners, they become the property of the hatcher.

Returning to Cairo, we passed the isle of Roudah, where the Nilometer is built. This instrument, which measures the height of the inundations of the Nile, is merely a column of eighteen cubits, including the capital, on which the level of the river at its greatest elevation is marked each year. This *mékias*, much injured by the French at the taking of Cairo, was restored by order of General Menou, under the direction of Citizen Chabroi, Engineer of roads and bridges. Having finished the repairs, he constructed a portico at the entrance of the monument, and placed on the peristyle above the door a white marble tablet bearing the following inscription in French and Arabic:

"In the name of the Gracious and Merciful God:

"In the year IX. of the French Republic, and 1215th of the Hegira, thirty months after Egypt was conquered by Bonaparte, Menou, the General-in-Chief, repaired this *mékias*. The Nile, at low-water, reached three cubits, ten finger-breadths, on the column, the tenth day after the solstice of the year VIII.

"It began to increase at Cairo on the sixteenth day after this solstice.

"It had risen two cubits, three finger-breadths, above the shaft of the column, on the one hundred and seventh day after this solstice.

"It began to decrease on the one hundred and fourteenth day after this solstice.

"The whole ground was inundated. This extraordinary overflow of fourteen cubits, seventeen finger-breadths, gives reason to hope for a very fruitful season."

That evening, on our return to Cairo, M. Eydoux, Surgeon of the *Lancier* who accompanied us to cure us of the opthalmia, was himself attacked with the disease. M. Msara advised us to send immediately for M. Dessap, a French physician of Besançon, who had remained in Cairo since Napoleon's expedition, and acquired great experience in affections of the eye. He was immediately sent for, and in an hour he made his appearance with a beard descending to his waist.

The Arabs, who estimate a man's science by the length of his beard, hold him in the highest veneration. We are proud to say that he deserves such respect: with him their sign fulfils its promise.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO COLONEL SELVES AND TO CLOT-BEY.*

M. Taylor, having been apprized of the Vice-roy's return to Alexandria, set off for that city, leaving us to hasten the preparations for our visit to the Holy Land.

Thanks to the miraculous topographical instinct of Parisians, we soon became as familiar with Cairo as if we were born there. Our Mussulman costume, which (though I say it) we wore with perfect oriental dignity, gave us entrance to all doors, even those of the mosques. These last were our favourite promenade. They are the *oases* of the city; they abound in coolness, shade, water, trees, and birds. Here, in the intervals between the hours of prayer, come the Arab-poets to comment on the verses of the Koran, and their songs lull the pious idlers, who lie all the day long under the flowering orange-trees. We were pleased with the monotonous and measured voice of the muezzin, who, while young, ascends to the top of his madeneh, and, in a sanctimonious strain, calls the people to prayer; and then, as he grows older,

* I have thought it most proper to give the titles of these chapters as I find them, — although in several instances they bear little or no relation to the context.

ascends a story less and less, and lowers his voice to a fainter and fainter pitch, until, at length, grown feeble by age, he can get no higher than the first gallery, and can speak no louder than to reach the ears of those within a few feet of him.

We were often at the mosque at the hour for ablution, and we took part in this religious ceremony like true Mussulmans. One would have thought, from the fervour with which we bathed our hands and noses, that we had just arrived from the holy cities, Medina or Mecca. After this ceremony, we were always much amused at the struggle of the Mussulmans for their property at the outside of the mosque. Every one, on entering, uncovers his feet at the threshold, so that a mountain of slippers, of all forms, colours, and sizes, is soon accumulated. As at our balls at home, when the assembly disperses, each man takes, not his own articles, but the best he can find, so it is here; a search is impossible; each one takes what he can get, and always retires differently shod from what he came. As for the extremely devout, they retire entirely unshod; for those who last preceded them, being discontented with the quality of what is left, take their satisfaction in quantity from the remainder, and walk off with four slippers, two on their feet and two in their hands.

It can easily be imagined how frequently and variously the pleasure of visiting these places may be enjoyed in Cairo, where sixty mosques are counted in a single street. We took drawings of the most remarkable: the gigantic mosque of the Sultan Hassan, where the insurgents retired during the revolt of Cairo, and whence they were driven by the cavalry and artillery; the mosque of Mahomet-Bey,

the cupola of which is supported by columns brought from ancient Memphis; Mu-Rustam, enriched with precious mosaics, wonderful remains of the art of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; Halaon, with its square pillars covered to the very top with *faïences* of a most dazzling colour; Sultan-Houri, with its rich ceilings of arabesques, curiously interlaced and painted; and, finally, Tayloun, which was founded by the conqueror of that name. This last is the most venerated by the Arabs, who voluntarily pray there oftener than any where else; and it is the most remarkable to strangers, on account of its antiquity, (the ninth century,) its prodigious extent, and its madeneh, surrounded by an exterior stair-case that produces quite a picturesque effect.

In sketching the inside of this edifice, I was very near giving serious offence to its worshippers. As Christians can never enter a mosque without exposing themselves to a punishment, the nature and extent of which depends on the choice of those who surprise them there; and as, on the other hand, very few Mussulmans are addicted to drawing or painting, I took the precaution, every time I attempted to sketch, to choose the moment when the mosque was deserted, or contained only a few waking sleepers, who, lost in their opium stupor, were stretched under orange-trees; or a few poets, who, absorbed in the interpretation of the Koran, or admiration of themselves, paid little attention to me. I then drew from my girdle, with my drawing materials, a sheet of paper filled with Arabic characters, and began my task. If I heard a measured and lazy step approach, I would quietly but quickly slip the written sheet over my sketch: the Mussulman, in passing, would cast a

side glance at me, see the writing, mistake me for a copyist or a poet, and wish me inspiration or patience, according as he thought my head or my hand was employed. One day I was so completely absorbed in the contemplation of my work, that one of the strictest frequenters of the mosque approached without my hearing him: on a sudden I perceived a shadow between me and the light; I instinctively drew forth my written sheet, but it was too late. The holy man had seen my drawing, and recognised me for a Frank. This discovery filled him with such horror, that he commenced a flight towards one of the interior doors, uttering, in his course, the most unearthly yells. I lost no time in following his example; hastily thrust drawing, Arabic, and crayons into my girdle; and, without ceremony, ran for the door. I did not stay to find my own slippers, but seized the first at hand, traversed the neighbouring streets, and heard nothing more of my persecutor.

However, I had hardly escaped this peril of an unknown punishment, when I fell into another peril, that of being bastinadoed with bamboos in a crowd in which I was caught. A house in the Frank-quarter was on fire; and, as it was in my direction, and I had the best reasons in the world not only to move with speed, but also to mingle with the people, I most gladly joined the mass and hurried on. We soon arrived in front of the fire, which was taking its own course, without any one's combatting it except by cries, gestures, and prayers. In the mean time the Cadi arrived with his guard, who were armed with bamboos. They fell upon the crowd pell-mell, and in less than a minute the place was cleared: a company of soldiers, aided by a hundred volunteers, then

arrived, set upon the houses adjoining the fire, and, as they were all of wood, they within an hour were brought level with the ground. The burning house was now isolated: the soldiers hewed down with axes its four principal supporters, and it immediately fell in; they threw water on the rubbish and returned home, leaving a guard over the ruins.

My recreations in the *cafés* were much less perilous than my sketching in the mosque. As these establishments are not sacred, a Christian may visit them without risk. The opium smokers and the chess and mangallah-players are their most frequent customers. I, not being an amateur of either game, asked simply for coffee and a pipe. As the coffee is prepared here very differently from what we are accustomed to at home, being slightly burned, bruised in a mortar, scalded with water, and served at a boiling temperature, I could not suppose it palatable without sugar, and I ordered some accordingly. A servant brought me some brown sugar in the palm of his hand. I asked him for a spoon to stir it; and he picked up a stick from the ground, and handed it to me. As I make it a rule never to mortify the feelings of a stranger, even by indirection, I held out my cup, notwithstanding my repugnance to the sugar-dish, scraped the stick with my knife to remove superfluities, and most effectually spoiled my drink. I then called for another cup, which I ventured to taste in its oriental purity; I found it had a delicious aroma, and an exquisite flavour. By reason of the very slight consistency of this beverage, a person may drink from twenty-five to thirty cups a day; it then acts as a tonic, and the pipe serves for amusement. For this reason, one seldom visits any place with-

out being offered coffee and a pipe; the former to restore the strength debilitated by the heat, and the latter to take the place of conversation.

The mischance that had nearly happened to me at the mosque, kept us for a time from those prohibited places, and we resolved to make another excursion out of the city. Passing through old Cairo, we one day met Col. Selves, who expressed a desire to see M. Taylor under his tent, and requested us to give him the invitation. Col. Selves, now Solyman-Bey, had renounced the Christian for the Mahometan religion, and his French habits for an oriental life. Notwithstanding this change of faith and character, his heart remains faithful to Europe and his national recollections. The walls of his house are painted with the most glorious battles of the Revolution and the Empire; and thus, with the aid of his sight and his memory, he still lives in the midst of his compatriots. He showed us these with so sad a smile, that we saw how severe had been the conflict in his soul, when committing what in France is termed his apostacy. He made us promise to spend a day with him, and one morning called to claim its fulfilment. His magnificent *cange* was waiting for M. Taylor, and subject to his orders, at Roudah. It was to conduct us to the Pyramids of Sakkara and the ruins of Memphis; and, on our return, we were to dine with the French officers attached to the service of the Viceroy, *a l'Européene.* We set out with M. Msara, whom we took with us in all our excursions.

The wind was fine; the landscape charming. The Nile, which the ancients called the Father of Rivers glided beneath us: the waves that surrounded our bark had laved the ruins of Thebes and Philæ; the

men and women on the shore were clothed as in the days of Ishmael and Hagar. It would be impossible to feel a moment's weariness amid such scenes, even if the conversation of Solyman-Bey and M. Msara had not shed another charm over the localities.

Among his other French tastes, Col. Selves had retained the one for hunting. I asked him several questions about the animals he had met in his excursions, and particularly concerning the crocodiles above the upper cataract.

The crocodile never descends into Lower Egypt. One must ascend the Nile as high as Denderach to find them. During the hottest days when the Nile is low, they leave the water to bask in the sunshine. However, before doing this, they take precautions, which show that they fully understand the danger they incur by leaving their own element to trespass on ours. Their favourite resort, in these cases, are the islands of sand made in the bed of the river at its reflux; and here they can be seen from the shore lying motionless, and appearing like the trunks of trees. They are usually surrounded by large birds with whom they seem to maintain a good understanding, especially with the pelican, which bird is to the crocodile what the heron is to the cows and buffaloes of the Pontine marshes: a strange companion, and attached by an inexplicable sympathy.

When there are no islands of sand, the crocodile resolves to seek sunshine on the shore; but he never ventures more than five or six paces from the water's edge, and he flies to the water again on hearing the least noise. Here the pelican is of great assistance to him. On perceiving the least approach of danger, it gives the alarm by flapping its wings and

screaming, when the crocodile with a single spring regains the river. This creature is covered with a musket-proof skin, and is vulnerable only beneath its shoulders; therefore even when surprised it is but rarely that it can be shot or disabled.

During the sway of the French in Egypt, there was a *kachef* at Denderach who had a great fancy for shooting crocodiles. He was as familiar with their places of resort as our poachers are with the haunts of the deer and hare; and he would sit frequently for a whole day, covered with palm-leaves and marine-plants, to watch their approach. Altogether, he had killed some seven or eight very sizeable crocodiles, and arranged them around his house, in a manner much resembling a battery of cannon; this *trompe d'oeil* was all the benefit he obtained from his sport.

After a delightful sail of two hours, we landed in front of the Pyramids of Sakkara. They are more ancient, and therefore, more dilapidated than those of Gizeh. Their form is irregular. The steps of some are small; but others have only ten colossal stairs from their base to their summit. The earth around them is strewed with bones. If you brush away the sand with your foot, you find close to the surface fragments of mummies, swathing clothes, fillets, little idols, vitrifications, and beetles. Beneath this are immense catacombs where the inhabitants of ancient Memphis repose, and for whom all this shore of the Nile is the Necropolis.

There are, besides, catacombs of animals; such as cats, ibises, and lizards. Each of these was formerly a god. They are neatly packed in their sacred swathing-clothes, and hermetically sealed, like a boned-turkey

in an earthern jar, and are placed with other divinities of different orders along the partition walls of the general tomb. I took an ibis under one arm and a cat under the other, which, from the style of their envelopement, seemed to have been very considerable personages in their day, and seated myself with my pair of gods in a cave covered with hieroglyphics; these, in some places, were in wonderful preservation, and, in others, horribly mutilated by travellers.

From the Pyramids we went to the palm-grove of ancient Memphis, distant about one league. This venerable ruin of Egypt could not have chosen a more magnificent winding sheet. A few wrecks and columns of the mighty dead remain, projecting their marble angles irregularly through the surface of the ground: and here rests the eternal genius of the ruins, the colossal statue of Ramases the Great — known in our world as Sesostris — thrown from its base and covering an area of thirty-six feet with its mutilated fragments.

There is a memento of biblical history near this statue, almost contemporary with the conqueror whom the statue represents. It is a cave, called by the Arabs, Joseph's prison, into which they aver the son of Jacob was cast with the chief-butler and baker; and they point out the steps by which he ascended when sent for to explain Pharaoh's dream. It is always thus in the East; biblical record and pagan tradition meet; the two go side by side; and many times in evoking our own recollections we have called up those of the Arab.

We returned by the same route as we came: i. e. by the Nile, which is the only road that traverses

Egypt from one end to the other. We stepped on shore near the camp of Schoubra, and repaired to the house of Col. Selves.

Dinner was waiting our arrival. The number of guests was completed by a celebrated person, La Contemporaine, who was travelling in Egypt and had received princely hospitality from our generous host and compatriot. She had been ill for some days: and, being still too much indisposed to sit at table, desired that the dinner might be served in her apartment. If she ate little, she talked much and well; and we lost nothing by her substitution of the one faculty for the other.

The next day we began our preparation for the pilgrimage to Mount Sinai; and for this purpose we had recourse to another compatriot, M. Linant, a young Frenchman who had formerly accompanied the Count de Forbin into Syria; and who, infatuated with the climate, the edifices, and the *everything* of this poetic East, remained at Cairo, after fulfilling his obligations to his illustrious travelling companion. He now offered his services to us in negotiating with the Arab conductors. The time had arrived for an interview with these children of the Desert, and he communicated our wishes in the right quarter. The day following we were waited upon by a deputation from the tribe of Oualeb-Saïde, one of the most considerable of the tribes of the peninsula of Mount Sinai. We first stipulated with the leader to go to Alexandria for M. Taylor, and bring him to Cairo, deferring for the present our agreement for the journey to the Holy Land, and our return thence to Suez. This first bargain was settled at the rate of fifty piastres, or eighteen francs, for each dromedary.

I saw the Arabs with their beasts enter the court of our hotel, and their appearance set me, for the tenth time, seriously to thinking. Whenever I had heard any one speak of travelling in the East, camels were referred to as the ordinary conveyance: and whenever I thought of the creature he was present to my mind as described by Buffon, with two humps on his back. I had thus, unconsciously almost, familiarized myself with the image of this ideal animal, and often fancied I was on his back in the natural valley between his humps, which Nature seemed to have placed especially for a saddle on this sentimental quadruped. But since my arrival here, the mistakes of my imagination had been disagreeably rectified. I found that the camel with two humps did not exist in this part of the world: and that the camel and the dromedary of Egypt were identical — saving and excepting the difference between a cart-horse and a racer. I found that my *valley*, in which I anticipated so much comfort, was a mountain; and that on the *top*, and not at the foot thereof, my saddle was to be placed, by which means my elevation could not be less than ten feet from the ground, and no mountain to lean against! Add to this delicacy of position, a trot hard enough to disembowel a butcher, and you have some idea of the poetry of oriental locomotion.

Luckily, some eight or ten days must elapse before I ascend that mountain; and in the meantime I can pursue my pleasures in Cairo.

Once more a Frenchman knocked at our door, and we were carried off for the day. Clot-Bey, the celebrated physician attached to the Pacha, to whom he has rendered eminent service, and who had just

founded the hospital of Abouzabel, called to take M. Taylor to visit that establishment, and afterwards to entertain us at a soirée at his house *à la Turque.*

The Pacha had bestowed great attention to the hospital of Abouzabel, for it was to be the nursery of his young physicians. We saw here instances of all the terrible maladies of the East, unknown or forgotten among us, and which we find only in the Bible; the elephantiasis, leprosy, enormous hydroceles — in short, the Book of Job entire. Young Arab surgeons, with quick, intelligent looks, did the honours of the hospital with an alacrity which showed their desire of pleasing their master. Clot-Bey, feeling that this scene, however interesting to men of science, could be for us an object of only rapid survey, took us shortly from the wards to the gardens: they were actual oases of lilac and orange-trees, where convalescents could be cured by shade and coolness.

About two o'clock the weather proved threatening, and Clot-Bey proposed that we should mount our beasts and profit by the lessons they had learned from the French, to make all speed in returning to Cairo. The ride was accordingly accomplished at a gallop and in less than an hour, although the distance is two long leagues. For my own part, I made the journey without being once thrown: and I began to feel encouraged in the hope that since, at last, I could keep my seat on an ass, I might expect hereafter to be safe on the back of a camel.

Our dinner was a true Turkish repast, with the exception of knives and forks which Clot-Bey conceded to us: it consisted of the pilau *de rigueur*, boiled mutton, rice, fish, and pastries.

The dinner over, our host conducted us into the

saloon, where we took seats on an enormous divan, and were served with coffee and pipes, with the addition of a negro at our feet to empty, fill, and light the latter. We were now fixed as comfortably as possible; Clot-Bey clapped his hands, and four musicians entered.

I confess that my first movement was one of terror. I recollected the musical soirée at the Vice-Consul's, and dreaded a similar *charivari*. I cast a scrutinizing glance at the instruments, and their construction was not of a nature to re-assure me. The first was the memorable wide-mouthed drum with which I had made acquaintance on my voyage to Cairo; the second was a violin with an iron-handle resting between the legs of the performer, and the other two were a kind of mandolin, with disproportioned necks. The wretches had, also, a singer, concealed at first, but who soon made us sensible of his presence.

The concert commenced and promised to yield in nothing to the one which had formerly been inflicted on us, when suddenly our attention was arrested by the entrance of a clown dressed in white. His dress was shorter than that usually worn by the Arabs, and his head was covered with a flexible beaver. He preceded four females, whom we immediately recognised as Almeys. They were the Taglionis of Cairo. From that moment we paid little attention to the music.

The dancers wore an elegant and luxuriant costume. On their heads they had *tarbouches*, richly embroidered and covered with jewels, from beneath which their hair escaped in long fine braids, ornamented with Venetian sequins pierced at the edge,

and placed so near one another that they covered the braids like scales. Some of these tresses fell over the bust, but the greater part streamed behind, veiling the shoulders with a glittering mantle of gold. The body of the robe was in the form of a riding habit, open in front, and coming together at the waist with a graceful curve. From the waist to the feet the robe was loose and flowing. The sleeves were cut after the same fashion, tight and clinging at the shoulders, widened at the elbow, opened at the fore-arm, and hung to the floor. A Turkish pantaloon, fanciful in fold and form, left the foot naked. A cashmere shawl tied negligently around the waist, with the ends of unequal length falling in front, completed the costume, which, simple as it seems, is of immense value. The *tarbouch* alone might be worth twenty or thirty thousand francs.

These women had, also, the nails of their toes and fingers dyed red with *henna*, and the edges of their eye-lids blackened with *hrol*, which gives the eye a remarkable brilliancy; and their waists were more supple and slender than any I have ever seen in Europe.

This unexpected apparition of dancers, their picturesque attire, and their poetical appellation, Almeys, caused at once a most profound silence and attention on our parts, though Clot-Bey, accustomed to the spectacle, quietly continued to smoke. Our *chibouques* fell from our mouths, and we clapped our hands as we do in Paris on the entrance of a popular actor.

The Almeys, to acknowledge our politeness, formed a line and advanced towards us with measured steps, gracefully balancing themselves to appropri-

ate music. When they came near, they pirouetted, turned their backs to us, and regained their places. The two wings then advanced, and the whole four crossed one another, forming ingenious figures, without, however, being rapid or varied. During all this time, they preserved in their movements the simple and noble postures of antique statues.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS.

One evening, while at dinner, we heard a great noise of men and dromedaries. We put our noses to the window, which opened on an enclosed court-yard, and saw M. Taylor. Having left Alexandria on the morning of the preceding day, he had traversed, with the rapidity of an Arab courier, the forty-five leagues of Desert intervening between the two cities.

His negotiation was finished, though with more difficulty than he anticipated. Notwithstanding the despatch he made, and the silence he observed, the project transpired: England had anticipated France, and the two Needles, for which M. Taylor had undertaken his expedition, were promised to Great Britain. Mahomet-Ali greatly desired to satisfy both nations, and wished for nothing more ardently than to place them on a friendly footing with each other. The previous voyage of Baron Taylor, and the studies he then made of the ancient monuments, were of use on this occasion: he visited Egypt in 1828, and he claimed that *his* negotiation dated from that period, and of course that he had actual priority over his rivals. To conciliate all, he offered to give up to England, in place of the two obelisks of Luxor, the obelisk of Karnach, which is larger. Some

objections were raised to this course, but they were finally obviated; and the two obelisks of Luxor, with the Needle of Alexandria, were definitively granted to France.

M. Taylor, therefore, returned delighted with his success, and desired eagerly to continue his journey: and, at his suggestion, the departure was fixed for the following evening.

In the morning of this day, we repaired with our Arabs to the Vice-Consul of France, M. Dantan, to make our bargain before a suitable witness. We first stipulated the number of men and beasts, and then came to the main point — the price for the journey — which, going and returning, would occupy a little more than a month.

Bargaining is an Arab's element: cunning, obstinate, evasive, he pretends not to understand your arguments, or opposes them by assertions to which your ignorance of places and customs forces you to assent. Fearing always to ask too little, he greatly exaggerates his demand, and then his making an abatement of course has the appearance of his making a sacrifice, while, in reality, he is receiving a double compensation. The fellows made one statement in the premises that was quite unanswerable: viz. that the Peninsula of Mount Sinai was overrun by three tribes, and that each agreed not to molest the others while having travellers in charge; and this neutrality was paid for at a high rate from one to the others; now, they continued, although our price seems high, it is in fact but a trifling sum over what is paid for our free passage, — scarcely enough, indeed, to defray the expense of the expedition. As we could not *disprove* this last argument, we were

forced to yield to it; and the only concession we could obtain was, that they should find their own provisions for the journey, and not look to us for anything on the way. The dromedaries were to be at our charge.

The bargain made, M. Dantan, who had been all the while present, forewarned us that we must not place too much confidence in the amicable relations said to subsist between the tribe of Oualeb-Saïde and the others in the Peninsula; but that this tribe was brave and faithful, and, in case of necessity, *would aid us in defending ourselves.* M. Dantan advised us, therefore, when making up our luggage, not to omit powder and ball.

Our Arabs, who watched attentively M. Dantan's discourse, but were too far off to hear, noted the expression of our countenances; and saw at once that, whatever might be the purport of his remarks, it was nothing to their advantage. Their first idea was that we regretted our bargain, and were seeking occasion to break it; immediately one of them, named Bechara, who spoke a little French, came towards us, and, as if not aware of interrupting our conversation, asked us to take a look at the dromedaries. He had assailed me in my vulnerable point, without knowing it. He led me into the court-yard, and stopped before the beasts, begging me to consider that there were dromedaries *and dromedaries:* that these, which we were about to prove, were real *haghins*, light as gazelles, strong as lions, gentle as lambs; that each one had his genealogy as well attested as the noblest and most ancient of Arabian horses; that we might walk behind them in the Desert without seeing a trace of their steps on the sand; etc. etc.

I must confess that all these assertions were confirmed by the appearance of the objects of his eulogium. Their leanness was a downright miracle; their skins seemed to belong to animals of twice their size and covered with their wrinkled folds a sort of steel carcase, of which each bone and ligament was discernible. On the other hand, their physiognomy was good, and the iron-ring passed through their nostrils seemed a good substitute for curb and bit; and, on the whole, apart from their ungainly size, I had no cause for serious complaint. I began, too, to feel pity for these future companions of our travels; their proverbial staidness was written on every line of their bodies, and my pity naturally led me to doubt the perfect health of the poor beasts. But I had scarcely given utterance to this suspicion, when all the Arabs clamoured out together, and Mohammed joined them. Indeed, every thing that led me to fear, was to them an evidence of security; every thing that seemed to me a defect, was exalted by my interlocutors into a perfection. I saw I should be defeated in every attempt at argument, and gave the matter up: still, it *did* seem to me that our dromedaries were prodigiously large dromedaries.

Baron Taylor and Mayer joined me. It was high time to buy our provisions, and the Arabs gave us a list of what was necessary. As inconsiderable as it may appear, we were forced to resort to all the Bazaars in Cairo to complete it.

I will give the items, that an idea may be formed of the simplicity of the habits of these wandering people, who limit their wants, in travelling, to the strict necessities of life:

Goat-skins, for water.

Leather decanters to suspend at the saddle, so that one can drink without stopping the caravans to open the goat-skins.

Rice for three persons, going and returning: they assured us that we should find rice at Sinai, but we preferred making certain of it at Cairo.

Flour, for bread.

Beans, for the dromedaries.

Dates.

Mich-mich; this is the apricot-paste I spoke of, which is dried in the sun and rolled up like a carpet. It is very portable, as it takes no more room than a valise; and, when boiled in water, makes an excellent marmalade.

Tobacco, for presents to our own Arabs, as well as to those whom we might happen to meet.

Wood, for culinary purposes.

Coffee, to counteract the effect of the violent perspirations which we must expect to suffer.

Sugar, for a present at the Monastery.

A tent, to shelter us from the heat of the sun and from the night air.

Finally, iron-pots to prepare our food; earthen vessels not being able to sustain, for ten minutes, the trot of the dromedaries.

This last item brought me back to my one idea: among all the perfections of these real *haghins*, Bechara had quite forgotten to enumerate their delicate trot: and, to my mind, the fact was as little agreeable as the comparison was flattering, that we were destined to play the part of the earthen-pots.

As we successively purchased these articles, Mohammed conveyed them to head-quarters, and by three o'clock, we had finished the business. I forgot

to state that we added wax-candles to our list, that we might, if necessary, write or sketch after sun-down.

We now discarded our *babouches* and *marcoufs* for the long red boots made at Morocco, which are as soft and clinging as silk stockings. In addition to our turbans, our heads were sheltered by striped red and yellow kerchiefs, the two corners of which, hanging over and shading the sides of our faces, were ornamented with silver-tassels. Thus accoutred, we returned to oversee the packing of our purchases. We were exhausted with fatigue, but nevertheless determined to proceed that evening.

The packing was nearly finished when we arrived at our hotel. The Arabs are very expert at this business. Every thing was rolled, corded, and strapped, and two of the four dromedaries were loaded. M. Msara, seeing that the rest of the operation could be performed as well without our supervision as with it, advised us to lose no time in procuring letters of introduction from the Greek Monastery of Cairo, which is a *succursale* to that of Mount Sinai. The advice was good, and we hastened to follow it; but, after passing two or three streets, we found our way impeded by a nuptial procession. The bride was closely enveloped in a great piece of silk; four eunuchs carried a canopy over her; a multitude of women, veiled like herself, followed her, making a certain clucking noise peculiar to Arabian females, which is done by striking the tongue against the roof of the mouth. It is this manner that they express joy on all happy occasions. This was an interlude to a more barbarous instrumental music; and, when that intermitted, a dozen singers broke in with

their discordant thunder. The procession, numerous in itself, was augmented by such a crowd of followers, that, by rising in our stirrups, we could not see the end. We calculated that, at the rate they moved, we should be obliged to wait an hour for a passage-way; and, as we could not afford to lose so much time, we turned back, leaving to Providence the care of announcing us.

We found our Arabs and dromedaries ready; and nothing remained but to conclude the bargain. This, on our part, was done by paying a specified sum of earnest-money; and, on the part of the Arabs, by the delivery of hostages, who were to be left with the Consul to answer for our safety. These hostages, whose heads were to share the fortune of ours, consisted of two warriors of the tribe with their *haghins:* we remarked that our number was three, and at least three Arabs ought to represent us; but our chief interposed that two of us were represented by the two warriors, and the third by the two dromedaries: and this answer, like the fellow's previous arguments, we were forced to receive as conclusive; although the equivalent suggested for one of us was not flattering by any means. We swallowed the humiliation, however; and Messrs. Msara, Dantan, and Dessap, who wished to be present at our departure, gave us the accolade of adieu. Torches were then lighted, and horses brought which we were to use till our first halt; for, unaccustomed to the gait of the dromedaries, we were fearful of some accident if we attempted to ride them through the narrow and winding streets. This precaution was taken in consequence of Mohammed's advice; and its wisdom and kindness impressed me with a real friendship for him.

Finally, at nine o'clock, the Arabs mounted their dromedaries, and we our horses. We left our hotel lighted by the torches of our guides, and passed through Cairo, to the great admiration of the inhabtants, who, notwithstanding their usual apathy, were drawn from their houses by the brilliancy and novelty of the scene.

We left the city by the Gate of Victory, which is nearest to the Frank-quarter, and, after an hour's ride, found ourselves near another city: a city of the Dead, handsomer and richer than that of the living: the Necropolis of the Caliphs, where the lieutenants of Salah-Eddin and the descendants of the Mameluke Beybars repose in tombs of marble and porphyry by the side of the highest aristocracy of Cairo. We had reserved the exploring of this place for our first halt, and the hour could not have been better chosen to visit the tombs.

Leaving our Arabs to pitch our tent and arrange the encampment, we took four torch-bearers and set out on foot for the funereal city.

After we had walked about two hundred paces, the glare of our flambeaux fell on the walls of a vast and splendid monument. We paused in front of it, and knocked at the door. At the sound, so unusual at such an hour, the hawks started from their sleep among the arabesques of stone, and flew forth with infernal screeches. Long howlings answered the birds, and it seemed, at first, that dogs and birds of prey were the only living inhabitants of these sepulchral abodes. But we soon heard human steps: our Arabs exchanged some words with the individual approaching, and the host of the dead appeared on the threshold of this magnificent tomb.

He was an old man, whose sobriety of speech was perfectly Mussulmanic. When apprized of our motive for disturbing him, he made a sign for us to enter, pointed out the different parts of the edifice, and then led us to the mortuary cave, the walls of which are embellished with flowers in mosaic of exquisite finish. The granite sarcophagus is in perfect preservation.

We wished, however, to see more than one tomb. The old man intimated by signs that he was at our disposal, and we descended into the street. Here we re-encountered the hawks which began their screeching anew, and whirled around so near our torches as to mingle with their eddying smoke. At the same time, hundreds of wandering dogs, that during the day seek food in the streets of Cairo and at night a shelter among the tombs, surrounded and followed us with stentorian howling. Awakened by these cries, which protested against life and light at this hour, the Bedouin Arabs, — of that untamed race who think themselves prisoners if the gates of a city are closed upon them even while they sleep — appeared on the steps of the mosques and the angles of the sepulchres, and seemed, in their white winding-sheets, to be the wrathful spirits of those whose final slumbers we had come to disturb.

In the midst of this diabolical retinue, and surrounded by these flitting apparitions, we arrived at a retired spot where they pointed out to us the tombs of the *Djezam*, a branch of the Arab tribe of *Kohlan*, that established itself in Egypt at the time of the Mussulman conquest. Two of the monuments tower proudly above the others; they are the tombs of men celebrated for their munificence and hos-

pitality: one, named *Tharif*, had daily at his table a thousand guests whom his slaves brought in from the different gates of the city; the other, *Muhenna*, not having proper fuel at hand, kindled a fire, one day, of some rich booty just taken from the enemy, in order to prepare food for travellers who unexpected y entered his tent. The princely hospitality which these men practised during their lives, is reciprocated by posterity to their illustrious remains, and they repose in sepulchres as vast and splendid as palaces.

Leaving these, we visited yet another monument, more ancient than any we had seen. The walls are cracked in every part, and in many places are quite open. Beneath one of these fissures is a sentence inscribed by a Persian poet, which Mohammed translated thus:

"Each crevice of this ancient edifice is a half-opened mouth that laughs at the fleeting pomp of royal abodes."

After spending two hours in this city of the Dead, we arrived, in returning, at the monument we first encountered: we were still piloted by the hawks, accompanied by the dogs, and surrounded by the phantoms; but, as if this retinue were detained within the limits of the sepulchral city by some invisible and superior power, all paused at the gate which opened on the plain of the living. We took leave of them without regret, and returned to our encampment. For a time, we heard the cries of the hawks and the howling of the dogs; but reassured at last by night and silence, the former returned to their marble eyries, and the latter to their granite kennels; every murmur ceased; nothing further disturbed the echoes of the ancient city, which we, for a moment, had roused from its eternal sleep.

We found our Arabs seated in a circle around a fire they had kindled, and telling stories. Behind them, their camels, lying down and scarcely distinguishable from the sand which in colour they resembled, formed a second circle of much larger extent. Our tent was pitched at one side. This was a moment to survey in mass the troop that was to accompany our journey; and, in detail, the men to whom we had confided our lives.

The chief, or *sheik*, was named *Toualeb*: he was small, lean, and muscular; and had a homely, though mild and affable expression of face. He spoke little and briefly. He strongly accentuated his words, and his rapid glances kept a continual watch over the band. During our journey, we had more than one occasion to appreciate the keenness of his vision, and the energy of his character.

On his left, sat Bechara, with whom I had already made acquaintance in the court-yard of the hotel. His *embonpoint* did not exceed that of his chief; but in the same proportion as the chief was grave and taciturn, was Bechara gay and voluble. Seated on his camel, he would sing the live-long day; and as soon as evening arrived, he remorselessly inflicted his stories on his companions until they were all fast asleep: he would then soliloquize a few moments, and go to sleep himself. This exhaustless loquacity, so precious in a long journey, yet only in a long journey endurable, made Bechara the idol of his comrades. And if Toualeb was chief during the day, the sceptre passed without controversy to Bechara when the sun was down.

On the other side of Toualeb, was the brother-in-arms, the friend, the confidant of Bechara. He was

a herculean Arab, in favour with his chief, and respected by the company, because he was the strongest of their number. When a cloud rested on Toualeb's brow, he was always thrust forward to dispel it: he was the last to sink, at night, under the anodyne of Bechara's stories; and, on the whole, in him the extremes of Toualeb and Bechara may be said to have met.

The only one after these three who deserves a particular notice was Abdallah, our cook. He entered our service on the recommendation of M. Msara, after assuring us that he had learned his art under the best masters in Cairo. If his story were true, he was their living condemnation. It is impossible to imagine viler mixtures than this poisoner prepared for us. Mohammed, our old friend, accompanied us in this journey; but him I have already introduced to the reader.

Of the remainder, intellectually, I have nothing to say: physically, they were true children of the Desert, small, slender, and supple as serpents; and thin and abstemious as the camels they bestrode.

I threw myself on my carpet, perfectly assured of the good-faith of our guides and the security of our journey. We were eighteen men in all; well armed; and formed quite a respectable caravan. My only remaining subject of disquietude was the everlasting bugbear of the hump on my dromedary — on which I faithfully believed I should not be able to maintain my seat for five minutes, especially without stirrups. However, I at length fell asleep.

I arose at day-break, and quietly left the tent with the selfish purpose of choosing the smallest camel. The Arabs were already up and saddling the beasts.

I made a sign to Bechara, with whom I desired to be on good terms, and asked him to conduct me to my animal. They were all three lying by the side of one another with their necks stretched out like anacondas, and I could not possibly judge of their height while in this position. I went around to examine them more closely, when Bechara told me not to go too near their heads.

I asked him if there was danger in so doing, and if their characters belied the languid and timid air which formed the peculiar charm of their physiognomies.

He answered that he had seen dromedaries, without notice or provocation, seize the arm or leg of a man and break it like a pipe-stem: one of his companions, whom he pointed out to me, had been the victim of such a freak on a previous excursion; and some days before our departure from Cairo an honest Turk, who had no suspicion of danger, was buying the rolled marmalade in a bazaar, when a dromedary seized him by the turban, lifted him from the ground, and the man fell senseless. People hastened to his assistance, but it was immediately perceived that the top of his head, brain, and skull, remained in his turban. The dromedaries seem to do these things without malice in those rare fits of good or bad humour, which for a moment disturb the equilibrium of their happy temperaments.

Never had Bechara's words been more faithfully attended to: never had a discourse been more indelibly engraved on the memory of a listener. I proved my high estimate of his advice by a quick wheel to the right, and approached by the tail the drome-

dary which seemed to be a very little the smallest of the three.

He was lying listlessly with his legs drawn under his body; and the saddle placed on his back in this position was about the same height from the ground as the back of a good-sized horse. I resolved to make my essay, in presence of my friend Bechara, before the others made their appearance. Accordingly, as if it were a matter of little concern, I began to hum a tune, caught the ropes that hung from the saddle, and, with three or four classical leaps, succeeded in striding my dreaded mountain, and found myself *à cheval.* I was scarcely established when my beast, who understood his vocation of dromedary quite as well as I did mine of rider, began brutally to lift himself on his hind-legs: this sudden movement placed my nose eight inches lower than my knees, and caused a violent blow on my breast from the *trusquin* of the saddle — which is a raised breast-work, a foot high and terminates in a wooden ball ornamented with brass. Directly, the fore-legs were raised after the manner, and with the suddenness, of their hind neighbours; and the rear elevation of the saddle inflicted the same blow on my spine, including some usury, as I had just received from the pommel.

Bechara, who had not taken his eyes from me during my practice in vaulting, now called my attention to the great advantage of these two prominences on the saddle, without which I should inevitably have fallen forward or backward. He made this judicious remark with an air that intimated I did not sufficiently appreciate the good qualities of my seat. From that time I looked on him as a malicious jester; and

when he proposed to me to dismount, I replied with some tartness that I should descend when I thought proper, and the matter was no affair of his. Bechara, perceiving from my manner that I was offended, undertook to conciliate me by suggesting that from my position I could take a fine view of the landscape.

And, in truth, I found that my vision embraced an immense extent of country. As my dromedary had lain, so he arose, with his head to the North and his tail to the South. On my right, therefore, were the Tombs of the Caliphs, backed by the sterile mountains of Mokkatan, their summits in sun-shine and their bases in shade; in front, the battle-field of Heliopolis; on my left, Cairo, her minarets sparkling in the first rays of the rising sun. This magnificent view, resting on the Nile, induced me to examine the opposite semi-circle of the horizon by turning about. I drew the halter of my dromedary to gain the desired position, but he did not seem to understand my wishes. I drew harder, and he raised his head: I pulled once again, and with all my strength; the creature started right forward at a brisk walk, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Finding that I was going direct to Damietta without the power to help myself, I was forced to call Bechara to my assistance. He came at once, without any appearance of resentment, and stopped the animal; then, by offering him some beans in the palm of his hand, he made him turn with the docility of an instructed ass. I had now before me the other half of the landscape, with the detail of which my readers are already familiar; and one description suffices, although it can never be seen too often.

I had just finished my survey, when the curtain of our tent was raised, and Mayer made his appearance. I pretended not to see him, but assumed an air of great indifference about my position; yet, watching him with a corner of an eye, I easily saw that I was an object of envy, if not of admiration, and that he would have given something to be in my place.

Luckily for him, a circumstance that embarrassed me operated to his advantage. His dromedary, seeing the others on their legs, rose from the force of example. The Arabs were about to make him kneel again for Mayer to mount; but he, understanding himself, spied the suspended ropes, and made signs to leave the animal alone. For a sailor to climb was no task at all; he seized the cords, and was on the saddle in a trice, amid the applause of the company. As for Baron Taylor, his former travels in Egypt had made him an accomplished cavalier.

Every one was now ready but Bechara, who was searching in the sand for something he had lost. One of the Arabs took the lead, to show us the proper course of our journey, and instantly the whole caravan set forth on a trot. Heaven preserve me from the trot of a dromedary!

However, I was not so entirely occupied with my own concerns, as to be unaware that Bechara's animal abandoned his master, and took his station in the cavalcade: but Bechara seemed not concerned at this. He continued looking in the sand for some time; at length, either having found what he sought, or fearful that we should get too much in advance, he galloped after us, and, overtaking his dromedary, took advantage of the instant that its left leg was raised, to place one foot on its hoof, the other

on its knee, whence he sprang nimbly to its neck, and then easily gained the saddle: all this was done so rapidly, that I could not distinctly follow his motions with my eye. I was thunder-struck.

Bechara turned to me with as much *nonchalance* as if he had not just performed a prodigious feat of skill; and, seeing me holding my saddle with both hands, to diminish somewhat the violence of my jolting, he gave me some instructions about riding. His remarks recalled to my mind the fact of his assuring us, when bepraising his camels in the court-yard, that the saddles were perfectly well stuffed; whereas, the first thing I perceived was, that my seat was bare, hard wood. Bechara replied that he had not deceived me, and that, at our first halt, he would show me my saddle *was* well stuffed; it was true, the stuffing was under the wood; but, he added, it was far more important, in such a journey as we had undertaken, to preserve the hide of the camel than the skin of his rider. This was the true Arab reasoning, and, as usual, I had nothing to offer in reply.

In half an hour we arrived at the foot of Mokkatan. This granite range, scorched by the sun, is entirely bare. The only way of ascending it, is by means of a narrow path hewn in the rock, just wide enough for a loaded camel to pass. We were therefore obliged to go in a single file,—the Arab who had acted as our guide leading the way. This ascent gave us a little respite, our dromedaries being obliged to walk up the narrow defile.

We continued this route for nearly an hour and a half, when we found ourselves at the top of the mountain. The summit afforded an occasional table-land, surrounded by ridges of rock, where, for a moment,

we lost sight of the western horizon, which, however, would re-appear again at intervals. Descending a hill, we now ceased to see the houses of Cairo; then its highest minarets disappeared; for a time the tops of the Pyramids shone like the sharpened peaks of another chain of hills; finally they too were lost, and we found ourselves on the eastern declivity of the mountain.

Nothing was now visible in our front but an endless plain, — a sea of sand, which commences at the base of Mokkatan, stretches out to the horizon, and there becomes confounded with the sky. The general complexion of this moving expanse is the reddish colour of a lion's skin. Nitrous bands occasionally striped it with white, like the garments of our Arabs. I had before seen arid regions, but never one so extensive.

Another half hour finished our descent, and brought us in view of some ruins, which we at first mistook for an ancient city; but perceiving that the ground was strewn with columns only, we scrutinized more closely, and found the whole to be trunks of trees. Our Arabs, being interrogated, told us that we were in the midst of a forest of petrified palms; this phenomenon seemed worthy of a further investigation, and as we were now at the foot of the mountain, and the time for our mid-day halt had arrived, we signified to Toualeb that we wished to stop. The Arabs slipped from their dromedaries; and ours, divining what was to happen, knelt without orders. Their manner of halting is the counterpart of their starting; they begin with their fore-legs. This time I was on my guard, and clung so well to my saddle that I felt nothing but the shock. Mayer, not having been fore-

warned, received in his breast and back the initiatory blows.

The ground was covered with the trunks of palm-trees; it seemed as if an entire forest had been petrified while standing, and that the simoom, sweeping the naked sides of the Mokkatan, uprooted the trees of stone, which had broken as they fell. To what cause can we attribute this wonder? From what cataclysm date this phenomenon? It is impossible to say. But this we know: for more than half a league we traversed these strange ruins, which, from their prostrate and truncated columns, might at first sight be readily mistaken for some unknown Palmyra.

We returned to our tent, and found our Arabs lying in the shade of their loaded camels. Abdallah now entered upon his duties, and prepared our dinner. It consisted of rice boiled in water, and wheaten cakes as thin as a wafer, baked on heated stones; they were soft, raw, elastic. I judged of the man by this specimen, and condemned him from that moment. We made our dinner on a few dates and a piece of our apricot-paste, which we cut off the roll. Mayer was so fatigued with holding himself on his dromedary, that he could eat nothing. Our Arabs seemed to partake of the nature of *djinns*, and feed upon air and dew, for I had not seen them swallow a grain of maize since our departure from Cairo.

We slept for nearly two hours: then, as the greatest heat of the sun had abated, the Arabs awakened us; and while they were folding up our tent, we remounted our *haghins* and prepared to make, that very evening, our first halt in the Desert.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DESERT.

Although the intensest heat of the day was past, the air was still consuming to us Europeans. We moved on a trot, held our heads down, and from time to time were obliged to close our eyes to protect them against the scorching reflection of the sun from the sand.

We had now left behind us every vestige of the petrified forest. I began to get accustomed to the trot of my beast, as one does to the rolling of a vessel. Bechara jogged along by my side, humming a pensive and monotonous Arab song; and this, combined with the heavy air, and the burning dust, to which I bowed my head, began to make me drowsy. Suddenly my dromedary gave a start which almost dismounted me: I looked, mechanically, around for the cause, and found he had struck upon the carcase of a camel, half devoured by carniverous beasts. I now discovered, too, that we were, in our march, following a white line extending quite to the horizon and formed of bleaching bones.

This extraordinary circumstance, it may well be supposed, aroused all my attention. I called to Bechara, who, however, did not wait for my question,

for he at once read my desire in my obvious astonishment.

"The dromedary," said he, coming to my side, and commencing his story without preface, "is not so troublesome and importunate an animal as the horse. He continues his course without stopping, without eating, without drinking; nothing about him betrays sickness, hunger, or exhaustion. The Arab, who can hear from such a distance the roar of a lion, the neigh of a horse, or the noise of men, hears nothing from his *haghin*, but its quickened or lengthened respiration; it never utters a complaint or a groan. But when nature is vanquished by suffering; when privations have exhausted its strength; when life is ebbing, the dromedary kneels down, stretches out its neck, and closes its eyes. Its master then knows that all is over. He dismounts, and without an attempt to make it rise — for he knows the honesty of its nature, and never suspects it of deception or laziness — he removes the saddle, places it on the back of another dromedary and departs, abandoning the one that is no longer able to accompany him. When night approaches, the jackals and hyenas, attracted by the scent, come up and attack the poor animal till nothing is left but the skeleton.

"We are now on the high-way from Cairo to Mecca; twice a-year the caravans go and return by this route; and these bones, so numerous and so constantly replenished, that the tempests of the Desert can never entirely disperse them; these bones which, without a guide, would lead you to the oases, the wells and fountains, where the Arab finds shade and water, and would end by conducting you to the Tomb

of the Prophet; these bones are those of dromedaries which perish in the Desert.

"If you look attentively, you will see some bones smaller in size, and of a different conformation. These, too, are the wrecks of wearied bodies, that have found repose before they reached the goal. They are the bones of believers who desire to obey the Prophet's command, that all the Faithful shall once in their lives perform this holy journey; and who, having been too long deterred from undertaking it by cares or pleasures, commence their pilgrimage so late on earth that they are obliged to finish it in heaven.

"Add to these some stupid Turk or bloated Eunuch, who, sleeping when he ought to have had his eyes open, has fallen and broken his neck; give the plague its share, which often decimates a caravan, and the simoom, which often destroys one, and you will readily see that these funereal guide-posts are planted with sufficient frequency to preserve the road in good order, and to point out to the children the route pursued by their fathers.

"However," continued Bechara, whose thoughts, naturally cheerful, yet took their hue from the subject on which they were fixed, "all the bones are not here. Sometimes the skeletons of a dromedary and his rider are found five or six leagues to the right or left of the road. In the month of May, or June, that is, in the hottest season of the year, the dromedary is sometimes attacked with a sort of madness. He will then quit the caravan on a gallop and rush straight forward. It is impossible to stop him with the bridle; and nothing can be done but to let him run his course. He will frequently return after a

time, and take the place he left in the caravan; but if he continue furious, and his rider finds that he is losing sight of his comrades, who, once lost, can never be regained, he must cut his throat with a poignard, or shoot him through the head with a pistol, and then return on foot, at his best speed; for the hyenas and jackals are as ready to attack men as beasts, when thus defenceless. And as the man, under such circumstances, is often unable to escape, his skeleton is frequently found near the carcass of his camel."

I listened to Bechara's long harangue with my eyes fixed on the road extending indefinitely in our front: and the multitude of bones with which it was strewed, fully corroborated his dismal recital. Some of the skeletons were old, fast crumbling to powder and mingling with the sand: others, more recently exposed, were as polished and hard as ivory; and others again, having pieces of dried flesh yet adhering to them, belonged to those who had but lately lain down in the Desert to die.

I confess, that, when I reflected on my own case, should I break my neck in falling from my dromedary, a thing not only possible, but which had nearly occurred within the hour; should I be suffocated by the simoom as many thousands had been; or, which was quite supposable, should I die from sickness: the thought, I say, that I should then be left on the road to feed hyenas and jackals for a night, and to point out to travellers the way to Mecca for an age, was anything but agreeable to my mind.

This naturally brought Paris to my recollection: my little chamber, so warm in winter and so cool in summer; my friends who were leading their customary and pleasant life in the grand Capital; I thought

of these that I had left, to listen, on a dromedary's back, to the fantastical stories of an Arab. I asked myself what folly possessed me, what I hoped to do, what I expected to obtain? As I propounded these questions, I raised my head; my eyes wandered over the expanse of sand, the red and glowing horizon, the caravan of long-necked camels, carrying our Arabs in their picturesque costume; all this strange and primitive world, the counterpart of which is found only in the Bible, and which seemed to have just come from the hand of God, was before me; and I felt that, after all, the spectacle and the associations were worth the sacrifice of leaving the mud of Paris, crossing the sea, and taking the risk of leaving a few additional bones on the bosom of the Desert.

The rapid succession of such conflicting thoughts, in separating the mind from the body, had delivered the latter from some of its troubles. I was now as much at my ease on my dromedary as if I had come into the world upon it; and Bechara, who watched my progress in this sort of horsemanship, overwhelmed me with compliments. The other Arabs, less loquacious, shut their hands in such a way that the thumb projected above the fingers, and stretching out the arm horizontally, said to me, "*taïb! taïb!*" which is the height of praise, and corresponds to our superlative *très bien*.

Under an air of indifference, these men kept an unceasing watch over our least motion. Every change of position, every expression of face, every gesture, however slight; all were noted by them, and communicated to each other immediately in a low voice, by a motion of the hand, or a glance of the eye.

Their powers of perception and delineation are astonishing. When they have once seen a man, they take his description; and I am assured that, on returning to their tribe, they draw so faithful a picture of the traveller, that, for a long time after, the hearers will inevitably recognise the man should they chance to meet him.

We continued our journey; Bechara singing, and I dreaming. During one of the intervals when the sun was hidden behind the Mokkatan mountains, I raised my head, and saw a black point in the horizon. This was "the Tree of the Desert;" the landmark which divides, equally, the route from Cairo to Suez.

It is a sycamore, standing like an island in the midst of the ocean: the eye vainly endeavours to discover a companion for it. Who planted it thus equi-distantly from each city? No one knows. Our Arabs — their fathers — their forefathers — the ancestors of their forefathers, have always seen and welcomed it there. They say that Mahomet once reposed on that spot, without any shelter, after which he cast a seed into the sand, and commanded it to grow. A small monument, badly built, and worse preserved, stands at the foot of this sycamore; it covers the bones of a worthy Mussulman whose name was forgotten, but whose sanctity was remembered by our Arabs.

As soon as our guide saw this tree in the distance, he put his dromedary on a gallop, and ours followed with a rapidity which would have shamed the best race-horse. This gait, being easier than the trot, pleased me infinitely more; so I urged on my *haghin*, which was young and vigorous, and arrived

second at the spot. Then, without waiting for the animal to kneel, I swung myself, by my left arm, from the pommel of the saddle, and dropped easily to the ground.

The *almost* coolness which the shade of this tree afforded, was indescribably delicious: and to render our happiness perfect, we determined to take a draught of water from the goat-skins, the decanters at our saddle-bows having been long exhausted: our tongues literally clave to the roofs of our mouths. A skin was untied and brought to me. I could feel, through the hide, that the water was of the same temperature as the air; I did not, however, the less readily carry it to my lips, and take a large mouthful: but I spit it out more eagerly than I took it in: faugh! I never tasted anything like it. In one day it had become rancid, corrupted, fetid. Bechara, seeing my plight, came to me. I handed him the skin, without saying a word, so engaged was I in expectorating to the very last drop, this abominable liquid. He was a connoisseur of water, an experienced taster; he could scent a well or a fountain farther and quicker than his camel: each one, therefore, distrusting my taste and relying on his, waited in silence for his decision. He began by smelling the skin; he made a significant motion with his head and thrust out his nether lip — as much as to say, there certainly was some ground for suspicion: he then took a mouthful, held it an instant between his lips and his palate, and ejected it with no equivocal rapidity. Full and entire justice was rendered to my judgement. It appeared that the skins were too new; and this fact, together with the heat and motion, combined to spoil the water in an unusually

short time. From this moment, our fate was decided: we were ten-fold more thirsty than before. Bechara, with his usual consolatory power, assured us that we should find excellent water at Suez on the following evening.

This was not all. We supposed that we had reached our place for encampment: but Toualeb decided otherwise. After a half hour's repose, we were obliged to remount our camels; they arose the moment they felt us in the saddles, showing that they, less simple than ourselves, had never taken this show of a halt in earnest. As for our Arabs, they still neither ate nor drank which was incomprehensible.

At the end of two hours, during which we travelled nearly four French leagues, Toualeb made a clucking noise, which the camels at once understood as a signal to halt and kneel. We alighted, very much fatigued with our ride, and very much provoked at having no water to drink at the end of it. Our Arabs appeared to partake of our ill-humour, for they were silent and sad. Bechara was the only one who preserved the least appearance of gayety.

In a few moments our tent was pitched, and our carpets unrolled. I placed my drawing-paper on the sand, it having become completely wet in my girdle; and in deep despondency prayed that for us, unworthy as we were, the miracle of Hagar in the wilderness might be renewed.

Abdallah, rolling up his sleeves with great importance, now began to prepare our supper. It consisted of the same articles as I have before described. Our Arabs assisted him, splitting his wood as fine as matches with their poignards, aiding with their breath to light the fire, picking over his rice, and pouring

the cakes on the burning embers. Near them were Bechara and Mohammed, busy in disinfecting the water by drawing it off from the top, so that the air might purify it. I recollected that red-hot coals were a powerful corrective, and offered my assistance to our chemists, who, seeing me about to employ means unknown to them, lost all interest in their own experiments, and yielded to me. I placed a part of Abdallah's fire into a vessel of the water; it was then filtered through a cloth; and Bechara, our approved taster, made a new trial. This time his report was more encouraging: the water was drinkable. The news drew Mayer from his carpet, where he was endeavouring to go to sleep without supper, lest eating should increase his thirst.

The tent was lighted up. Abdallah brought the rice in a wooden bowl; we squatted around it like tailors, and endeavoured to eat his *pilau* and a little of his bread. But we were not yet so far gone as to endure Abdallah's cooking: we told him to remove his dishes as quickly as possible, and bring us dates and coffee. At this instant, Mohammed approached with a patronising air as if he had a favour to ask.

"Well, Mohammed," said I, "what is it?"

"The Arabs are very sad."

"And why are they sad?"

"Because they are hungry."

"Well, if they are hungry, let them eat."

"They desire nothing more, but they have nothing to eat."

"Is it possible! Have not they provided themselves with food? it was in the contract."

"It was in the contract; but as it is only two

days' journey from Cairo to Suez, they thought they might, by squeezing their stomachs, do without eating on the road."

"And they find they cannot, eh?"

"They can, but—they are sad."

"I believe you; they ought to be. So, they have eaten nothing since yesterday?"

"They have eaten a few beans with the camels."

"Well, tell Abdallah to make something for their supper at once."

"That is not necessary. If you will give them the remainder of your rice and cakes, they will be satisfied."

"What! the remains of three for fifteen?"

"Oh, if they had breakfasted to-day, they would make three good meals of what is here."

M. Taylor could not help saying to them laughingly, "take it my good friends, and hope for the miracle of the loaves and fishes."

Mohammed returned to the circle of Arabs, who pretended not to be listening, and made a sign that their request was granted. In a moment, cheerfulness was apparent in every countenance, and each one prepared to take his share of the splendid repast afforded by our munificence.

Two circles were now formed. The first consisted of Toualeb, Bechara, Araballah, Mohammed, and Abdallah. These all, at the feast, had equal rank: Toualeb as chief, Bechara as story-teller, Araballah as warrior, Mohammed as interpreter, and Abdallah as cook. The second circle was composed of the other twelve Arabs, who, occupying a less elevated degree in the social scale, were to eat last, and to stretch their hands over their superiors for the where-

withal. Mohammed gave the signal for commencing, by taking a pinch of rice with his thumb and four fingers; Toualeb and the whole first rank followed the example successively, and in perfect order. The second rank then rose, fished up their pinches, and retired to wait their turn for renewing the evolution. The provisions being shortly despatched, Bechara arose, and in behalf of the band thanked us, and asked our names, that he and his companions might preserve them in their hearts, in commemoration of our generosity. We told him our names, and added two dates per man to our former largess, that they might not merely keep our names in their hearts, but transmit them to posterity.

Our Arabs, however, had pledged themselves to a task, with more zeal than forethought. The articulation of three European names was a serious business for their oriental weasands; and, in their attempts to pronounce them, they soon convinced us that, so far from transmitting them to their Ishmaelitish posterity, they would never be able to apprize our own most intimate friends who it was that had treated them with such distinguished liberality.

Indeed, so foreign to their very natures is any thing like intellectual effort, they very soon gave up the attempt to acquire our names; but they begged us to allow them (as a substitute for their grateful intentions,) to christen us with Arabian names, which, for mutual convenience, we would keep during the journey. We saw no objection to this, and gave our assent. They proceeded to the matter at once.

M. Taylor, on account of his relative position and his age, (he being somewhat our senior,) was called Ibrahim-Bey; which means Abraham, the chief.

Mayer, whose appearance, owing to the thinness of his body and colour of his face, bore some resemblance to an Arab of our escort, was complimented with the name of Hassan; and I, in consideration of my precocity in acquiring the language of the country, my boldness in mounting my *haghin*, and my everlasting occupation of writing and sketching, was gratified with the appellation of Ismaël, to which they added, as a climax to the compliment, the word Effendi, or the sage.

This being done to the satisfaction of all, Bechara folded his hands across his breast, wished us a good night, and prayed Mahomet to preserve us from a visit from Salem.

As I was on the watch for every thing that could add to the picturesque character of our journey, I at once demanded who this Salem might be. Mohammed answered that he was an Arab robber, renowned throughout the country for his courage and cunning; and who, in the very spot where we were now encamped, had performed a most astonishing feat. This was enough to excite our curiosity: and, although extremely fatigued, we thought we could keep awake to listen to Bechara's stories. We therefore seated ourselves among the Arabs, supplied them with tobacco, lighted our pipes, and, with Mohammed's aid, Bechara began his narration — half French, half Arabic — which (in the two tongues) would have been unintelligible, had not his gestures explained it to his companions, and our interpreter rendered the obscure passages to us.

Salem, then, was an Arab; a humble son of a wandering tribe, who, in his childhood, manifested a strong predilection and a great talent for thieving.

This propensity was encouraged by his parents, who saw the advantage that would accrue to his after life, if his present efforts were well directed. Salem, thus stimulated, was taught to respect the property of his own tribe and its allies, and to exercise his budding faculties on those with whom he was at enmity. He was supple as a serpent; active as a panther; light as a gazelle. He could glide under a tent without moving its curtains or grating the sand; leap at a bound a torrent fifteen feet in breadth; and outrun the trot of a dromedary.

His various abilities were rapidly developed. Instead of attacking an isolated tent or an imprudent traveller by night, he assembled the young men of his tribe, who recognised him as their chief, and undertook the most important expeditions.

Sometimes he would spread a report that a richly freighted caravan was to pass; and when the warriors of the different tribes were assembled at the point indicated, he would assail their tents where only old men and children remained, and carry off their provisions and cattle.

At other times, when a caravan was in reality to pass, he would send an Arab to the tribes on the look out for it, to tell them that their encampments were attacked: the warriors would of course instantly return to their tents; while Salem, left sole master of the Desert, would pillage the caravan without molestation.

These bold and frequent depredations reached the ear of the Bey of Suez. Suez is the *entrepôt* of India — the door of Arabia. Already half ruined by the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, it is only at long intervals that caravans visit

it. The Bey was therefore seriously disturbed by the success of Salem, and he gave strict orders that the brigand should be taken. A whole year passed, however, in fruitless attempts to obey this mandate: and that, not because Salem concealed himself; on the contrary, his ravages were daily increasing; but he always managed to slip through the fingers of his pursuers with a dexterity and boldness that irritated the Bey almost to madness. He then resolved to go himself in search of the robber, and he swore never to return to Suez, unless he brought Salem a prisoner with him.

He accordingly encamped on the route from Suez to Cairo, (on the precise spot, as it happened, where we were now halting;) and, surrounded by his most faithful troops, guarded by the most vigilant sentinels, his swiftest steed saddled and ready for instant pursuit, — he ungirded his sabre, took off his *machallah*, placed his purse under his pillow, threw himself on his carpet, offered up his prayers to Mahomet, and fell asleep in full assurance of the protection of Allah and his Prophet.

The next morning, at day-break, the Bey arose. The night had passed tranquilly. No alarm had troubled the camp; every man was at his post; every thing was in its place —— except the purse, *machallah*, and sabre of the Bey!

The Bey clapped his hands twice, and his confidential slave appeared: but he immediately darted back in astonishment — at the sight of his master! He saw him leave his tent before day on horseback, and had not seen him return.

This gave the Bey a new alarm: peradventure his favourite horse had followed his sabre, purse and

machallah! The slave ran to the encampment of the horses to ascertain. The groom told him that the Bey clapped his hands three times, which was the concerted signal, that he took the horse to his tent, that the Bey mounted at once and rode off to the Desert.

For an instant the Bey seemed determined to decapitate the slave, the sentinel, and the groom; but he reflected that this would not bring back his lost property, and that since he had been himself caught napping, it was no matter for just surprise or anger that their inferior natures were gulled.

He spent three whole days and nights in unavailing attempts to solve this riddle. At last, he determined to apply to Salem himself, as the surest way of gaining the desired information. He therefore caused this to be proclaimed among the surrounding tribes: — that if Salem would come and relate to him, personally, the circumstances of a theft, the boldness and dexterity of which proclaimed him to be the perpetrator, no harm should befall him; but that he would give him for the trouble of his journey, a thousand piastres, (nearly three hundred francs): he further promised, on the word of a Mussulman, — and in the East the word is sacred, — that as soon as Salem had communicated the facts, he should be free to go where he pleased.

He was not kept long in suspense. That very evening, an Arab, twenty-five or six years of age, of short stature, slender form, lively eyes, and free, bold manner, presented himself before the tent of the Bey. He was dressed in a plain frock of blue cotton. On being admitted to the tent, he declared his readiness to divulge the secret of the robbery.

The Bey received him as he had promised to do, and repeated the offer of a thousand piastres, with a reasonable proviso, however, that he, the Bey, should first be satisfied of the truth of the statement about to be made.

Salem met this suggestion by proposing that the Bey should replace, with others, the various missing articles, in exactly the positions they occupied on the night of their disappearance; and that the sentinel should be commanded to allow him egress, and the groom to obey him as before.

The Bey assented to this. He suspended another sabre on the pole that sustained his tent; threw another *machallah* on the divan; placed another purse under his pillow; ordered another horse to be saddled; and then lay down on his couch as he had done on the preceding evening; only, this time he kept his eyes as wide open as possible. Every man then went to his post, and the second representation took place in presence of the whole army.

Salem retired about fifty paces from the tent, where he removed his frock and the girdle that bound it, and then laid himself down flat on the sand, the colour of which was so similar to the colour of his skin, that one could not be distinguished from the other. He now crawled along, like a serpent, towards the tent. From time to time, as if to give his exhibition, the show of reality, he raised his head and reconnoitered the ground; then, having assured himself that all was quiet, he continued his course slowly and silently.

In this manner, he at length reached the tent: he passed his head beneath the curtain, and the Bey who as yet had seen nothing, and heard nothing, —

not even the slightest motion of the curtain, although he had not ceased to watch it, — now suddenly perceived two eyes, steady and brilliant as those of a lynx, fixed upon his face. His first emotion was fear, for he was totally unprepared for such an apparition; but recollecting that the whole was only a play, he remained motionless, as if asleep.

After a mute inspection, the eyes disappeared; and for a few moments, nothing was heard but the grating of the sand under the sentinel's feet. Suddenly, the light was obstructed from the top of the tent, which had a circular opening around the pole that upheld it, and a man glided like a shadow down this pole and stood beside the Bey. The man bent upon one knee, and balancing his weight on his left hand, listened to the breathing of the pretended sleeper: in his right hand he held a short and crooked poignard.

A cold sweat stood on the Bey's forehead, for his life was in the power of a man, for whose head he had offered a thousand sequins of gold. However, he continued to play his part in this strange drama bravely; not a quickened breath, nor a more rapid beating of the heart betrayed his fear. During this second of seeming immobility, the Bey thought he felt something move under his pillow; but, on the watch as he was, he could not be certain of it. Salem arose almost imperceptibly, without removing his eyes from the sleeper; but his left hand, which was empty when he knelt, now held the purse of the Bey.

He put the purse and poignard between his teeth, and walked backwards towards the divan, his eyes still fixed on the Bey. He took up the *machallah;*

slowly dressed himself in it; took the sabre and hung it at his side; wound around his waist and head the two cashmeres which served the Bey for turban and girdle; stepped boldly out of the tent; passed the sentinel, who bowed before him with reverence; and struck his hands together thrice that his horse might be brought. The instructed groom obeyed this order. Salem bounded lightly on the steed, and returning towards the door of the tent — where the Bey was standing, half naked, to see the termination of the play — he thus addressed his highness:

"Bey of Suez, in this manner, four nights ago, I took from thee thy sabre, thy machallah, thy cashmeres, thy purse, and thy horse. I now release thee from the payment of the *one* thousand piastres thou hast promised me; for the sabre, machallah, cashmeres, purse, and horse which I now carry off, are worth *fifty* thousand."

So saying, he put the horse to his speed, and disappeared like a spectre in the darkness of the night and the depth of the Desert.

The Bey's next act in the premises was to send, on the following day, a proclamation offering to Salem the post of *Kachef* in his guards: but Salem returned answer that he would rather be a king in the Desert than a slave in Suez.

"This," concluded Bechara, "is what passed between the Bey of Suez and Salem the robber: take care of your sabres and your machallahs, your cashmeres and your purses, for we are on the very spot where all these things occurred."

He then wished us a good-night and retired, followed by the applause of his comrades, who are always delighted when a Turk is duped by an Arab.

The night passed tranquilly away, and in the morning nothing was missing. Salem was doubtless following his profession in some other quarter, for the time being.

We were on our way before the sun; and when he arose, his first rays discovered to us herds of gazelles, which fled at our approach. Nothing is more singular than the contrast between these graceful animals and the plains they inhabit. One would think that a gazelle was created expressly to enliven a flowery garden and a velvet lawn. It is a practical paradox, his living in the ruggedness and sterility of these arid regions. I had the curiosity to turn an instant from the road to see the tracks these animals left in the sand. The marks of their light feet were scarcely visible: it seemed as if they had skimmed along the surface of the ground, wafted by the wind that occasionally reached us from the South, in hot and violent gusts.

I returned to my company over the bones which were now shining in the morning light like a line of silver, of interminable extent. The sun was already hotter and more insupportable than we had ever before known it. The Arabs warned us to leave no part of our bodies exposed to its consuming contact. But, notwithstanding their advice and our precautions, it was impossible to guard ourselves entirely from the oblique rays, and we received some *coups de soleil*, which affected the skin like an application of moxa; the calcined epidermis rose up in blisters, and sunk again immediately.

After three hours, a white point appeared in the horizon. Approaching nearer, we saw it was a square tower, by which there seemed to be an im-

mense serpent unrolling itself in innumerable folds. This tower is the dwelling of a *Sheik*, and is situated about three leagues from Suez. It is here that the caravans for Mecca halt for a moment to disengage from that part of their company who are going only to Suez. The pilgrims continue their route to the East; the travellers turn to the South, and soon fall in with the first arm of the Red Sea, while the others have yet to travel ten or twelve days before they discover the second, whence they follow the eastern shore till they arrive at the Holy City.

What struck me as resembling the folds of a serpent around the building, proved to be an indefinite number of asses, which were constantly in motion between this place and the city, to carry water for the inhabitants. The wells and fountains of Suez, being so near the borders of the Red Sea, furnish only bitter water. The hope of obtaining some of this beverage for ourselves, now stimulated us to increase our speed. We put our dromedaries on a gallop, and in less than an hour accomplished the distance. The chief of the *khan* replenished our goat-skins for a small remuneration. For our own parts, we drank from the spring itself; the water was slightly brackish, but we were too thirsty to regard trifles.

We had left at our right and on the other side of a chain of mountains that for the last two days had been visible in the southern horizon, the road that the fugitive Israelites took when, led by Moses, guided by the pillar of fire, and carrying with them the bones of Joseph, (as Joseph, when dying, had commanded them to do,) they left Rameses, crossed the Mokkatan, and encamped at Etham, in the edge of the wilderness. It was here that the LORD spake unto Moses, and said:

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they turn and encamp before Pi-hiharoth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea."

The Israelites then descended towards the West, and came to the place where we now were, probably attracted by the very springs from which we had slaked our thirst. They were here when they perceived the army of Pharaoh, and in great alarm said to Moses:

"Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness."

Reassured at length by the word and command of Moses, the people continued their journey, directing their steps to that part of the Red Sea where Suez now stands.

The distance from the spring to Suez is about three hours' march, though we took less time than that in accomplishing it, for our camels broke into a gallop as we started, and never stopped till we reached the city.

As we advanced, the sky assumed a silvery hue. On our right arose the chain of mountains which confine the western shore of the Red Sea; on our left the Desert lay extended; and between the two, reflected in the waters of the Sea, were the white walls of Suez. A few madenehs shooting up above the battlements, broke the uniformity of their appearance. Beyond the city lay the harbour where the barques from Tor were at anchor, with the curiously shaped vessels that venture as far as the Straits of Babel-Mandel, and return after touching at Mocha.

We pitched our tent within a short distance of Suez, and then went on to the border of the Sea. This was the place where the LORD said to Moses:

"Lift up thou thy rod and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground in the midst of the sea."

When we arrived at the shore, it was high-water, at which time travellers can cross in a boat, if they are in haste. As this was not our case, and as Pharaoh was not pursuing us, and as, also, we wished to pass it after the manner of the Israelites, we resolved to await the reflux; and, in the mean time, to make a short visit to Suez.

We therefore approached the gates; and, having exhibited our *tekeriks*, (passports,) repaired to the residence of the Turkish Governor, who treated us with great civility. But what touched us the most, in his reception, was the promptitude and affability with which he ordered for us a goblet of pure fresh water. We expressed our gratitude to him by signs, while swallowing it. He invited us to call again on our return, which we very readily promised to do: when, fearing to be too late for the tide, we took leave of him.

Bechara, who accompanied us, came to a sudden halt on our route, and, pointing to a house near him, repeated twice, "*Buonabardo! Buonabardo!*" We stopped, too, for we knew that was the name given by the Arabs to Bonaparte: and, as he had been in Suez, we presumed that this house contained some memento of him. It appeared, indeed, that he had lived in it. We entered, and asked to speak with the owner. He was a Greek, named Comanouli, agent for the English East India Company; and, perceiving that we were Frenchmen, readily divined the object of our visit, and treated us with the greatest kindness. Bonaparte's room is the plainest in the

house. It is encircled by a divan, and its windows open on the harbour: but there is nothing about it, saving the fact of his occupancy, that recommends it to the curiosity of visiters.

Bonaparte arrived at Suez on the 26th of December, 1798. He spent the 27th in visiting the city and port. On the 28th he prepared to cross the Red Sea, and visit the Fountains of Moses. At eight o'clock in the morning, the tide being down, he passed over the bed of the water, and found himself in Asia.

While seated near the Fountains, he was waited upon by some Arab Chiefs from Tor and its environs, who thanked him for the protection he had afforded their commerce with Egypt. From the Fountains he went to visit the ruins of a large aqueduct, built during the war between the Portuguese and Venetians. This war took place before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, an event that ruined the commerce of Venice. The aqueduct was designed to convey water from springs in the vicinity to large cisterns along the shore, whence vessels could receive supplies.

This visit accomplished, Bonaparte commenced his return. The night was advanced when he reached the borders of the sea, and the tide was rising. The guide proposed to encamp where they stood for the night, but Bonaparte would not listen to the advice. He called the guide, and with some sternness commanded him to lead the way. The man, disconcerted by this order, proceeding from the lips of one whom the Arabs regard as a Prophet, mistook the most direct course, and lengthened the route nearly a quarter of an hour. They were scarcely half-way over, when the ripples of the flood covered the hor-

ses' hoofs. The water in this sea rises with great rapidity; the darkness prevented the party from seeing how far they had yet to go; and, at this moment, General Caffarelli, whose wooden leg rendered him unable to sit firmly in the saddle, called out for help. This cry of distress alarmed and disordered the company. Every one, as by common consent, began to look out for himself. Bonaparte, alone, continued quietly to follow the Arab. The tide, however, was whirling in with great force and swiftness; his horse became frightened, and refused to advance; the situation was terrible; delay was death. A soldier of the escort, who was a little in the rear of Bonaparte, seeing the imminent peril, sprang from his horse and took the General on his shoulders. He was a man of high stature and herculean strength. He waded along, supporting himself by the tail of the guide's horse, who was still in front and advancing as fast as prudence permitted. Directly the water reached his armpits, and he began to lose his footing. Two minutes more, and the death of one man would have changed the destiny of the world. But at this instant the guide gave a shout; his horse touched the land; the soldier followed with his burden safe, and fainted on the shore.

The party reached Suez without the loss of a single man. Napoleon's horse alone was drowned.

Twenty-two years afterwards Bonaparte retained a remembrance of this adventure more vividly, perhaps, than of all his other perils: he thus writes from St. Helena:

"Taking advantage of low water, I crossed the Red Sea dry-shod. Returning, I was overtaken by the night, and lost my way in the rising tide. I was

in the most imminent danger, and very nearly perished in the same manner as Pharaoh: had I done so, the event would have afforded to all the preachers of Christianity a magnificent text against me."

When we reached the shore, the water had retired, and the time was perfectly favourable. We folded our tent, mounted our dromedaries, and pushed boldly into the sea: in the deepest part, the water was scarcely a foot high. Forty minutes sufficed for the passage; and, at two o'clock, we stood on the soil of Asia. We passed over several sand hills which border the sea, and again we were in a Desert.

Our caravan now assumed a military aspect, for we had entered a country where the law of nature supersedes the law of nations. Araballah took his position about a hundred and fifty yards in front, as a scout; and Bechara was placed about the same distance behind the rear-guard, so that his songs and stories might not divert any body's attention.

We proceeded about a league in this manner, when Araballah came to a halt, and pointed his lance towards the South, where we presently saw two black specks just visible under the horizon.

Toualeb ordered two Arabs to join Araballah, and go forward with him. They obeyed instantly and in silence, and the three soon disappeared behind a cluster of palm-trees on our left. The rest of us halted; and, in order to be ready for any emergency, we prepared our arms. Toualeb then gave a shout, and all set off on a gallop. We followed, and the two black specks, which had now taken the form of two cavaliers, were distinctly visible. We all still pressed onward, however, not knowing, for our own parts, whether we were flying to friends or foes.

They were probably friends; for Toualeb ceased watching them, arrived at the little oasis, and slid himself down from his dromedary. Ours knelt as we came up, and we found ourselves near five delightful fountains, overshadowed by a dozen palm-trees. We had arrived at the Fountains of Moses, where the Israelites sang their song of thanksgiving, while "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances."

Without delay, we bathed our heads and arms in these ancient springs, and were entirely absorbed in this occupation when Araballah re-appeared with his companions. They were followed by the two black specks, which proved to be monks from Mount Sinai.

The monks descended from their dromedaries, and seated themselves by our side: in the Desert, every one you meet is a friend or a foe: you share with him your tent, bread, and rice, — or exchange with him spear or sabre thrusts; carbine or pistol shots.

The new-comers had no hostile intent. On the contrary, the meeting was to us most fortunate, since they belonged to the Monastery to which we were bound. Our acquaintance was quickly made. They saluted us in Arabic, and we replied as we could. Baron Taylor invited them to join our repast, which Abdallah was preparing. We seated ourselves in the shade of the palms, on sand moistened by the filtration of the springs, and were soon in a state of tranquillity and comfort not before felt since we left Cairo.

We desired our guests to explain (what seemed to us extraordinary) how two solitary men, without attendance, without arms, and belonging to a rich Mon-

astery, dared to wander in the Desert, at the risk of being killed, robbed, or held to ransom, by the first Arabs they might chance to meet? We well knew that, in the eyes of the wandering thieves, neither their religion nor their garb was a safeguard: and we expressed our admiration of their courage, while, also, we could not repress our astonishment at their hardihood.

In reply to these remarks, the elder of the two monks took from his pocket a small embroidered bag, opened it, and handed us a paper: it was a *firman* — signed Bonaparte!

The sight of this autograph in the midst of the Desert, where the renown of the man is still increasing from the remembrance of his victories; the enthusiastic veneration of the stoic Toualeb, as he approached and repeated "Buonabardo! Buonabardo!" the intense and irrepressible curiosity of the Arabs who crowded around us; all concurred to give this scene a character of thrilling interest to us Frenchmen. We asked the old cenobite how he became possessed of this firman: and the following is the substance of his answer:

The Monastery of Sinai, enclosed between the two arms of the Red Sea, and seated at the southern extremity of the peninsula, distant ten days' journey from Suez and twelve from Cairo, is entirely dependent on these two cities. Their governors, professing a religion at variance with that of the monks, were generally little disposed to aid them against the depredations of the Mamelukes of the cities and the Arabs of the Desert. As the monks were obliged to draw their subsistence from Arabia, Greece, and Egypt, — their grain being harvested in Chio, their

wool growing at Peloponnesus, their coffee ripening at Mocha, — they found, after the revolt of the Beys and the dominion of the Mamelukes, that the latter began to levy enormous duties on all supplies passing through Alexandria, Djedda, or Suez. And even after this duty was paid, they were forced to treat with the Arabs for the transportation; hire an escort, which, being attacked by a different tribe, would frequently fail of bringing their freight to the Monastery, (though, in the mean time, they were well paid for undertaking to do so); and thus the monks not only lost their supplies and the charges upon them, but also some of their brethren in the caravan would be made prisoners, and held in bondage at a ruinous ransom.

Thus lived these unfortunate men, struggling against inappreciable difficulties to obtain their bread. And, as if even these enumerated troubles were not sufficient, the Bedouin Arabs, like a flock of ravenous birds, hovered night and day around the walls of the Monastery, ready to take advantage of the least imprudence or exposure of its inmates, and to carry off every thing, whether men or cattle, that ventured beyond its walls.

The wretchedness of these good men was at its height, when one day they learned, from the Arabs themselves, that a man had come from the West, with the words of a prophet and the power of a god. They resolved to go to this man and solicit his protection.

They chose two deputies from their body, and agreed upon a price with the leader of a tribe, to conduct them to the quarters of this chief. The two monks set out immediately on their journey, followed

by the prayers and carrying the last hopes of their persecuted brethren. They followed the borders of the Red Sea for ten days; and when, on the morning of the eleventh day, they arrived at Suez, they saw an unknown flag floating over its walls. They inquired for the Sultan of the French; but were told that he had gone to Cairo, having in eighteen days made the conquest of Egypt.

To Cairo, then, they turned their faces; crossed the Desert, traversed the Mokkatan mountains, and arrived without accident at the capital.

Their old enemies, the Mamelukes, had been driven from its walls like dust. Murad-Bey, defeated at the Pyramids, had fled into Upper Egypt. Ibrahim, vanquished at El-Arich, was hidden in Syria. And the same unknown banner which they had seen at Suez, waved from the minarets of Cairo.

They entered the city, now quiet and peaceful, reached the *Place El-Bekir*, and inquired for the Sultan. His house was pointed out, and they presented themselves. An aid-de-camp conducted them into the garden where Bonaparte was seated at a table, with a chart of Egypt unrolled before him. Near him were Caffarelli, Fourrier, and an interpreter. The monks addressed him in Italian, and stated the object of their mission.

Bonaparte smiled. They had flattered him more effectually than the most skilful courtier. Their words and their journey showed that his fame had reached Asia, and, by the Yemen, was to precede him into India. He had underrated the power of his own name: two poor monks had traversed a hundred leagues of the Desert to inform him of it.

He directed the monks to be seated; and, while

coffee was presented to them, he dictated to the interpreter a firman, — the identical paper now before us, — which was to assure safety both to persons and supplies through the Desert.

From that day the monks were safe. In the course of time the Nile and the Mediterranean bore back the flotilla to France: the Turks recovered their power: the Mamelukes re-took their cities: the Arabs swayed the Desert. But neither Turk, Mameluke, nor Arab, has dared to violate the firman of Napoleon. To this day the monks of Sinai may wander in the Desert alone and defenceless, under the safeguard of this magical signature, now half defaced by the devout kisses of the descendants of Ishmael: yet these same Ishmaelites, some days ago, pillaged the great caravan on its return from Mecca, and carried off the daughter of a Bey, to make her the concubine of one of their chiefs.

Thus ended the story of the monk. Bechara, contrary to all precedent, had for once been a listener. And now, judging from the lateness of the hour, that it would require a very seductive tale from him to erase the impression of the one we had just heard, he shrunk from the experiment; and, dissimulating under a gracious smile his chagrin at being eclipsed, he took leave of us for the night, and laid himself down to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEWILDERING VALLEY.

On the following morning, the monks asked us if we had letters to their Monastery. We related the circumstance which prevented our obtaining them in Cairo, and added that we left that city determining to depend on our good looks for a passport. From the reply of the monks, we inferred that our physiognomies would have poorly assisted us; and that had we not fortunately fallen in with themselves, we certainly could not have gained admittance to the Monastery. But they had the power to repay our hospitality; and they scrawled some Greek characters on a paper, which we preserved with as much care as they did the firman of Bonaparte.

We had passed a miserable night: for fatigue is not an infallible anodyne. Our sleep was disturbed by dull, wandering pains all over our bodies; and in some places the pains were fixed and acute. Differing from the Homeric cavaliers of Tasso and Ariosto, who were cloven from top to bottom, we were smitten from bottom to top.

After we had commenced our journey for the day, we found that every step of our dromedaries, which happened to be a little more energetic than usual,

was a sort of invisible *coup d'épée* that extorted from us the most horrible grimaces. To crown all, we to-day abandoned the borders of the sea, deferring, until our return, a visit to Tor, and turned to the East, which change of direction brought the sun full into our faces. This Desert, too, seemed even more dry and barren than its predecessor. The vast plain before us was furrowed with ridges that ran regularly from East to West, corresponding in form to the waves of the ocean; and our dromedaries sunk to their knees in sand, as white and crumbling as powdered chalk.

About nine o'clock, the wind rose; not mild and refreshing, as when it sweeps over verdant fields, but, surcharged with burning atoms, fierce and ardent as the breath of a volcano. Bechara chose this opportunity to redeem his reputation, which had suffered such discomfiture on the preceding evening. He placed himself between Mayer and me, and commenced an Arab song. It was in praise of the *haghin*; and the following may serve as a translation of a stanza.

"This courser is so mettlesome, that one would think his veins were filled with quicksilver. At sight of his light and graceful form, the antelope casts down its eyes in modest confusion: gladly would the bold leopard exchange his claws for such feet: like the earth, always equal in his movements, and not less rapid than the waters of overflowing torrents, he rivals the fire in ardour, and the wind in swiftness."

Unfortunately for Bechara's attempt to regain his popularity, he was unaware of what was passing in our minds: he did not know that the trot of our

beasts was tearing us to pieces, and therefore, that his song was in effect, a eulogy on the executioner chanted in the ears of the felon: his success in this essay, therefore, was far from flattering. A panegyric on the dromedary, at such a time, could only exasperate us. Nothing makes us more resolutely deny the good qualities of a thing, than our suffering under its bad ones. He might as well have praised the heat of the sun, the fineness of the dust, or the blazing uniformity of the landscape.

The truth is, we were in one of the most fearfully renowned wadies of the peninsula. It is called "the Bewildering Valley," on account of its moving sands, the perpetual changes of which, at the caprice of the wind, render it impossible even for a practised guide to be certain of his route while traversing it. We were surrounded by hills of sand; and the wind as it swept their summits, became freighted with clouds of dust, floated around our heads, passed down our throats, and stifled us like the air of a crucible.

At length, the hour arrived for our first halt. Our Arabs pitched our tent, and we looked for a brief respite; but the wind carried the tent away at once. A second attempt was made to fasten it, without success: the sand had no consistency beneath the surface, and the stakes could not be secured in it — and if they could, the cords were not strong enough to hold the canvass against the gale. We were forced, therefore, to follow the example of the Arabs, and seek shelter in the shadows of our dromedaries.

I had just lain myself down by the side of my beast when Abdallah came to say that it was impossible to

light a fire for his cooking. This news was not so bad as the poor devil thought it might be: we had no inclination to eat, but a glass of pure, fresh water would have been worth a kingdom. The water we obtained at the Fountains of Moses was originally brackish; and this, joined to the smell of the skins, and the intolerable heat, rendered it unfit to drink.

The sun continued to ascend, and now reached the zenith of its height and its intensity. Our camels no longer afforded a shade. I retreated to a distance from mine, unwilling to endure his wild-beast odour, when I could gain no corresponding advantage by suffering its offensiveness, and wrapped myself in Bechara's mantle. In ten minutes, the side I exposed to the sun was sufficiently baked, and I turned the other, presuming that when *well done*, I should cease to suffer. During our two hours' halt, I did nothing but turn and twist in agony. I was enveloped in my covering, and could not see my companions; and I had not energy enough to inquire after them. All I know is that, muffled in Bechara's mantle, I was, to all intents and purposes, a crab stewing in its shell.

A change, at last, came over our torments: the time arrived for continuing our journey. We mounted our dromedaries like listless and unwilling criminals, indifferent as to the route we were to pursue. We were certain that it must be *forward* in *some* direction, and that was all. I merely asked if we should have fresh water that evening; and Araballah, who was near me, replied that the spot of our intended halt was near a well.

The sleeplessness of the past night, my abstinence

from food, and the state of fusion I had been in for some time, combined, now, to produce an irresistible drowsiness. I at first opposed to it the idea of danger; a fall of fifteen feet, although on the sand, had no attraction in it. But the fear of this mischance soon grew indistinct. A hallucination took possession of me. My eyes were closed; yet I saw the sun, the sand, and the dusty air, only they were changed in colour and took strange and variable hues. I then imagined myself in a vessel rocked by the surges of the ocean. Suddenly, I dreamed that I had fallen from my dromedary, which, however, continued its course. I tried to call out to my companions, but my voice failed, and the caravan went on. I strove to pursue, but could not keep my feet in the sandy waves; they overwhelmed and nearly drowned me. I endeavoured to swim, but I had forgotten the necessary motions. Over this vision of frenzy came recollections of my childhood, that for twenty years had been buried in oblivion. I heard the murmur of a pleasant brook gliding through my father's garden. I threw myself under the shade of a chestnut-tree, planted on the day of my birth. How I could simultaneously and interchangeably experience these conflicting visions, I have no power to imagine: the one factitious, that of water and shade; the other real, that of thirsting, parching, suffocating. But I was so bewildered that I did not know which of the two was a dream. Presently, a violent blow in my breast or back awakened me; it was a thump from my saddle that warned me I had, in truth, nearly lost my equilibrium. I opened my eyes with a start of terror: the garden, the brook, the tree, and the shade had vanished: but

the sun, the wind, the sand — the Desert, in short — remained.

Hours passed in this manner, but I took no note and had no notion of the time. At length all motion ceased: and, arousing myself once more from my drowsiness, I saw that the caravan had stopped. The whole of the Arabs were grouped around Toualeb; we three remained just where our camels had pleased to halt. I made a sign to Mohammed: he came to me, and I inquired why the Arabs stopped and looked about them so irresolutely. I found from his answer that "the Bewildering Valley" maintained its reputation, and our men had lost their way. Our Palinurus, doubting his own judgement, had appealed to that of his followers. The decision was almost unanimous that our proper direction was a slight turn to the right; this settled, our camels set forth on a magnificent gallop.

The proximity of a real danger — that of missing the well — rapidly dispelled all my fantastical reveries. Perhaps, too, the gradual decrease of the heat had some agency in the resuscitation. This very decrease of heat, however, as it implied the sun's descent towards the horizon, was a source of new disquietude: for if night overtook us on our journey, we should be doubly liable to lose our way.

After an hour's silence I ventured to ask if we were far from the place of encampment.

"There!" said the Arab who galloped at my side, stretching out his arm towards the horizon.

This restored me to life. It seemed as if we were already at the well: besides, at the rate our camels were now going, we must very shortly be there in reality, if within a moderate distance.

At the end of another hour, I asked another Arab the same question. He made the same reply. I believed that he spoke the truth, for we had accomplished several leagues in the interval.

Another hour passed. The sun disappeared with the rapidity peculiar to eastern climes. M. Taylor now asked if we were far from the well: and Araballah, after a careful survey, declared that we had still two good hours of toil before us. This was too much. We were drooping from weariness and exhaustion, even more than from thirst; and we came to a stop, declaring that though we were indifferent as to the sort of death we were to die, we preferred our present location for its scene. Toualeb made the sign to the dromedaries; they knelt; and we fell, rather than dismounted, on the sand.

We had now to contend with the same difficulty that perplexed us in the morning: our tent was no sooner pitched, than a blast of wind tore it from its fastenings, and it had to be chased as a man runs after his hat in a gale. You may believe it was the Arabs who indulged in this recreation: *we* would have allowed the tent to return to Suez without raising a finger to stop it. This difficulty, however, was less embarrassing than before. Night had brought, if not coolness, at least a comparative cessation of the insupportable heat that had almost crazed me. Abdallah, too, more fortunate than in the morning, had found a fragment of a rock, under shelter of which he established his kitchen. We swallowed as much of his rice as a black-bird might have done, and tried, unsuccessfully, to wash it down with a mouthful of water. We then bathed our faces and hands, and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, and while I was in a profound slumber, some one seized and shook me by the arm. I opened my eyes, and, though not half awake, instinctively called for a drink. As a reply to this request, the neck of a gourd was placed in my hand. I raised it to my lips and swallowed with a mingled feeling of delight and incredulity, a draught of pure and fresh water. I paused a moment; but as the gourd was not taken from me, I concluded it was at my disposal, and that, from some miraculous cause, water was flowing for us all. I therefore kept a firm hold of my gourd, and did not relinquish it until I was certain that it did not contain another drop. I then gave it to the benevolent spirit that brought it. This spirit was Bechara; who, as soon as he saw us encamped, re-mounted his dromedary, and alone, in the middle of the night, guided more by instinct than sight, galloped four leagues to bring this inestimable luxury from the well to which we had not the courage to proceed.

During the five minutes that elapsed before I went to sleep again, it seemed to me that with the murmuring of the wind was mingled a noise hitherto unheard, like groans, inarticulate cries, and smothered and distant sobs. I imagined that I was still under the dominion of my hallucination, and dropped asleep without making inquiry.

The first thing that occurred to my mind on waking the next morning, was the episode of the gourd. The repose of the night, the fresh water that had come down to us like manna, the certainty that our gourds were full, and that we should have plenty for the day, had given us renewed strength; and when we re-mounted our dromedaries at day-break, we were fresh,

cheerful, and happy. Alas! at the first step we took, we felt that the water, miraculous and strengthening as it had been, was not a panacea for *every* ill.

At sunrise, the face of the country was changed. We were in the midst of a sort of volcanic range, surrounded by naked and sterile hills, similar to those around the base of Mount Etna. We went about three leagues over this broken ground, and then entered on a large plain, where the sand was so fine that it seemed to have been carefully sifted.

Two hours before the usual time, we came to a halt; I asked Bechara why we did so; and he answered that it was to have time to choose our camping-ground. This sounded strangely; for Toualeb was not in the habit of taking such minute precautions.

In effect, our Arabs dismounted and commenced their search for a proper place, by looking attentively on the ground. This proceeding awakened my curiosity anew; so I, too, dismounted and searched. As I did not find anything, I called Bechara, and begged him just to tell me what we were looking for. If our search were for a suitable place to encamp, it did appear to me that the spot where we stood was as good as any other; and I could not see the use of taking so much trouble about it.

He called my attention to the sand, and pointed out tracks upon it, which, from their infinite number, had not before struck me as being tracks. I now saw, however, that they were well defined, and so close together that we could not make a step without treading on them. These, he told me, were the tracks of serpents and lizards; and he showed me here and there the holes they dwelt in. The Arabs

could not merely distinguish to which of the two classes the tracks belonged, but could also tell the age, size, and strength of the creature by which any one mark was made; and also whether the mark had been made on the preceding day, that morning, or that instant. The lizard leaves the mark of his four claws perfectly imprinted, and a little, irregular stripe, where his tail dragged. The snake, that rolls along in a spiral form, leaves parallel and interrupted marks wherever the circumference of its rings bends the tangent formed by the sand. The gazelle leaves a light and coquettish print, capriciously irregular, according as her gay temperament has borne her onward in joyous bounds or frolicksome deviations. It appeared, from this examination, that the Desert hereabouts was inhabited by a numerous but extremely mixed society; and that if some of the creatures were pleasing to look at, the majority were very bad company. In the event, however, our apprehensions were our only annoyance.

In the evening we redoubled these same precautions, halting at five o'clock in order to have time to beat the ground. One of the Arabs trod on a serpent, which he killed with a *coup de courbache* before the animal had time to bite. It was as thick as my wrist, but of the disproportionate length of only two feet: this gave it a specially disagreeable appearance.

The fear of these creatures was paramount to every other consideration. We scarcely touched the water and rice that Abdallah brought us; so powerful an influence may the imagination exert over the wants of the body. I, for one, slept very badly. I fancied that I felt continually those mis-shapen snakes, with

bodies like enormous caterpillars and heads like a dog's, crawling along under my carpet.

In the middle of the night, I heard again the same strange noises that had before attracted my attention. As at this time there was no air stirring, it could not possibly be the whistling and moaning of the wind. I rose at once to ask the Arabs the cause of this nocturnal phenomenon; but they were all so soundly asleep beside their camels, that I had not the heart to awaken them. I returned to my carpet, where fatigue at last got the better both of my curiosity and my apprehensions, and I slept till morning.

We started before day. When the sun arose, we were out of the plain of serpents, and had entered a wady, — a name given by the Arabs to a thousand valleys that furrow the peninsula of Mount Sinai. As we advanced, we found the hills larger. They were no longer volcanic swellings, like those we had passed, but actual mountains calcined by fire. On their sides were large layers of red and black lava; but we could not go near enough to discover what caused this difference of colour in matter that had been hardening there for centuries. From this valley we passed into another which opens in the form of a V, and is cut into the mountain: the perpendicular walls of stone forming its sides are as smooth and regular as if a colossal axe had severed them at a blow. One of these walls is covered with ancient characters, deeply incrusted, — very probably one of the inscriptions, spoken of by Herodotus, that Sesostris caused to be engraved when he returned by the way of Ophir from his expedition to the Erythrean Sea. We asked our Arabs about them; but they could not inform us whose victorious and mighty

hand had left on this granite page a few lines of its history.

From this time we had no fear of losing our way. Each mountain and rock was an index pointing the road. About three in the afternoon, Toualeb announced that we were approaching a well; and our dromedaries corroborated his judgement by abandoning their listless air and lifting up their heads from time to time, as if scenting water at a distance. After doubling the angle of a mountain, they set off on a gallop of their own accord, and in ten minutes of most impetuous speed, we arrived at an excavation of twenty feet in diameter; the approach to it was a gentle declivity, very much worn by constant resort. As we came up, a cloud of musquittoes, so thick as to appear like a volume of smoke, flew off, leaving the well free. Our dromedaries now failed to sustain their reputation for staidness; notwithstanding our efforts to restrain them, they rushed bodily into the water, with all their sand, dirt, and sweat upon them; and when the brutes condescended to make way for us, the whole fountain was so covered with hairs, so thick with mud, so bubbling with offensiveness altogether, that we could not even bathe in it, — to say nothing of drinking. Our Arabs, being of a feather with their camels, had no repugnance to the luxury, but drank as if nothing had happened.

There is some risk in approaching a well in this Peninsula. The Bedouin Arabs, who are born robbers, are usually stationed near the water-courses, waiting patiently in ambush, in the full assurance that all travellers must necessarily pass in their review, and ready to assail whoever and whatever offer an inducement to their cupidity.

As Toualeb had chosen this spot for our night's encampment, and was quite aware both of the advantages and the perils of the location, he sent forward Bechara and Araballah as scouts. They returned in half an hour with the intelligence that a tribe of Bedouin shepherds was quartered at the distance of about half a league.

They had scarcely made their report, when an Arab appeared, leading a sheep. Bechara advanced a few steps to meet him, and the salutation of the Desert commenced between them.

"Peace be with thee!" said Bechara.

"With thee, a hundred-fold peace!"

"Art thou well?"

"I am well."

"And thy wife?"

"Very well."

"And thy house?"

"Very well."

"And thy servants?"

"Very well."

"And thy dromedary?"

"Very well."

"And thy flocks?"

"Very well."

Bechara then proffered his hand to the stranger; it was accepted, and some masonic signs of the Desert were exchanged between the two. This done, the Arab propounded to Bechara the identical questions to which he had just replied, and Bechara, in turn, made the same answers.

This prolonged salutation, in this stereotyped form, may appear to an inhabitant of a city a great waste of words; but, inasmuch as after the said salutation

is over, these creatures might make the tour of the world without exchanging another word, it must be confessed that, in the aggregate, they are not unreasonably loquacious.

As a proof of Arab taciturnity, Bechara related the following incidents:

A celebrated poet of Bagdad had heard one of his brethren of Damascus so highly extolled, that he determined to visit him, and learn for himself whether he merited the reputation he enjoyed. He arrived at Damascus, after a journey of two months. The customary salutation having passed, he apprized his host of the purpose of his visit. The poet of Damascus took the manuscript of a history he was composing, and read some extracts to his guest. The latter listened in silence until the reader made an end, and then said,

"*You are the greatest writer in prose*" ——

He remounted his dromedary, and rode back to Bagdad without another word. After a time, the citizen of Damascus thought it might be well to return this visit. He reached Bagdad in two months. The Aristarchus who had given an opinion of his prose received him silently, but for old acquaintance sake made him be seated. The new comer, not to interrupt his host unnecessarily, drew at once from his pocket a manuscript poem, and read some pages. The man of Bagdad listened attentively, as before, and at the end of the reading, he remarked, in continuation of the sentence suspended for six months,

"—— *and in verse.*"

They separated without exchanging another syllable.

Meanwhile, the sheep of the Bedouin was for sale;

this was excellent news to us, as we had not tasted fresh meat for several days. But the man demanded five francs for the animal, which Bechara had to admit was an exorbitant price. However, the bargain was completed to the satisfaction of both parties.

Great rejoicing now took place throughout the caravan, for the Arabs were well assured that we three Frenchmen, famished as we might be, could by no means dispose of a whole sheep. Every one, therefore, set about assisting Abdallah, hoping by obliging us to secure each a good job for himself. Some went to the Bedouins for wood, ours being nearly exhausted: others butchered the sheep, and made large crosses on our camels with its blood to conjure away the evil-eye; and to render honour (in the view of whoever we might meet the next day,) to the generous chief of the strangers, who would not be withheld by the expense, from granting the poor Arabs a feast.

Bechara, for the time, dethroned Abdallah, and wrested from him the carving-knife. The sheep being first properly dressed, he filled its centre with dates, raisins, butter, apricot-marmalade, rice, and herbs. This done, he carefully sewed up the sides, removed from the fire all the burning sticks, placed the sheep in the middle of the coals, and covered it with coals and ashes. After a time he turned it, that it might be equally cooked; and in about an hour he served it up in an enormous wooden bowl.

We sat around it, and invited Toualeb, Bechara, and Araballah to sit with us, for the double purpose of paying them a compliment, and of learning by their example, how this formidable dish was to be eaten.

Toualeb gravely drew his poignard, opened the stomach, thrust in his right hand, and pulled out a fistful of the scented ragout. This he passed under our noses that we might appreciate its excellence before he tasted it. The slash in the sheep was smoking like the mouth of a volcano, but I followed the lead of Toualeb. I had occasion at this instant to ascertain that his skin and mine were not alike: for although I drew forth, as he did, a handful, my hand suffered severely in the operation. I transferred the confiture with all haste to my mouth, in order to relieve my hand, and I bolted it without tasting, to relieve my mouth; and here *relief* was at an end: so, at one slap, I burned hand, mouth, and stomach. I remained motionless, with my eyes shut, about a minute, to let the pain go over. The internal fire was first extinguished, and I was let off with a roasted hand and palate. The others profited by my experience, and, being more cautious, were less punished.

When sufficiently recovered to watch the progress of affairs, I saw that Toualeb was preparing to change his point of attack to the outside of the victim. He returned his poignard to his girdle, and griping with his fingers and nails a rib, he stripped it clean in an instant; Bechara pinched next, and tore off the meat in the same manner, and with equal dexterity; and then followed Araballah, who proved himself worthy of his predecessors. We now made the attempt; but soon found that if we expected to secure our quota, we must use other implements than our fingers. We resorted to our poignards, and, on the whole, had the advantage of the Arabs.

Having satisfied our own appetites we passed the bowl to Mohammed, Abdallah, and the other twelve

Arabs, who fell upon the carcass without ceremony, each for himself; and in twenty minutes nothing remained but a white, smooth, polished skeleton, well worthy a place in any cabinet of comparative anatomy.

The joy of the guests was complete. Bechara commenced a song composed by an Arab poet named Bedr-Ebn-Din, to a slow and harmonious air. The words were an invocation to night: one stanza will give an idea of the whole *morceau:*

"Nights are intermittent springs;
Man draws from them alternately good and ill.
His life passes imperceptibly
In the midst of their constant succession.
Is he wretched?—the shortest seems to him eternal.
Is he happy?—the longest is but momentary."

The Arabs accompanied the music with gestures, and assisted in the chorus. At the last verse, a new second struck in. It was the strange noise I had heard on the two preceding nights: like the murmur of the wind at first, it took a strange and dismal sound as it approached. At one time it resembled distant and hollow groans with long and doleful lamentations; it was then interrupted by prolonged sobs and piercing and terrible screams. They were like the cries of women and children whom savages were murdering. A profound terror seized me. I thought that our neighbours, the Bedouins, were attacked, and their groans were echoing around us. I called Bechara.

"Ah," said he, "those cries alarm you: they need not. The scent of our sheep, wafted by the wind,

has reached the noses of the jackals and hyenas, and they have come to ask for their share. You will soon hear more of them; and if you throw a few pieces of wood on the fire, you may see them prowling around us."

I followed the suggestion for two reasons. I knew the fire would keep wild beasts at a distance; and I was desirous to see these personages, since we must have to do with them. The flame was soon strong enough to illuminate an area of some sixty paces, and half in the light, half in the shade, appearing and disappearing, there were, in disagreeable profusion, the performers of the concert, which for three nights had so attracted my attention. It seemed to me, from the manner of their howling, that they were exciting one another to attack us; and they advanced so near that we could not only distinguish the jackals from the hyenas, but could even see the hair bristle on the backs of the latter.

We were armed only with pistols, swords, and poignards, and I confess that I took no pleasure in anticipating a struggle, body to body, with such adversaries. I again called Bechara: but he assured me that there was no danger, as our enemies would certainly keep at a proper distance, notwithstanding all their bluster.

"If," said he, "we had with us a dead body of a man or a beast, nothing could prevent them from making a simultaneous attack, except our throwing the body to them."

I thought of the poor sheep we had been discussing, and cast my eyes on it: it was no dead body, but a mere skeleton: still, thought I, it will be better to throw it, as it may change the burden of their in-

fernal song: but, on further reflection, I was afraid they would take the thing for a quiz, and hold us to account for an unseasonable jest.

I looked at the Arabs. They were entirely indifferent about the matter. They made their usual preparations for the night, and laid themselves quietly down by the side of their camels. One of them, indeed, stood as sentinel: but I was satisfied from his manner that his object was to watch for our two-legged neighbours rather than the four-footed prowlers.

We at length retired to our tent, and threw ourselves on our carpets. We chatted for a time, to this diabolical music; and, finally, weariness overpowering our anxiety, we fell into a sleep as quiet and sound as if lulled by a gentle symphony.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MONASTERY OF SINAI.

Our journey on the day following these events, proved to be one of the most disagreeable we had yet endured. The road was piled with round pebbles, forming a moveable stratum on which the feet of the dromedaries slipped at every step. Now, too, we were encountering the defiles contiguous to Sinai; and the sides of the mountains, reflecting and radiating the sun's rays, increased the already insupportable heat.

Never was our halt more impatiently desired; never did we more quickly shelter ourselves under our tent. The Arabs, for the first time, took off the covering from the dromedaries to make tents for themselves, their long lances forming the supports. Even the camels, those indefatigable rovers of the Desert, seemed to feel the merciless severity of the day. They languidly stretched out their necks, and scooped the sand with their noses to seek beneath the first layer a coolness not to be found on the surface. However, although we were in extreme need of rest, Toualeb insisted on our making only a short halt. It was necessary to arrive at our encamping ground before dark, as we were approaching another domain of the serpents and lizards.

Not a breath of air was stirring: the heat was suffocating: the hours seemed eternal. And our questions as to the remaining distance were always eluded by that uniform answer — "there!" — accompanied by the uniform horizontal motion of the arm, and the pointing of the finger or the lance towards invisibility. Our mouths were parched, and the sun blistered our faces.

Bechara chose this opportunity to give a scope and energy to his voice exceeding all that we had hitherto heard. Indeed, it appeared that this scorching temperature superinduced an unusual gayety in the Arabs, for a general chorus greeted Bechara's first couplet, and was scrupulously renewed at the end of all the others. I know nothing more fatiguing than good music when one is in a bad humour: it may be imagined how this *charivari* disquieted both our nerves and our tempers. By possibility I might, with my present exhaustion, thirst, heat, and in a comfortable seat at the opera, have listened a few minutes to the duo of *La Sonnambula* or the cavatine of *Don Juan:* but here I was enduring the solo of Bechara and chorus of Bedouins, perched, meanwhile, on the wooden saddle of a hard-trotting dromedary, fifteen feet from the ground.

However, I was too polite to impose silence on the melo-maniacs who appeared so charmed with their own music. I took advantage of a pause, though, to ask Bechara for a translation of the verses; hoping that while he was explaining the subject-matter, he would forget the air.

"There," said he, describing a semi-circle with his arm, which took in the whole landscape before us, and at least three cardinal points of the compass,

"there is our country; our tribe is there; we are returning to our families, our wives, and our brethren."

He then resumed his song; and, at each *refrain* repeated by his comrades, the camels, as if they, too, had brethren, wives, and families, leaped for joy. This general rejoicing was interrupted by the Arab in advance. He uttered a shout, and extended his lance towards the horizon. We cast our eyes in the direction indicated, and perceived a black speck at the opposite extremity of the valley.

Toualeb made a sign to Araballah, who at once started off on his dromedary. The animal bore him away with unusual rapidity, and the two diminished so fast in size, that in ten minutes they were like the speck which attracted them. Presently the size of both specks began to increase, from which it was obvious that both were now approaching us.

The new-comer was an Arab of the same tribe as Toualeb and his followers. He had just returned from Obeid in Kordofan, passed along the White River, which is thought to be one of the sources of the Nile, traversed Nubia, followed the borders of the Red Sea, whence he had now diverged to visit his family, (from whom he had been separated eighteen months,) before he proceeded to Cairo. His mission to this last mentioned place, — the object of which I will state in a subsequent paragraph, — would have done honour to the most distinguished European philanthropist.

Having learned so much of this man, and having thus far failed in my attempts to discover from our own Arabs anything as to the distance and location of our next halting-place — anything, I mean, beyond

their everlasting "there!" — I determined, now, to apply to him as one unquestionably possessed of the information, and probably willing to impart it. I therefore approached him, and, calling to my aid all my knowledge of Arabic, asked,

"Is it far to the place of encampment?"

"God knows," replied he, devotionally.

I saw that I had to deal with a fatalist, but resolved not to relinquish my purpose if circumlocution could avail.

"How long were you in coming from there?" I continued.

"As long as it was God's pleasure."

I did not yet consider myself beaten, and began again.

"Shall we reach the place before sun-down?"

"If God permit."

"But," cried I, finally, losing patience, "shall we arrive there in an hour?"

This time his face contracted into a smile of astonishment, as if I had asked a thing monstrously impossible. Then, reproaching himself for this appearance of doubt which might offend the jealous omnipotence of Allah, he recovered his gravity, and answered with an expression of that faith which removes mountains,

"God is great."

"Who the devil doubts it?" said I, forgetting myself: "but that is not the point. Listen to me. I ask you if the place of our encampment is distant, or not?"

He stretched out his right arm horizontally in the direction we were going, pointed with his finger, and out came the same eternal, stereotyped —— "there!"

I now gave it up. I was moving around in a syllogistic circle, and I determined not to enlarge it by a new question. Meantime, the new Arab joined his comrades: and, delighted at meeting them after so long an absence, he discontinued his own journey for the day, and returned with our caravan. In three hours we arrived at our stopping-place.

The first view of the spot promised, at least, a soft bed: the sand was of a reddish hue, of impalpable fineness, and unmixed with pebbles or shells. Unluckily its good qualities had been for some time appreciated by others, and those others were such as we should scarcely choose for bed-fellows: we could not move a step without encountering the holes or tracks of serpents and lizards.

Night surprised us before we had found a place free from these annoyances; and we were therefore obliged to trust to Providence, and choose at a venture. The Arabs pitched our tent, and we unrolled our carpets — perhaps covering the hole of a snake, or a lizard, or both: the former would prove the more dangerous, as the snake ordinarily attacks with fierceness any object that shuts the egress from its den.

Our supper was a doleful one, and the journey preceding it, as I have observed, was one of the hardest we had undergone. I was not sanguine about a good night's rest. Still, that I might not have to reproach myself for negligence, I resolved to make one more patrol. I was occupied in this duty, my body bent forward, my eyes fixed intently on the sand, when Bechara, seeing me wander here and there like a troubled spirit, joined me with the benevolent purpose of diverting me from my fears.

I inquired, in reference to his song in the morning, whether I was to judge of the beauties of his native land from the sample before us.

Bechara replied, not without confidence, that to-morrow I should be able to form an opinion from personal observation of the justice of his praises: and ended by asking if France could be compared to the Peninsula of Sinai.

Never was a remark better calculated to call up from the bottom of my heart those attachments to my native soil, always strong and holy, but which are especially so in a foreign land — and in such a land! The question at once roused all my recollections of France, each bearing a charm unknown and unthought of before. I spoke to him of Normandy, with its rocky shores, its stormy ocean, its gothic cathedrals: of Brittany, that ancient land of the Druids, with its forests of oak, its granite *dolmins*, and popular ballads: of the South, the favourite province of the Romans, who compared it with Italy, and who have left in it gigantic monuments of their power to rival those of the Eternal City: of Dauphiny, with its Alpine mountains and emerald valleys, its poetic tradition of its own seven wonders; and the brilliant rainbows of its water-falls, the harmonious murmurs and delicious freshness of which I never so fully appreciated and deeply sighed for as at this moment.

Bechara listened to my account with an air of incredulity, that increased as I proceeded; he did not attempt to conceal his astonishment; and I saw his conviction, that I, in my capacity of artist to the caravan, had sketched my pictures from imagination, not from memory.

I asked him what he found extraordinary or in-

credible in my narration? He recollected himself; and after a moment's pause,

"Listen," said he: "Allah created the earth square and covered it with stones. This done, he descended with his angels, and seated himself, as you know, on the summit of Sinai — the centre of the world — and traced a great circle, the periphery of which rests on the four sides of the square. He then commanded his angels to throw all the stones into the four exscinded corners, which correspond to the four cardinal points. The angels obeyed; and, when the circle was cleared, he gave it to the Arabs, who are his well-beloved children. He then called the four angles, France, Italy, England, and Russia. You see very plainly that France *cannot* be what you represent."

I respected the sentiment that dictated Bechara's answer, however uncivil it might seem to myself, and made no reply. It certainly appeared singular, that just in this crucible of sun, sand, and rocks, the Arabia Petrea, such a tradition should be cherished. As for Bechara, he fully believed, both from my silence, and the obvious truth of his story, that I was totally vanquished; and, like a generous enemy, forbore to press his advantage.

We now approached the group of Arabs. The stranger, the travelling philanthropist, was engrossing the conversation; for Bechara, among the rites of hospitality, had surrendered to him his prerogative. He was relating a long story, which I did not understand at the time, but Bechara afterwards explained it to me as follows:

His name was Malek; he was at Cairo when an English traveller, desiring a guide who could ascend

the Nile with him, and conduct him as far as the borders of the White River, engaged his services. Malek, in fact, knew no more of the designated route, after you pass Philæ, than the man he was to pilot: but an Arab doubts nothing, for his faith places the power of God at the end of all human knowledge.

Indeed, when they arrived at Ethiopia, he frankly avowed to the traveller, that it would be more prudent for him to place himself under the guidance of some natives of that country. The Englishman saw that Malek had relied too much on his geographical knowledge; but, as he had proved himself a complaisant attendant and faithful servant, during the journey, he retained him as a medium between him and his new companions. Malek accompanied the European in this capacity, as far as the Mountains of the Moon. The latter was desirous of continuing his journey into Abyssinia, but Malek had bargained to conduct him only to Baher-el-Abiad, or the White River, and he now expressed a desire to return to his tribe. The request was too reasonable to be opposed. The traveller paid him double what he had agreed to do; and Malek bought a camel with his money and returned after the manner of his people, following no specific route, but guiding himself by the stars. In this manner he reached Kordofan, which he traversed from one extremity to the other; sometimes bivouacking with his dromedary, and, like it, wanting water and food; sometimes soliciting hospitality at the door of a negro-cabin; where, to his surprise, he never found any one but old men just ready for the tomb, or young children scarcely out of the cradle.

On the northern frontier of this State, and two days' journey from Obeid, its *capital*, (if that name may be given to a heap of miserable huts,) he stopped at a cabin inhabited, as usual, by an old negro and a child. The child and old man were weeping; one calling for his mother, the other for his daughter. When the negro learned that Malek was an Arab of Lower Egypt, he related to him his story. His narrative gives some insight into the condition of the population of the interior of Africa, hitherto so little known, and is not uninteresting.

Every year the Nile overflows and fertilizes Egypt; and although God accomplishes this miracle for the people in general, the Pacha alone profits by it. The harvests of these fertile shores are his, from Damietta to Elephantina. But beyond this latter limit live wandering tribes, whose whole property, like that of the old pastoral kings, consists in their flocks. The nearest of these are the negroes of Darfur and Kordofan; and the Pacha has more than once made them feel that they are part of his empire, by levying from them contributions of their persons, in the place of harvests and money. When one of these taxes is to be raised, which happens once in three or four years, the Pacha sends a regiment of cavalry and some companies of infantry into the devoted portion of the country, who then commence a hunt similar to that which the kings of India pursue against elephants, lions, and tigers. A large circle is first described by the troops, who communicate in flank and move inwardly, concentrating as they go, upon some given point, ordinarily a mountain, that forms the centre of the circle. Women, children, old men, young men, and cattle, recede from the limits of the fatal ring as

it approaches, until, at length, like the wild beasts of Cabul and Decan, they find themselves huddled together promiscuously at the base, sides, and summit of a mountain, which they cover like a moving and speckled carpet, uttering cries and lamentations in twenty different idioms. Then a scene of desolation commences, of which we can have little conception; its counterpart may be found in the Bible, when Nebuzaradan, captain of the guard of Nebuchadnezzar, vanquished the Jews and led them captive to Babylon. Each individual of this multitude acts according to his natural character and propensities. Those who hope to preserve their lives, resist and are slain. Those who despair, precipitate themselves from rocks and die. The feeble in body or spirit, hide themselves in caves, which smoke soon forces them to abandon. Then all who are worth a price; all who are fit to be soldiers or servants, slaves or concubines, are taken, selected, appraised, and conducted by troops along the borders of the Nile, whence they fill the bazaars of Cairo, Suez, and Alexandria, or augment the armies of the viceroy. None are left in the desolated region but old men who cannot be made use of, and children who in five years perhaps may be. All the intermediate generations disappear in a day, as at the time when JEHOVAH, to punish the persecutors of His people, smote the first-born in Egypt, "from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat upon the throne, to the first-born of the maid servant that was behind the mill." The old man and child, in whose cabin Malek was resting, were a father and a son, who in the late campaign of the Pacha, had lost in one person a daughter and a mother. The husband of the woman had defended his family until

he was overpowered, and then precipitated himself from a rock: the wife was carried into captivity: these two were left as useless. The old man forsook his home, passed the chain of mountains extending from Darfur to the Red Sea, crossed the Baher-el-Abiad, and reached Sennaar, on the Blue River. There all the day long for six months, he bent his aged frame to seek among the sand the gold dust with which it is mixed. He was successful in his labour. He exchanged a part of what he obtained for ostrich feathers, and returned to Kordofan — with the price of his daughter's ransom! But, exhausted by his toils and journeys, he had not strength remaining to carry him to Cairo; and he had just lain himself down in this cabin to weep with his grandchild over his useless riches, when Malek came to ask his hospitality.

After the old man had finished the relation of his misfortunes, Malek said to him, "my tribe inhabits the Peninsula of Sinai: Sinai is eight days' journey from Cairo: give me thy ostrich feathers and gold dust, and I will go for thee to Cairo and redeem thy daughter."

And when we met Malek on the afternoon of this day, he was on his route to accomplish this most benevolent, philanthropic, and holy engagement.

When the slaves are secured by the Pacha's soldiers, in the manner I have related, they all set forward, forming one immense caravan, and follow the course of the White River, until it empties itself into the Nile. As the Nile diverges from this point into a semi-circular course of one hundred and fifty leagues; and the point where, after the circuit, it resumes its course, is in a direct line distant but seventy leagues;

the merciless shepherds of this human flock decide that it is useless to waste time by following the river, and therefore strike across the seventy leagues of desert intervening between Halfay, where they leave the Nile, and Korti, where they meet it again. They take provisions for eight days, fill their goat-skins with water, and hurry across this ocean of sand, heated by a tropical sun.

Once set in motion, nothing arrests the progress of the caravan. Necessity urges them forward, for the two demons of the Desert, hunger and thirst, are behind them. As long as the day lasts, they speed onward, like waves before a tempest. The sick fall and none pause to help them. Mothers who have not strength to carry their children, lie down beside them. The hyenas and jackals follow the caravan, as the wolves followed Attila's army. Each evening they halt at an old encamping ground, easily recognised from the heaps of bones, left by their predecessors; and each morning they depart, leaving a new supply of bodies to replenish the monument for future guidance. After a march, or rather a race, of eight days, the remnant of this host arrives, diminished in its numbers one third or one half, at Korti; where again falling in with the Nile, they pursue its course without interruption, and in great comparative comfort, to Cairo. Sometimes it occurs, that during the eight days in the Desert, the simoom arises and shakes its wings of fire over the devoted host. *Then* soldiers and slaves disappear in the Nubian sands, as did the army of Cambyses in the wilderness of Ammon. The Pacha waits impatiently for the return of his army with the captives: time rolls on; he makes search for them; but no trace can be

found — not even a rumour can be heard: conjecture alone may apprize him that the bones of his troops and his victims are bleaching in the trackless wastes of the Desert.

I know not if these details will make an impression on any who may chance to read them in the midst of a city and by their own firesides; but I do know, that when one is in the Desert, suffering heat, hunger, and thirst — when he sees those waves of sand undulating on the horizon, which the breath of the khamseen may the next moment cause to roll over him — when he hears the wild concert of hyenas and jackals — then these details will depress him with a mighty and solemn power. For my own part, this was one of the most meditative nights of my life. Happily, we had the expectation of arriving at Sinai on the following day; and this fact was a balm for fatigue, a panacea for wo.

When we awoke, our eyes were greeted by a glorious sun, promising a fine, though hot day.

We continued our route through the same plain of sand for a time, and then again entered one of those stone wadies of volcanic mountains and granite palisades, down the sides of which the rays of the sun stream in cascades of light. We dreaded, in anticipation, our mid-day halt in such a furnace.

Making, suddenly, a turn in the valley, we all stopped with one accord, in mute surprise and admiration. Mountains the most magnificent in tone and form rose before us in severe majesty, under a sky of heavenly blue. This might well be the theatre where was enacted the stupendous drama of Exodus. These masses of granite might well be chosen by JEHOVAH for His earthly throne; and in all the world a more

solemn scene could not have been found for the voice of the LORD to dictate to Moses the laws that were to govern His people Israel. In this silent, naked, and desolate region, where no trace of vegetation exists, the Israelites were compelled to feel that they could expect no aid but from Heaven, that they had no hope but what was centred in GOD.

In the midst of these primitive scenes, our Arabs, — admirers, as all uncivilized people are, of the majestic works of Nature, — had chosen their country. This horizon, now spreading out before us, is what they continually behold. Susceptible as ourselves to the influence of this superb panorama, and affected, besides, with the thought of returning to their native land, they ceased all conversation and noise; and the caravan, after the moment's halt into which it had been surprised, resumed its way in silence; while the dromedaries, quickening their gait of their own accord, showed that they, too, were sensible to the love of country. After travelling five hours in this splendid Desert, we perceived, on the other side of a ravine, the encampment of the tribe of Oualeb-Saïde.

The tents were numerous, and formed a large circle; some, more elevated than the others, belonged to the *Sheiks:* they all stood contiguous to one another, and the only entrance into the camp was an interval between two tents, left in this single case for that purpose. These tents were not of the same form as ours. They were composed of long pieces of a tissue of wool and camels' hair, striped white and brown, thrown over bamboos, and sustained transversely by wooden supports. The ends of this covering, after forming a square dome, fall on each side to the ground, and are held there by large stones

placed on them. The tents of the *Sheiks* were elevated on the same plan, except that from a bamboo placed across the top was suspended a piece of the tissue, dividing the tent into two apartments.

As soon as the caravan was observed, figures began to emerge from the tents, to reconnoitre: soon the entire population, having assured themselves that it was indeed their brethren who approached, rushed towards us with cries of joy and the same clucking which we heard from the nuptial procession at Cairo. The women with their children were in advance, and we congratulated ourselves on this opportunity to see them; when, of a sudden, they took to flight. They had discovered that Nazarenes were in the company. Our Arabs made no effort to prevent their retreat, and they precipitated themselves pell-mell into the camp, and disappeared under their respective tents like frightened bees flying to their hives. The old men, warriors, and children alone remained.

We were presented to the patriarchs of the tribe, who led us to the most sumptuous tent: this was Toualeb's. Our chief did the honours in a very courteous manner, making us sit down with the most distinguished of his brethren. After enjoying for a few moments the delightful coolness of a shade, we saw a wooden bowl brought in, filled with cream of such dazzling whiteness that the mere sight of it was refreshing. I turned towards Abdallah to call his attention to this wonderful bowl; but he answered my look with an air of disdain, which I attributed to the contempt that his culinary acquirements, obtained in the capital, caused him to feel towards such rustic preparations.

After some ceremonies, which appeared to me to last forever, so anxious was I to get at the cream, M. Taylor made up his mind to plunge his hand into the bowl: he took about a spoonful of the cream, and carried it to his mouth. I watched him, and was surprised to see no sign of extraordinary satisfaction in his face at tasting it: nevertheless, he finished, at a second mouthful, what remained in the hollow of his hand, with an expression of countenance which (strangely enough) seemed to me rather that of a man having entire command of himself, than the content of a thirsty guest, who has at length found something wherewith to refresh his longing lips.

Taking advantage of the wise Arab deliberateness that, on all important occasions, suffers an interval of a few seconds between each sentence and each action, I asked M. Taylor how he liked the Bucolic beverage.

"Why," replied he, with perfect philosophy, "it resembles nothing you have ever seen: taste it; it is very queer."

This answer gave me some distrust; but, reassured by the inviting appearance of the bowl, I plunged in my hand, raised it to my mouth, and swallowed. I spoke of M. Taylor's expression of countenance; I will not conjecture what mine was. My surprise was total; and, being a far worse diplomatist than my friend, I betrayed my emotion both by words and actions. I shouted for water. A gourd full was immediately brought. I swallowed every drop, and *still* the taste of the damnable preparation remained! I called for more water, part of which I drank, and with the remainder I rinsed my mouth and gargled my throat. Abdallah — Abdallah, — on whom at this

moment my bewildered eyes chanced to alight, was watching me with the satisfaction I might have expected, after the look I gave him on the entrance of the bowl.

The dish, as I afterward learned, is made of the cheese of camel's milk, oil, and onions cut up in small bits about the size of a pea: these, with other homogeneous ingredients, are beaten together; and the result of the hellish mixture is the poison they set before us. Our repugnance to it was, however, peculiarly our own; for no sooner had Mayer made the experiment and rejected the dish, than the Arabs fell upon it, and devoured with delight that which gave me a disgust to milk itself for the whole journey.

While the first course thus disappeared, I was busy with my eyes examining the tent, which was the same as in the days of Abraham, and of which Ishmael had brought the model from Canaan into the heart of Arabia Petræa. As I was attentively regarding the material of the curtain, I saw the blade of a poignard pass silently through it. Presently two slender fingers, with their nails painted red, separated the sides of the incision, and a brilliant black eye appeared between the fingers. The Arab women, desirous to behold the Nazarenes without being themselves seen, and knowing no better method of satisfying their curiosity without openly disobeying the law, had made this aperture, where eye succeeded eye every five minutes during the whole time that we remained in Toualeb's tent.

After the husbands of these dames had made a thorough finishing of the cheese, onions, and oil, an enormous plate of rice was introduced. This time I tasted with extreme caution, and this time there was

no need of my so doing. It was simply rice boiled in water, and had no taste at all.

When the repast was finished, it behooved us to repay hospitality with presents. We had brought with us kerchiefs of gay and varied colours, which we now distributed among the young Arabs. They were all quite naked, and each had a little bell suspended by a lock of camel's hair around its neck. Every night, before the tribe seeks repose, the dromedaries, the sheep, and the children are recalled to the enclosure: each flock is counted, according to its respective importance, in the order I have mentioned; and if any child is missing from the muster, the parents seek it, calling it and listening. If the child make no reply, the tinkling of the bell guides the searchers, and the strayed fugitive is thus found and brought back to the camp, which is never closed until it is well ascertained that not a single head is missing.

Although these children were quite young, they had great skill in forming extemporaneous draperies and dresses, with the shawls we gave them. They rolled them as turbans around their heads, and improvised a petticoat, or a mantle, all in good taste. I sketched some of them who were too much occupied with their own glee, to perceive what I was at; otherwise, I should not easily have accomplished my drawings.

Our guides, to thank us in behalf of their children, and, perhaps also, to prolong our halt with their tribe, wished to add to their cream and rice, the *harouf-machi*, or a sheep cooked on the coals. We stoically refused, although this dish is decidedly the best of the Arab kitchen. But we were only a few hours from Sinai, and if we intended to reach it before night, we had no time to spare.

The adieux between our escort and their tribe, were exchanged with true Arab dignity. However, their separation this time was to be short, as our guides would not be allowed to enter the Monastery, and must therefore return that same night.

We mounted our dromedaries without farther delay, and in half an hour entered the oasis of St. Catherine, which leads to the foot of Sinai. The road was mountainous, rugged, and steep, but we had nearly reached the goal, and this truth smoothed the rough places, embellished the route, and softened the declivities. The sun, too, though consuming, seemed milder and more supportable than yesterday. Nevertheless, this irksome journey continued for two mortal hours, and we began to experience genuine physical fatigue, despite the moral consolation of our anticipated rest.

At length, we came suddenly in view of Mount Catherine, and arrived at its base. She stands a queen above her neighbours. But on the left arises the majestic Sinai, towering above St. Catherine; and on the eastern side of this Holy Mountain, about a third of the way from its foot, we beheld the Monastery; a strong fortress, built in an irregular quadrilateral form. At the northern side, a garden descends the length of the last hill, joining the mountain to the valley; it is surrounded by walls of a less elevation than those that enclose the Monastery, but they are, nevertheless, sufficiently high to protect the grounds from a *coup-de-main*. I need not say that the verdure of the trees in this garden was most grateful to our eyes, which for such a tedious time had rested only on sterility.

Sinai is the culminating point of a chain of moun-

tains, that arises like the back-bone of the Peninsula, and descends again in a capricious and irregular manner to the Red Sea, where its last granite hillocks are lost in the golden sand.

As we reached the garden, which rose directly above our pathway, a very richly dressed Arab passed us. He made a salutation; we returned it; he approached Toualeb, with whom he exchanged a few words, and then continued his course by the road we came. We ranged along the interminable walls of the garden, in the shade of which, here and there, were miserable Bedouins, ragged or naked, attracted by the Monastery, and living on the charity of the monks.

The walls of the Monastery, at length, succeeded those of the garden. After inexpressible toil and fatigue, we had reached the haven which the devotion of Christians has preserved for those who travel over the ocean of sand, and the mountains of rock. It was our Land of Promise; and I doubt whether the Israelites desired to reach theirs more fervently than we did ours.

A glance, however, convinced us that even yet our journey was not quite finished. We could see a wall of sufficient height and length, but its sheer and precipitous side was unbroken by any appearance of a gate. We had proceeded perhaps half-way along this eastern façade, when Toualeb gave his dromedaries the clucking signal to halt. They knelt accordingly, first seeking the shade nearest the wall. We did not understand the reasons for stopping here; but we alighted from our beasts, since Toualeb thought proper to have it so.

At this instant, a window, sheltered by an awning,

was opened high in the wall over our heads, and a Greek monk dressed in black, having a round hat without a brim on his head, cautiously appeared, to examine what sort of people he had to deal with. We separated ourselves from the Arabs and approached the window, which is about thirty feet from the ground. We informed the caloyer that we were Frenchmen, who had come from Cairo to visit the Monastery. He asked if we had letters from the Monastery at Cairo. We exhibited those that we received from the monks at the Fountains of Moses. A rope was now lowered, which we found to be the post-boy of the place: we tied our despatches to it, it was drawn up, and the monk disappeared with the letters.

We knew nothing of their contents, for, as they were written in modern Greek, we could not read them. We were also ignorant of the rank of those who had given them to us; and could not be sure that their recommendation would be sufficiently potent to open the entrance of the holy fortress. It may be imagined that the fifteen minutes, thence ensuing, were long ones.

What were we to do, if the letters should prove insufficient, and the monks refuse to receive us? A return to Cairo after having come a hundred leagues across the Desert, to behold only the walls of the Monastery, however picturesque the said walls might be, was a very mortifying prospect. We were thus regarding one another with a pitiful air, when the window was again opened, and the monks, one by one, made their observations upon us. We endeavoured to give our physiognomies a most prepossessing appearance, and I suppose we succeeded; for,

after a short conference, they lowered the rope, to which, this time, a hook was attached. Our Arabs unloaded the camels and fastened our luggage in parcels to the hook, and this being successively drawn up and lowered, our effects soon disappeared through the open mouth that was in the middle of the face of the wall: we, in the meanwhile, not being consulted as to the proceeding.

On inquiring of Bechara, I found that this was the custom of the monks, to guard against any surprise; and that our own ascent would take place in the same manner, by the same conveyance, and to and through the same hole, the moment that our packages were arranged.

And so it was. The rope descended with a stick across the end, on which saddle we were to ride up.

Bechara now stated, what we were not before aware of, that the Monastery has no gate. The monks have deemed it advisable, for the sake of greater security, to yield to this inconvenience of hoisting and letting down everything and everybody. Therefore, as this conveyance was what the good fathers themselves submitted to, we, their guests, must needs submit, unless they should do for us what the Trojans did for the wooden horse; a thing not very probable, to say the least.

Our escort could not accompany us into the Monastery; and we now took leave of Toualeb, Bechara, and the rest — first agreeing with them, that on the morning of the eighth following day, they should return, and re-conduct us in conformity to our contract, to Cairo. While I was giving these directions to our guides, M. Taylor had solicited and obtained permission for Mohammed and Abdallah to enter the Monastery.

From motives, either of friendship or curiosity, our Arabs would not leave the spot until our ascent was effected. Mayer, as officer of marines, led the way. He straddled the stick in the same manner as painters of houses balance themselves in Paris over the heads of passers-by, and as soon as he signified that he was ready, he rose with dignity into the air. When he reached the window, an athletic brother drew him in and deposited him in a place of security. We followed with like success; and Mohammed and Abdallah finished the ceremony.

As soon as Toualeb saw the last man hoisted, he gave the signal for departure; and the whole company, saluting us with hand and voice, galloped off at the best speed of their dromedaries.

CHAPTER X.

MOUNT HOREB. — THE ROUTE TO TOR.

We were most kindly received by the good fathers of the Monastery. The monk who had given us the letter was no less a personage than the Superior, and his recommendation was entirely potent.

Our friends conducted us at once to three contiguous cells, very clean, and furnished with divans and carpets. They left us to make our toilette, and sent water and coffee. Shortly after, a collation was announced. We followed the messenger, and found a table set with rice and milk, eggs, almonds, sweetmeats, cheese of camels' milk, and brandy distilled from the dates of the Monastery: the latter, when diluted with water, is a pleasant beverage. But what went to my very heart in this sumptuous repast was the fresh bread, real bread, such as we had not seen for a fortnight.

After the meal was ended, the whole community entered our refectory. They came to welcome us, and to put themselves entirely at our disposal. We asked to examine the Monastery although we were horribly fatigued; but our impatience mastered our weariness. One of the monks stepped forward to conduct us, and we set out on the instant.

This Monastery which is under the protection of

St. Catherine, resembles a fortified city of the middle ages. It contains about sixty monks and three hundred servants, who are occupied with the labour of the house, and (what is more considerable) of the garden. Each one has his specific employment in this little republic, and I was much struck with its extreme order and neatness. Water, that greatest of luxuries and blessings in Arabia, gushes forth pure and cool in all directions; and along the white walls the vine spreads in unequalled luxuriance, rejoicing the eye with its verdant drapery.

The church is of Roman construction, and dates from the epoch of the transition from the Byzantine to the Gothic order. It is a basilica, terminated by a chapel built at a still earlier period, the walls of which are covered with mosaics in the style of those of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and of Monte Reale in Sicily. The church has a double row of marble columns surmounted by capitals that are clumsy in form and fantastical in ornament; these support semicircular arches; above, are small windows near the ceiling of cedar wood and gold. The embellishments of the altar, of profuse and extraordinary richness, are almost all of Russian origin or form. The lower part of the walls are covered with marbles that the monks assured us came from St. Sophia. The gallery, which separates the church in two parts, is of red marble; a CHRIST, of colossal size, rises above it, and what is very odd, the passion for ornament, that forms the principal feature in the Byzantine art, has been indulged even in the construction of the Cross; instead of being quite plain, as the original necessarily was, it is covered with elaborate and whimsical carving, much like the corners of picture frames.

The mosaics of the chapel represent Moses striking the rock; and Moses before the burning bush. This chapel is built on holy ground, and the altar rests on the very spot where Moses, while watching his father-in-law's flocks, came to behold the burning bush, and heard the voice of God calling him out of the midst of the bush.

Having examined this ancient chapel in all its details, we passed on to the sacristies and the side-chapels. The walls are everywhere garnished with paintings of the (Roman) Latter Empire, wonderfully strange, yet full of grandeur and sublimity.

On leaving the church we paused to admire the doors. They are divided into square compartments, and each panel contains an enamel faultless in design and in most perfect preservation.

The monks then conducted us to the mosque; for the proprietors of the Greek Monastery, in token of dependence, have been obliged to erect a Turkish edifice within its sacred enclosures: this is the seal of the *firman* which permits them in this Mussulmanic land, to perform their Christian worship. The monks bade us remark that it was abandoned and crumbling to decay: but such as it is, it satisfies Mahometan pride, and grieves and humiliates these poor cenobites beyond all expression.

The library, which we saw next, contains a quantity of manuscripts that the monks never open; and their value will not be known until some young *savant* from Europe shall shut himself up for a year or two with their dusty pages. Some of them are bound in wood with silver arabesques. They showed us a New Testament, which, — if the tradition may be relied on, — was written entirely by the Emperor Theodosius; it is illuminated with the figures of the four

Evangelists, a portrait of the SAVIOUR, and other paintings representing the most prominent scenes of the Gospels.

We then visited successively twenty-five small chapels in the different courts of the Monastery. They are all remarkable for the richness of their ornament, and the Byzantine character of the paintings with which they are filled. Our guide then led us down a vaulted subterranean passage of gentle declivity, and unclosing an iron door introduced us to the garden.

This garden is a miracle of patient and persevering industry. Its entire soil has been brought from the shores of the Nile on the backs of dromedaries, and spread on the granite-bed of this mountain; and the incredible quantity of mould thus transferred across the Desert may be imagined, perhaps, when the reader knows that the soil is of a depth sufficient for great trees to take root in it and flourish. A perfect system of irrigation is adopted, the water being brought from neighbouring or distant heights; thus enabling the soil to sustain the consuming ardour of the sun. By great care and daily and hourly attention, the most delicate plants are raised and preserved in this climate of fire, where the sky always seems like an over-arched plate of heated iron.

It is true, they say, that now, as in former times, GOD still speaks to his faithful people by the voice of miracles. The finest trees and the best fruits that I have ever seen are the recompense of this inconceivable toil, which at the commencement must surely have expected more from faith than hope. The grapes, particularly, reminded me of the clusters of

Eschol; a bunch that we broke from the vine where it grew weighed eighteen pounds.

We continued our walk under balmy orange trees, and their shade and perfume were inexpressibly delicious. Through their leafy branches, — refreshing dome for travellers who for a time had been sheltered only by the curtain of a tent, — we beheld the white sky, enlivened by a few rays of pink, which the sun darted back as he was sinking to repose; and as the murmur of a spring, gushing from a rock, greeted our ears, we started involuntarily, lest we should find it a dream.

At the extremity of this Eden we found Mohammed and Abdallah in animated conversation with the gardener. As we approached, the latter said to us, "*bonjour camarades.*" These two French words vibrated on our ears like a distant echo from our native land. We made haste to answer him in the same language; but the gardener's knowledge was confined to these two words. He was a Cossack, who was at the taking of Paris in 1814; and who, during its occupation by the Allies, had learned some French phrases; he had since forgotten all, however, but the one with which he saluted us. On his return to Russian Tartary, his master, a very zealous Christian of the Greek church, sent him to the Monastery of Sinai, where he had been for some ten years.

The night began to close in rapidly.* We return-

* It is manifest that the preceding description of this Monastery is the result of some subsequent days' observation. M. Dumas remarks, on page 208, (while his party were decorating the Arab children with shawls,) that if they expected to reach the Monastery before night, they had no time to spare: and all that he saw and said here, could not possibly have occurred thus at the close of a day.

ed by the iron-door which protects the Monastery on this side from the attacks of the Arabs, and for the first time in a long while, slept a sleep that no fear of serpents, hyenas, or jackals could molest.

We arose with the sun on the following day; for we were to ascend Mount Sinai, and visit all the places consecrated by Moses. We set out under the conduct of a venerable father, — not from the door, but the window: we bestrid the stick as we had done the day before; the capstan turned gently, and in a few minutes we were standing outside the walls. The rope was drawn up again, and all communication was once more cut off between the Desert and the Monastery.

Mount Horeb is a protuberance of Sinai; and it so projects itself that the peak of the latter cannot be seen from the plain below. We went along a ravine of large regular stones, brought thither by the monks, which formerly made a very commodious stairway to the summit of the mountain. But it has been broken up by the rains, and by stones that from time to time roll down over it into the valley.

About a third of the way up, and where you quit Mount Horeb to ascend the peak of Sinai, is an arch, and on its key-stone a cross, to which is attached a tradition in great credit with the monks.

A Jew having set out from the convent to ascend the mountain, was hindered by a cross of iron from proceeding farther than this spot. Whichever way he turned, it presented itself before him. At length, terrified by the vision, he fell on his knees and begged the accompanying monk to baptize him. The holy ceremony was performed on the spot, with water from the ravine. This miracle gave rise to a cus-

tom now fallen into disuse. A monk of the Monastery was always in prayer before the door; and pilgrims, ere they were permitted to tread heedlessly up the mountain that Moses dared not ascend but with his naked feet, were made to confess and receive absolution.

During the whole ascent, we saw snakes that hid themselves at our approach in the fissures of the rocks; and also great green lizards. These would squat themselves like toads, and look at us as we passed, exhibiting more desire to attack than any intention to withdraw. These reptiles are strangely hideous: their bodies are as transparent as glass, and their breasts are like those of the Sphinx. They looked like creatures of fable, or like those of a race now extinct. We had been advised to provide ourselves with sticks before leaving the Monastery, that we might act on the defensive with them, as their bite is very painful and sometimes fatal.

We reached a chapel built on a rock, where the prophet Elias remained forty days. It is an edifice of Grecian form, with a square altar in the centre of the arch. The altar is surrounded by a stone-step. This little station is ornamented with two or three paintings. A magnificent cypress stands near it, being the only tree of its kind that has resisted the devouring heat of the climate. Three olive trees formerly grew beside it, but they died and have not been replaced. From this little table-land, designed by Nature for a resting-place, the summit of Sinai is distinguishable, together with the church and mosque that crown it.

The ascent grew more difficult as we proceeded, but we toiled on with undiminished zeal. We arriv-

ed at the rock where Moses, overlooking the plain of Rephidim, held up his hands towards Heaven during the battle of Joshua with Amalek.

At last, after a five hours' march, we stood on the top of the mountain, motionless, and entirely absorbed by the magnificent panorama beneath us, so hallowed by biblical record, and, after a lapse of three thousand years, still full of poetry and grandeur.

The air was so clear that we could see objects at a prodigious distance. At the South lay the point of the Peninsula, terminated by Ras-Mohamed, which loses itself in the sea. Beyond this, in the bosom of the waters, are the Isles of the Pirates, white and indistinct like floating vapours. On our right lay the mountains of Africa; on our left, the plains of Arabia Deserta; beneath our feet, the plain of Rephidim; and all around us, a chaos of mountains heaped together at the base of the giant that overtops them, and resembling, in the distance, a sea of granite with immoveable waves.

When we had satisfied ourselves with the vast general survey, we inspected the details. Here, on the summit where we were now standing, occurred the memorable interview between God and Moses, at the conclusion of which the august Lawgiver descended to the people with light shining from his face.

We read aloud from the Bible the chapter describing these events, while we were seated in the very cleft where Moses was hidden when Jehovah manifested to him His glory. The caloyer added to the scriptural account, the tradition of his brethren, that Moses' terror on beholding this manifestation was so great that the trembling of his head caused certain indentations pointed out in the rock.

The Mussulmans, on their part, jealous of this apocryphal and absurd tradition, and determined not to be outdone by it, oppose legend to legend, and miracle to miracle. Twenty yards from the rock of Moses is that of Mahomet. The prophet, on a visit to this holy mountain, had made his devoirs and prepared to descend: as his camel turned, it placed its foot, and left the print thereof, on a granite slab.

Thus the two religions eternally jostle each other; each too powerful to be destroyed by, and too weak not to be jealous of, its rival.

The chapel and the mosque rising together is another illustration of this. Both are going to decay, and neither Christian nor Arab thinks of repairing them. But the *ex voto* offerings they contain, show that the pilgrims of the respective faiths still cherish their sanctity, and still come to adore, one the Son of God, the other, the Prophet of Allah. Popular tradition attributes the founding of the chapel to St. Helena; but the style of its architecture, being of a more recent date, *disproves*, for once, a tradition.

Our ascent up this mountain gave us an appetite o which we had long been strangers. The suffocating heat of the plain was succeeded, as we advanced, first by the temperature of Provence, and then by the fresh atmosphere of Normandy. Fortunately, our worthy guide had anticipated this reaction, and brought with him a collation, now speedily prepared and more speedily eaten. On rising from the rock, against which I leaned while discussing this lunch, I saw the name of Miss Bennet deeply inscribed on it. Miss Bennet is probably the first and only European woman who has visited and ascended Mount Sinai.

We descended the western side of the mountain, which is covered with the plant that produces manna: this is one of the treasures of Sinai. The monks gather it for sale; and it has the reputation of being superior to that of Egypt or Sicily.

As we reached the warm regions, we again encountered the lizards and snakes. They lifted up their great heads, astonished at our impertinently invading their solitude and repose. We were obliged to proceed with extreme caution; for the way was difficult, and the plants, growing as high as our knees, might contain many a deadly foe in ambush. We sounded and beat the ground with our sticks as we went on. This task, however, did not prevent M. Taylor from making a collection of rare plants as he proceeded, which he has since presented to the Botanical Garden of Montpellier.

At the foot of Sinai, in the valley which separates it from Mount St. Catherine, we came to the rock that Moses struck when the children of Israel murmured for water. It is a granite block, nearly twelve feet high, in the form of a pentagonal prism, and, if overthrown, could rest on one of its sides. There are deep traces in it, like perpendicular gutters, which appear to have been worn by the flowing of water. There are also five deep perforations, entering the rock horizontally, and placed perpendicularly over each other; these must be the miraculous mouths by which the LORD answered His people.*

* The statements of M. Dumas need no attestation of mere belief on the part of his self-constituted translator; his reputation is a sufficient guarantee for his veracity, and his statements are rich in intrinsic evidence of their own truth. I will remark, however, that what is here said of this rock is abundantly corroborated by many previous travel-

The rock of Horeb, — this is the name given to it by the LORD, — seems to have been detached from its original resting-place by volcanic action, and might have fallen to the bottom of the valley, had not the level spot where it now lies arrested its progress.

At a short distance from the rock, the monks have built a small chapel and planted a garden supplied with soil from the Monastery. At a certain season of the year, a monk and a few servants come here to enjoy the pleasures of the country.

The chapel is a sorry affair; its walls are very much cracked. It contains a few small Greek pictures; some of them are as old as 1500. They all have a character of great simplicity, and that fine expression which the Byzantine painters and workers in mosaic have so uniformly given to the face of the SAVIOUR.

lers, who have both described and sketched it. THOMAS SHAW, D.D. in 1738, and RICHARD POCOCKE, LL.D. in 1750, published books of travels through these countries, and although they differed in some of their descriptions, and maintained a controversy with each other on such differences, their works are considered as standard authorities for general matters of fact. They concur with each other, and fully confirm the observations of M. Dumas, upon this rock. The following quotation is compiled from their remarks. "The stone is a large mass of red granite, twelve feet in height, ten in width, and about fifteen in length. The traces of the miracle are distinct. The holes and channels could have been produced by no other cause than the bursting forth and running of water. *No* art could have achieved a task so difficult, an imitation so perfect, even if human ingenuity could devise a reasonable motive for attempting such an undertaking in such a place." And I would add, that the identity of this rock being thus established, and the marks upon it being thus verified as — so to speak — the finger-prints of JEHOVAH; it may be regarded as quite the most interesting and imposing object in the physical world. These traces of the miracle are to the rock what an actual and certified foot-print of the SAVIOUR would be to the soil of Gethsemane or Calvary; a connecting link between the locality and HIM whose presence hallowed it.

Quitting the chapel and rock, and describing a semi-circle at the foot of the mountain to regain its eastern declivity, the monk pointed out the spot where the Israelites worshipped the golden calf, and where Moses, coming down from the Mount, broke the tables of the Law.

Never before had I fully appreciated the mighty power of tradition. Who could have the courage to live under this devouring sun, to clamber up these rent peaks, to plunge into these barren valleys blazing with light and heat — but to meditate amid the scenes where mighty events have been accomplished? The present world, a gilded upstart without ancestors and without remembrances, belongs to commerce: the old world, with its granite hieroglyphics and biblical monuments, is the inheritance of poetry.

We returned to the Monastery, having passed a most toilsome day. After supper, our hosts brought us the Album in which every traveller who comes here inscribes his name. The last two Frenchmen who had been entertained at the Monastery, were the Count Alexandre de Laborde and the Viscount Léon de Laborde, his son. Had they arrived a few months later, or we a few months sooner, we, old acquaintances of the narrow circles of Paris, should have met in the vast solitudes of the Desert.

M. Léon de Laborde (who has since published a magnificent work on Arabia Petrœa) was, at this moment, completing his scientific labours amid the valleys of the Peninsula of Sinai. A person must have travelled in this burning climate, where all man's physical force is scarcely sufficient to resist the action of the sun, to comprehend the sum of courage

and devotion requisite to the execution of such a work. The ruins of Petra, which he was the first to sketch: his chart of Arabia Petræa, the only complete one extant, are monuments of what the will of man can effect.

Imagine what it must be to add to a journey of twelve consecutive hours on a camel, the fatigue of dismounting fifty times from your high seat that you may take the different points of view of each mountain, and the magnetic directions at each turn of a valley. The dromedary, separated from the caravan by these repeated halts, becomes furious, and refuses to kneel; and then ensues a battle between man and beast, in which, indeed, man triumphs, but with the most fatiguing and dangerous efforts.

There is, therefore, apart from the intrinsic merit of the work, (*now* appreciated by men of science and learning, as well as by men of the world,) another and a greater merit, more easily estimated by all, — that of condemning one's self to pass three years away from friends, exposed to all dangers, a prey to all necessities, that Science, the coldest and most ungrateful of mistresses, may take one additional step towards perfection.

It was a real grief to us not to meet our young fellow-countryman during our journey; but, absent from our sight, he was present to our thoughts, and often dwelt upon in our conversation.

The proportion of travellers to Mount Sinai from the different parts of the world, is a curious matter for examination. Among the names of visiters inscribed in the Album, there were one American,* twenty-two Frenchmen, and three or four *thousand*

*This was in 1830, since which period this Album has been en-

English, of whom, as I said before, one was an English woman.

The next morning an Arab was announced who wished to speak with us. I ran to the window, and saw my friend Bechara. He came to take our orders about departure. We now arranged it definitely for the fourth day hence, and Bechara returned to his tribe.

These four days were occupied in drawing, seeing, and talking. The Monastery, within and without its walls, its legends, and all things thereunto appertaining, were transferred by sketches or notes to my travelling book. Indeed, these four days were the busiest and the happiest of my life. However, one must have tasted the contemplative existence of oriental countries, to understand the sort of moral vertigo that can induce a man to leave society for solitude. To those who have visited Thebes and Arabia, these monks of the Desert, though powerful in eloquence, are not so much the objects of wonder for their ascetic lives.

On the eve of our departure, the good fathers occupied themselves entirely in making preparation for our journey. Each one wished to add some delicacy to our solid provisions: one brought oranges; another, raisins; a third, date-brandy. In exchange, we gave them the sugar purchased in Cairo expressly for their use, and were gratified to find that this present was, — as we were assured it would be, — the most acceptable we could have brought. The

riched by the name of an American, whose enterprise as a traveller, and whose talents as a writer, have invested these countries with an interest and a charm previously unknown in the United States: I need not say that that name is JOHN L. STEPHENS.

accession to our dainties in some measure reconciled Abdallah and Mohammed to our departing so soon: they had fallen in admirably with the vegetative life of the cloister, and would have been quite contented to remain, were the monks disposed to allow them so to do. The servants had done them the honours in the kitchen; and notwithstanding the difference of their creeds, they were the best friends in the world.

The next morning, at five, we were unexpectedly awakened by the shouts of Arabs. This excessive punctuality was incomprehensible, the hour of noon having been specifically fixed upon. We ran to the window, and there our astonishment increased. We saw, indeed, the right number of men; but Toualeb the chief, Araballah the warrior, Bechara the historian, were not among them. I missed the latter especially, and called Mohammed to inquire the meaning of this change of persons and time.

The new chief answered that our Arabs, so long absent from their tribe and fatigued by their journey, had been detained by their wives: they therefore sent to a neighbouring tribe to arrange the affair with them; their proposals had been canvassed and accepted; and, in virtue of all this, the new escort were ready to carry us on our journey. The *sheik* further informed us, that we should find in him the same courage, compliance, and zeal, as in our former friends; that the price for conveying us was unchanged; and that when we arrived at Cairo, we were to pay him the whole sum; which, on his return, the two tribes, who are sons of the same Desert, would divide like brothers.

Great was our astonishment when Mohammed translated this speech. Besides the mortification of

finding ourselves so soon forgotten by our old friends, we were provoked at being bartered like merchandise by a parcel of Arabs. What especially surprised us was, that not a single deputy from the old tribe accompanied the new escort to apprize us of the arrangement.

The chief replied to this point, that despite all his solicitations for the company of some one of the former caravan, in order to establish his integrity to our satisfaction, each one had successively refused to come; for the tribe of Oualeb-Saïde was a warrior tribe, and they felt ashamed to acknowledge their compliance with the entreaties of their women: besides, were they to see us, they might be unable to resist our importunities; or, if they did resist, they would seem to have received our friendship and kindness with ungrateful hearts. This latter feeling, the orator added, was so real and powerful with them, that they had actually absented themselves from their tribe until we were departed, lest we should overcome them by appeals to their honour and loyalty.

All this was said with a tone of such perfect fairness and sincerity, that in spite of the apparent improbability of the whole, we were forced to believe it. The *sheik* readily saw the irresolution of our countenances; and, without seeming to feel any undue interest in the matter, remarked, that if we were ready to go, we had better take advantage of the comparative coolness of the morning. Besides, by starting at once, we should be able to reach before night a halting-place near a delightful spring. If, on the contrary, we waited until noon, as we proposed, we could have no water but what we took with us.

This was assailing us at our vulnerable point. We, in compliance, took leave of our good monks, had our luggage lowered, and ourselves followed it, half persuaded, half doubting. As for Mohammed and Abdallah, they had no choice between the escorts.

The result of our first glance at the new tribe, whether from prejudice or otherwise, was unfavourable to them. The *sheik* did not appear to exercise the authority, at once paternal and absolute, that was Toualeb's great recommendation. We looked around in vain for a firm and honest face like Araballah's, or a shrewd and laughing one like Bechara's. The dromedaries, too, were smaller and leaner.

With such observations, rather felt than expressed, we mounted our beasts; and our new conductor, Mohammed-Abou-Mansour, *alias* Mahomet, Father of Victory, immediately gave the signal by setting out on a gallop. Our dromedaries followed; and we scarcely had time to turn and make our last adieux to the worthy monks, before we were quite beyond the reach of their voices.

We took a southerly direction towards Tor. A magnificent valley lay before us, and we descended into it with the rapidity of rolling stones. The difficulties of the road increased as we advanced; and we were forced, notwithstanding the repugnance of our leader, to relax somewhat from the dizzying quickness of our motion; but this was not effected until the expression of our wishes had changed to a command. We then took a gait which, moderate as it seemed in comparison with the preceding one, promised to carry us three leagues an hour.

Towards the middle of the day, we attained the summit of a mountain, whence, for the last time, we

had a sight of the Monastery. At this immense distance, the white and green of its walls and gardens stood out clearly against the violet back ground of the mountain.

During the short halt which I here with great difficulty obtained from the *sheik*, I thought I saw, at the opposite extremity of the road we had passed, some dark and moving specks.

I pointed them out to Abou-Mansour, who exclaimed that he recognised those specks as men, and men belonging to a hostile tribe. Saying this, he again started his dromedary on a gallop, and ours, faithful to the sign, unhesitatingly followed at the same pace. We soon passed the valley, and entered the dry-bed of a former water-course, down which we flew with the rapidity of an avalanche.

This infernal race had now continued for seven mortal hours, and nothing indicated the least appearance of a halt, when, suddenly, we heard a shout in the rear.

We turned; and, covered with dust, his turban loose, his dress in the last disorder, springing forward at the top of his dromedary's speed — we saw Araballah!

At sight of him, Abou-Mansour endeavoured to increase our speed; but we declared that we would not follow him without an explanation, and that if our camels, instigated by his, refused to stop, we would immediately shoot them through the head with our pistols. He was, of course, compelled to halt.

In a few moments Araballah, upsetting everything that opposed his impetuosity, was at our side. He first saluted us by signs, signifying his joy at see-

ing us: then, dashing up to Abou-Mansour, who had kept aloof, he addressed him briefly in a sharp, harsh tone, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke.

The *sheik's* sole reply, was a new signal for starting. Araballah endeavoured to seize his arm, but Abou eluded him, and repeated the sign.

Araballah then rushed to the front of the caravan, and turning his animal transversely on the road, completely barred the passage.

The *sheik* put his hand to his gun; the Arabs brandished their lances; when we, seeing the moment for us to make a demonstration had arrived, drew our pistols and placed ourselves by the side of Araballah. Although we were but four men against his fourteen, Abou-Mansour hesitated.

At this instant, new shouts were heard; and Toualeb and Bechara came down the ravine as if their dromedaries had wings. This reinforcement confirmed our resolution, and caused that of the adversaries to waver. Besides, the remainder of Toualeb's men began to appear on the summit of the hill; so that we, in addition to the right of the question, were to have the majority.

Bechara and Toualeb, enveloped in their white *bournous*, came flying like phantoms, passed in front of us, saying, "Peace!" and pushed towards Abou-Mansour. The Arabs came forward to the aid of their chief, who, finding himself well sustained, began to elevate his voice. The remainder of Toualeb's men now arrived, vociferating and threatening; each brandished his spear or gun.

We saw that a conflict was inevitable, unless some movement of ours could prevent it, and we threw ourselves into the midst of the melée, endeavouring

to overpower the clatter with our voices. At first, we only augmented the confusion; but at length the commands of M. Taylor began to be heard and his authority to be recognised.

He ordered every one to be silent; then, separating our former friends from our new foes, he bade the one walk on our right and the other on our left, deferring all explanation until the evening halt; and promising then to render justice where it was due.

Toualeb requested us to dismount the dromedaries on which we rode, and resume our former seats; but M. Taylor knew that this operation, besides retarding us, would just apply the spark to the powder. In the present exasperated state of the parties, a drop of blood shed, a single blow struck, would have rendered compromise impossible. He answered, therefore, that we would dismount at the halting place; and, in a firm voice, renewed the order to proceed.

Friend and foe obeyed; and the two bands, disposed on our right and left, went along quietly under an atrocious sun, but at a more agreeable gait. The two *sheiks* led the caravan; Abou-Mansour, with a confused, yet threatening air; Toualeb, with a lofty and smiling countenance. Bechara took his place at my side, and told me in his usual *patois*, half Arabic, half French, how the affair, on their part, happened.

At the appointed hour, (eleven o'clock,) Toualeb and his men arrived at the Monastery, and asked for the travellers. The monks informed him that we had departed in the morning with Abou-Mansour, who represented himself as Toualeb's envoy, and that we had taken the road to Tor. On hearing this,

the whole band rushed forward in pursuit, the fleetest dromedaries of course out-speeding the others, but all sustaining their reputation for swiftness. The result I already knew.

The good fellow told this with an eagerness and joy, which much pleased me. I promised him, on my own account, that in the morning I would take possession of my old *haghin;* for I must own, — and this is the proper place to make the confession, — that my new camel had convinced me of my precipitancy in complaining of the gait of the old one. I made my apology to Bechara, and begged him to communicate it to the injured animal.

When these explanations were over, Bechara, who had a holy horror of silence, took up a subject altogether pastoral. He told me of the happy days he had passed with his tribe and family. The heart of the Arab is always young, and always vividly alive to natural emotions.

Once launched on the sea of sentiment, Bechara related, from beginning to end, the history of his love. Incidents are rare under the tent, and have varied but little since the time of Jacob and Rachel. The young Arab who is in love must signalize himself in some excursion against a neighbouring tribe, either by his courage or his dexterity, according as Nature has endowed him with the strength of the lion or the cunning of the serpent. The latter quality was Bechara's portion. But if the physical force of Araballah was of more importance in war than Bechara's intellectual strength; in time of peace Bechara's powers were of no mean value. It was by eloquence and poetry that he found the way to his Rachel's heart. He was just giving me her descriptive portrait — comparing her

eyes to the gazelle's, her suppleness to the palm-tree — when my dromedary, without giving me any notice of his intention, put his head between his legs and began to execute the preliminaries of a somerset. I threw myself to one side, the animal came to the ground, and began to stretch himself most voluptuously. Luckily for me, he chose to recline on the side that I had just abandoned; otherwise, I should have been put under press.

Bechara was on the ground as soon as I; but I was on my feet as soon as he; so that he found me safe and sound, but rather astonished; as a man has a right to be, when such an adventure occurs to him for the first time. I learned that this sort of amusement, in which my dromedary was still indulging, was a facetiousness common to its species; its way of laughing, in short. Bechara assured me that my fall was of the skilfullest: I had acquitted myself like an Arab, and even he who boasted of being my riding-master, could not have done better.

I was modestly receiving these congratulations, when Toualeb came up to profit by the accident. He insisted that I should mount my old *haghin*, which, being better trained, was incapable of such a misdemeanour. I followed his advice with great pleasure, and once more took my original seat; and, at the first step of the dromedary, I recognised my old saddle, so well padded on the wrong side.

At length we arrived at the foot of the mountains, where we were to encamp. The two *sheiks* clucked to their dromedaries, which, partaking the enmity of their masters, knelt without approaching each other. The Arabs, however, mingled together to pitch our tent, neither party choosing to relinquish its real or

imaginary rights. Abdallah immediately resumed his functions, devoting himself to the important business of supper; while we formed ourselves into a court to try the adventure of the morning.

Toualeb, as plaintiff, opened the case. He declared that on the preceding day he had received a communication from the Father of Victory, to the effect that we should delay our departure for three or four days, not having yet accomplished the objects of our visit to the Monastery. The ballad was complete, saving and excepting one small hole: it appeared strange that in the place of a servant from the Monastery,—a natural messenger on such an errand,—an Arab of a tribe notorious for its want of probity, should have been selected to bear the information. Toualeb, therefore, thanked the man for his trouble; determining, nevertheless, to come for us with his escort at the appointed time. It has already appeared that we, less cunning than Toualeb, suffered ourselves to be stolen like three bales of merchandise. Toualeb and his men approached the Monastery with some presentiment of the truth; and they no sooner had their fears confirmed than they bounded off in pursuit; and as their dromedaries were larger and fleeter than those we mounted, they overtook us in the manner stated.

The accused arose in turn; evidently embarrassed by his position, notwithstanding his Arab cunning and readiness.

"I used stratagem," said he, "and I was wrong, for what I took was my right. The traveller belongs to no particular tribe; and, as the tribes are friends, they ought all to enjoy equal privileges. If one alone conducted travellers, the others would starve to death.

As Toualeb brought you hither, it was my right to take you back. What I performed by cunning, I could have accomplished by force. My warriors are numerous and brave; my own courage is incontestable. From Suez to Ras-Mohamed my name has an echo in all the waddies, and there is not a tribe that does not know Mohammed-Abou-Mansour."

This reasoning, weak as it seemed to us, had force in the estimation of the Arabs, for Bechara replied to the Father of Victory. His speech was so rapid, glided through so many windings, entangled the discussion to such a degree, and gave rise to such an animated rejoinder from the opposite party, that M. Taylor rose at once, imposed silence, and declared that he should recognise only Toualeb and his companions for our guide and escort. The hostages, awaiting, at Cairo, our return, and who were to answer for us, head for head, were of the tribe of Oualeb-Saïde, and it was not to be thought of that their lives should depend on the courage, discretion, and fidelity of this stranger tribe; besides, the party originally sustaining the risk of our safe conduct was entitled to the exclusive benefit of its performance. Consequently, he would have nothing to do with Mohammed-Abou-Mansour, Father of Victory as he was; and the chicanery he had practised on us was an inexcusable outrage.

Our interpreter translated the decision, which was listened to by both parties attentively and submissively. As soon as it was ended, Bechara, to our great astonishment, took the antagonist chief aside; they conferred a few moments, and returned in perfect harmony. They announced that the matter was reconciled, and that *both* of the tribes would accompany us; a double escort was not too much for per-

sons so distinguished as ourselves, and the men who had deceived us would be our guard of honour.

We now supped and began to think of repose. We had special need of it. Our sojourn at the Monastery had disaccustomed us to the dromedary's back, and we had gone from Scylla to Charybdis when we mounted the *haghins* of the Father of Victory.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KHAMSEEN. — THE GOVERNOR OF SUEZ.

THE next day we continued our course in the same direction; that is, descending towards the sea. We had for a long time seen Tor on our left; but as we approached, the city seemed so insignificant, that we determined not to lose time by visiting it. We therefore struck off to the right, and after an hour's ride over the sifted sand of the shores of the Red Sea, reached the mountains. We toiled patiently on, and arrived towards evening at a delightful waddy, called the valley of Gardens. Palm-trees and sycamores in great abundance were here, overshadowing a spring of pure and fresh water.

The night was delicious, and we had around us in abundance those treasures of which the Desert is usually so parsimonious, — water and shade. We awoke in the morning refreshed and invigorated, and set out in the most happy frame of mind.

At the moment of our departure, we observed the Arabs pointing out to each other some red lines that streaked the eastern horizon; they seemed, however, not to regard them as of much importance, and we soon forgot what at first excited our apprehension. But, on entering the waddy Pharan, we felt a few

sharp gusts of wind like the feverish breath of the Desert.

The heat soon became insupportable. The sand, lifted up by an imperceptible breeze that was like a vapour rising from the earth, enveloped us in a cloud that burned our eyes, and penetrated our noses and throats at every respiration. The Arabs, contrary to their wont, seemed to feel equally with ourselves an inconvenience to which they must have been accustomed: they exchanged a few words, and the remains of the last night's enmity disappeared in what now seemed a feeling of common danger. The two tribes mingled together, and the dromedaries sought one another, galloping with perturbation and stretching out their heads in such a manner that the nether lip brushed the sand.

Occasionally they started as if the ground burned their feet, when Toualeb would say, "take care!" and the Arabs repeated the warning, though, for our own parts, we did not understand the exact nature of the danger.

I went to Bechara, my unfailing counsellor, to ask whence came this uneasiness, which had so stricken man and beast: but the time for conversation was past. Bechara, in place of a reply, silently drew his mantle over his shoulders and head, in such a manner as to cover all his face excepting his eyes. I therefore did the same; and, turning back, saw that every one had followed the example. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and there was no occasion to make or to answer inquiries: Franks as well as Arabs knew the truth. The Desert was warning us by all its signs, and speaking to us in all its voices: it was the KHAMSEEN!

To preserve a regular course was impossible: the sand was as a wall between us and the horizon. Each moment our Arabs, whose eyes could not penetrate the veil of flame, hesitated and betrayed their irresolution. The tempest was fast gathering strength: the Desert became more and more billowy: we plunged into the troughs of the sand, and then surmounted the burning crests of the waves, as a skilful swimmer would do in a stormy sea. Notwithstanding all our precautions, we breathed as much sand as air; our tongues were swollen in our mouths; our eyes grew haggard and bloodshot; and our breathing, loud and choked as the death-rattle, revealed to each and all the intensity of our sufferings.

I had before now found myself in front of danger, but never until this moment did I experience my present sensations: they must somewhat have resembled those of a drowning man, lost on a plank in the midst of a tempestuous ocean. We flew along like mad, not knowing where, and more and more rapidly and obscurely; for the clouds of powder became every instant more intense and scorching.

At last Toualeb uttered a piercing cry: it was an order to halt. The two chiefs with Bechara and Araballah assembled together in council. They were the most experienced pilots of this treacherous sea. Each gave his opinion and advice in turn, and notwithstanding our perilous situation, or perhaps on account of the very extremity of the case, each spoke with deliberation and solemn slowness. During the halt the billows of sand still increased; and now Toualeb, summing up the opinions, extended his arm towards the south-west, and re-commenced the frantic race; but this time we went without turn or hesi-

tancy, following the lead of the *sheiks*, who, in consideration of the graveness of the emergency, took upon themselves the conduct of the caravan. We were evidently going towards a mark; but what mark, we had no opportunity to ascertain: we knew only that if we missed it, we should be lost.

The Desert was imposing and gloomy. It seemed to be alive, — to palpitate, — to smoke to its very entrails. The transition we had undergone was rapid, singular, and appalling. We no longer had the oasis of yesterday, the repose under the palm-trees, the sleep lulled by the murmur of the fountain: but, in their place, the burning sand; the harsh jolting of the camels; thirst that was consuming, inhuman, maddening; thirst which makes the blood boil, — which fixes the eye, and shows to the parching wretch lakes — islands — trees — fountains — shade — water, *water*, WATER!! I was a prey to frenzy, to a dream, to an endless delirium, which followed all the wanderings of a fevered imagination. Now and then our dromedaries would drop down, and thrust their heads into the heated sand to find an instant of comparative coolness beneath the surface; then, rising, they continued their impetuous course, feverish and panting like ourselves. I cannot tell how often these falls occurred, nor how we escaped being crushed by the animals, or thrown and buried in the sand: I know only that the instant they were down, Toualeb, Bechara, and Araballah were by our sides, aiding us, but mute as spectres; in one more hour I am convinced we should all have been overwhelmed.

But suddenly a gust of wind passed by and cleared the horizon, as the curtain of a theatre is raised before one's eyes.

"THE MOKATTEB!" shouted Toualeb.

"The Mokatteb!" responded all the Arabs.

The curtain fell in an instant; the tempest resumed its fury; the whole atmosphere was again shrouded in impenetrable gloom: but GOD, to give us strength and to encourage our hope, had revealed to our sight what appeared to be the object of our pursuit.

We repeated the word mechanically, "Mokatteb! Mokatteb!" ignorant of its precise meaning, but surmising, from the tone and manner of its announcement, that it was rest, — safety, — life!

In five minutes we were crawling, like serpents, into a deep, dark cave. The entrance was narrow, admitting but little light and heat. Disregarding all thought of our tent, our carpets, and our food, we threw ourselves down pell-mell, victims to a delirious torpor, half way between sleep and a raging fever: and, without speaking, without moving, we remained there until the following morning, prostrate on our faces, like statues fallen from their pedestals.

The tempest continued, and we heard and shuddered at its howling. By degrees it began to decrease. Towards the middle of the day it had nearly expended its fury; and it, in turn, was now in the death-struggle. For thirty hours we had eaten nothing; hunger brought us back to life: our thirst had not ceased for an instant. Abdallah arose and made preparations for breakfast. The Arabs, meanwhile, searched every cranny of the cavern for a spring, but in vain: we were obliged to content ourselves with the poison of our goat-skins.

Sadly and heedlessly we made our meagre repast of rice and dates, when Mohammed entered with the pitiful air that he always assumed when he had a

request to make. The Arabs, according to their laudable custom, had brought no provisions, and the escort was doubled. We divided with thirty the breakfast which Abdallah had served for three; though, probably foreseeing the upshot, he may in a manner have provided for the emergency. Each Arab received his handful of rice and a date: it is true, we did not eat much more.

The wind changed on the third day; and although the appearance of the sky was unpromising, we left the cave of Mokatteb; for, with the accession of mouths and the decrease of provisions, we could not loiter with safety.

When we emerged from the darkness, we started with affright at each other's appearance. We were like spectres. Three days of suffering were deeply traced on our faces; our eyes were dull and glassy; our skin was dry; our breathing short; our whole frame bent. We were near the sea, and our Arabs ran to it and filled their mouths: they returned and ejected the water into the nostrils of the dromedaries. This process immediately and completely revived them. I had a great desire to bathe; but dared not, lest I should be unable to resist the impulse to drink. Yet, however salt the water of the sea might be, it seemed impossible that it could exceed in offensiveness the liquid in our goat-skins.

Towards evening our Arabs discovered a well. As they feared we should drink its cold water too freely, after our long abstinence and the intense heat of the day, they pitched our tent at a distance from the spot, and in a few moments brought our gourds full. It was a great luxury, and gave us an appetite for our supper. Indeed it seemed to have had a like

tonic effect on the Arabs, for during the night they stole and demolished our sugar, and what remained of our *mich-mich*. As for the dates, they had all disappeared in the cave of Mokatteb.

We were not aware of the defalcation until the next morning at breakfast, when Abdallah served nothing but raisins and coffee, with his infamous cakes, which we never ate. We called for something more, and he then confessed the truth.

The happiness we felt in having escaped from great danger, and the certainty that the wants of the men must have been specially urgent to induce such a theft, caused us to treat the offenders with less severity than they really deserved, and less than, under different circumstances, they would have experienced. Our indulgence brought its legitimate fruits. That evening, having shared with us the little remnant of rice, they finished the coffee and raisins.

The next morning we set out with glorious weather; Toualeb took the lead, and all started off on a gallop. For six hours we went at the top of our speed, without understanding the reason. Towards the middle of the day we welcomed with some surprise the appearance of the Fountains of Moses, where we soon came to a halt. The dromedaries knelt without the signal; and the Arabs proceeded to pitch our tent with an alacrity that I had not before remarked. In five minutes, our long race and their great promptitude and complaisance were explained; — they had devoured our whole stock of food, and we had nothing to eat. In the emergency, we resolved to condescend to the cakes of flour which we had uniformly rejected and despised. But it did so happen, that our contemptuous treatment of

these cakes had not escaped our Arabs' observation; and, as the flour was likely to be wasted, they had incontinently eaten that to save it.

In most situations there is *some* consolation left; some corner of hope where one can hide from despair. We were in the Desert, without food: but we had water in abundance, and could we urge our dromedaries to a speed that should place us on the shore of the Red Sea at the right hour for crossing its bed, we might expect to sleep in Suez with full stomachs.

There was no time to bring our Arabs to account for this second outrage: there was no leisure for words on any subject. We were instantly in the saddle, and once more flying for life. Our dromedaries seemed to be made of steel, and, like the sun of Louis XIV. gathered strength as they moved onward. At length, exhausted and breathless, we arrived at the ford: our evil star predominated; we were too late: the tide was up.

Our situation, now, was by no means *couleur de rose;* for here we had not even water to drink. We confidently expected to reach the shore in season for the ebb-tide; and, assured of this result by the Arabs, who were fearful of disheartening us, we did not wait to fill our goat-skins: we were therefore literally dying of hunger and thirst. If the burning intensity of a meridian sun had been superadded to our trials, we should have gone mad to a certainty.

Bechara now came to our aid, as he had done on former occasions. He informed us that a ferryman with a boat was sometimes on the opposite shore, and if we could convey our wishes to him by a signal,

such as the explosion of a pistol, he would immediately put off for us.

I finished firing as he finished speaking. We waited a few minutes, but either no ferryman was there, or the signal had not reached his ears. M. Taylor suggested that we should all prepare our pieces, and, at a word, fire simultaneously. This manœuvre succeeded. We saw the blessed boat put out from the shore and glide over the waves. In due time the bark received us, and we took Mohammed and Abdallah in our company. The Arabs remained to guard the luggage, and to cross on the dromedaries as soon as the tide was out. Our first care on landing was to send back the boat with Mohammed and a supply of provisions.

On our own part, we made our way to Suez with what strength our empty stomachs could spare to our legs. We arrived, much fatigued, at the house of M. Comanouli, who received us with open arms, and gave us Bonaparte's room. I confess that we entered it this time with emotions quite unlike those that inspired us when we first crossed its threshold: but indeed we required something more nutritive than recollections of the past, however glorious they might be. M. Comanouli, anticipating our necessities, produced a supper on the instant, for which he apologized, and we returned him our thanks.

The meal achieved, we seated ourselves by the window: it opened on the harbour, and we enjoyed highly the coolness of the sea-breeze. Our lucubrations were extended far into the night; for, great as was our physical need of repose, the emotions attendant upon our present comforts, kept us wakeful. Our various evening halts presented themselves to

our minds. The Desert — with its concerts of jackals and hyenas, its snakes and lizards, its devouring sun and terrible khamseen — was nothing, now, but a remembrance; yet a living remembrance which we could (so to speak) grasp with our hands; and which, though so recent, already arose to our imaginations in all its poetry and magnificence. Since then, time has invested it with a still greater charm: and now, after a lapse of eight years,* all the pleasing and terrible excitement of this pilgrimage remains so thrillingly alive in my heart, that I would not hesitate, at a fitting opportunity, to re-encounter the fatigues and the dangers.

Our first visit on the morrow was to the Governor of Suez. Either our recommendations to him were of the strongest, or our amiability had made a lodgement in his good opinion, for our reception was of the most fraternal kind. As soon as we entered, the same silver decanters were handed to us, filled with the same delicious water. After the water came pipes and coffee; and after these, the narration of our adventures.

I related and Mohammed interpreted; and, in the intervals, I was enabled to trace in the grave and benevolent face of the Pacha, the emotions that the various events of our journey awakened within him. The deception practised by the Father of Victory seemed to delight him mightily: but what principally surprised me was the pleasure with which he listened to my account of the theft upon our larder. He made me twice repeat the episode of the *mich-mich* sugar and coffee; and he then bade me continue my

* The work of M. Dumas was published at Paris in 1838.

story with so radiant a face that it was evident he was much entertained with the translation of my prose. This gave me a high opinion of his taste, and a sincere regret that he could not appreciate my performance in the original tongue.

When I had finished my Odyssey, the Pacha again ordered water to be brought, and exacted a promise that we would dine with him. As we had no reason to wish to refuse, we accepted the invitation, first informing ourselves of the dinner-hour. We made a turn around the city, — were a little surprised at not hearing from our Arabs, — and returned to the Governor's at the appointed time.

As we crossed the inner court of the Pacha's palace, we saw that a sort of military display was extemporised for our gratification. All within was astir; servants, slaves, and eunuchs. We were ushered into a large square room, where the Governor was awaiting us, squat on an angle of the divan. After the customary salutations, a large silver salver was brought in and placed on the floor. We immediately arose and squatted around it. A slave then entered with a silver pitcher and basins for us to wash our hands. The Pacha called for water twice. I had never before seen a Turk carry his ideas of cleanliness so far.

The salver contained four silver dishes, with covers of the same metal, heavily, but richly wrought. The first contained the pilau *de rigueur*, with its fowl in the midst: the second was a ragout with allspice, but I could not make out what composed the ragout: the third was a quarter of lamb, and the fourth a fish. We helped ourselves boldly from the first dish, preserving, at the same time, a sort of hi-

erarchy among ourselves: we made the attack by drawing out the chicken. For the drinking part of the feast, we had silver decanters with our favourite water; and I know not the wine I would at that moment have preferred to it.

From the pilau, we went to the ragout. Here the carving was easier, as the meat was cut *to our hands* in small pieces; each piece served for a spoon to carry a portion of the seasoning to our mouths, which it then followed down our throats. We found, however, that what we had mistaken for meat, in this dish, was some sort of vegetable. The cheer for mere Parisians, would have been altogether meagre: but for such true sons of Ishmael as we had become, it was excellent.

After the ragout, the quarter of lamb took its turn. We saw from the Governor's manner of attacking this dish, that he belonged to the school of Toualeb and Bechara. He thrust out both arms, held the lamb firmly with one hand, and pinched the meat with the other: the flesh left the bone as if by magic. We did not attempt to follow his example, for we remembered the experiment on the roasted sheep in the Desert, and knew that the disgrace of failure would follow our efforts. We therefore asked the Governor's permission to draw our poignards, lest such a motion on our part, unauthorised and unexplained, might appear rather belligerent. With this aid we soon despatched our share of the mutton.

The fish now alone remained: and in the disposition of it, we were called to pass the severest ordeal that ever Christians sustained at the hands of a Turk. This fish, — I know not the creature's name, — was so terrifically beset with bones, that all three of us

were nearly strangled at the first mouthful. We proceeded minutely to examine and separate the next pinch; on which our benevolent Governor, who had swallowed his ration without even thinking of the bones, asked for a piece of the fish on a silver plate; taking a portion from the plate, and placing it in the hollow of his left hand, he carefully and adroitly drew out all the bones; he then mixed with the fish, an equal quantity of crumbs of bread, added sundry spices, and rolled all together into a ball about the size of an egg. This exquisite preparation he immediately sent to M. Taylor, and occupied himself with arranging a second edition of the same work. The idea that this next shot was to be aimed at me, made me stop short, and a certain internal sensation admonished me that I should not be able, without the greatest difficulty, to swallow what was already on my plate. The Pacha saw me pause, and, to my great discomfort, supposed that I was waiting for my ball: he therefore conducted his task with what I thought a very superfluous haste — not, however, slighting his work in the most minute particular. When the ball was finished, it was transmitted without the loss of a moment. It was certainly a very pretty ball — about the size of an apricot, of which fruit it did not very pleasantly remind me; — still, as a matter of course, I bowed when I received it. Then, as if to admire its perfect roundness, I examined it attentively, waiting for the instant when the Governor would turn his eyes another way, determining to swallow it as a juggler does a sword. Our host, indefatigable in his courtesy, began another ball, destined for Mayer; and, being thus fortunately occupied, he did not perceive that mine, instead of en-

tering my mouth, passed into my sleeve, and was thence transferred to my waistcoat. It is impossible for me to tell what became of M. Taylor's, but I have always suspected that he politely swallowed it. As for Mayer, it needed no prophet to foresee his fate. There was no fourth person to receive the honour from the Pacha, and no juggling could avail him, when so many eyes were so near, and unoccupied. He maintained his ground like a brave man, and, — since there was really *no* alternative, — swallowed the ball at a gulp; this feat raised him greatly in the Pacha's estimation, who entirely misapprehended the cause of Mayer's eagerness.

The second course consisted of cakes, sweetmeats, and sherbet, prepared by the Governor's women.

During the whole repast, the Pacha was in excellent humour, and was gayer still, as it drew to a close. He reverted to our journey, asked us new questions about our abduction by the Father of Victory, and made us still again relate how the two tribes, — the robbers and the robbed, — afterwards united to despoil us of our provisions. I had scarcely ended my reiterated details of the tricks of the Arabs, when he arose suddenly, exclaiming —

"Now let us rise and see the heads of these thieves taken off."

We thought we had misunderstood him, and made Mohammed repeat his words: but from our interpreter's stupefaction, and the stammering manner in which he said the words over, we saw at once, that our host was in earnest.

M. Taylor arose and begged the Pacha, who had already taken some steps towards the window, to listen to him.

The Governor turned, and replied, that he would hearken with very great pleasure to all he wished to say, the moment the execution was over.

M. Taylor remarked, that it was precisely on the subject of the execution that he had some scruples of conscience to submit to his notice.

The Governor made a gracious sign for him to proceed, not, however, without a glance at the window, as if to tell the speaker, "make haste; the play is waiting for us."

M. Taylor then, to the great astonishment of the Pacha, began to plead the cause of our escort. He assured his Excellency that these poor devils, dying with hunger, were excusable for nibbling at our stores. Besides, their trespass had occasioned us no other inconvenience than a twenty-four hours' fast; whereas, had they not committed it, they would assuredly have died from hunger. As to the prank of the Father of Victory, it was so much in conformity with Arab customs, that we ought to have been on our guard: and its result was an actual advantage to us, as it doubled our escort, and rendered our journey more safe. He, therefore, most earnestly entreated the Pacha to remit the punishment.

The Governor replied, that what M. Taylor said of the Arab customs was perfectly true, and proved that he had, in his travels, studied the country and the people understandingly. He was obliged to confess that such things had often occurred before; but, for the most part, the victims of their tricks were only ordinary travellers, wretched painters, poor *savans*, who were not worth caring for. But, — so his Highness was pleased to say, — with us the case was different. We were ambassadors from the French gov-

ernment, accredited near the Viceroy of Egypt, and especially recommended to all the Governors by Ibrahim Pacha. Full and entire justice was our due. Consequently, he again invited us to join him in witnessing the decapitation of the guilty: and he again advanced towards the window.

Indeed, he was so seriously bent on giving us this proof of consideration, that we began to tremble for our poor travelling companions. We rose in turn, and joined our entreaties to M. Taylor's. The Governor, evidently doing violence to his wishes and his notions of justice, now made a sign to us to compose ourselves. He ordered the prisoners to be brought in, and invited us to take seats beside him.

In a few moments our worthy friends appeared; Toualeb and Abou-Mansour in front, then Bechara and Araballah, and the herd of martyrs behind, escorted by thirty soldiers with drawn sabres.

Toualeb and Bechara, as they entered, cast upon us a look of inexpressible reproach, that went to our souls, although our agency in their present misfortune was entirely involuntary and unanticipated. We made signs to encourage them; and they had great need of comfort. They were as pale as their swarthy complexion would admit. During the three hours they had been under arrest, — of which we were completely ignorant, — they learned from their guard the fate that awaited them; so that, knowing their guilt in their own hearts, and quite aware of the remorseless expedition of Turkish justice, they had for some time looked upon themselves as already beheaded: the more especially since, naturally supposing us to be their accusers, they could not hope that we should become their intercessors. For this rea-

son, too, the friendly and encouraging looks with which we greeted their entrance were pre-eminently unintelligible to them.

When they were grouped around us, the Governor for a moment silently regarded them with a look so terrible that all hope was annihilated; then seeing that they were sufficiently overcome and repentant, he said, sternly,—

"Unworthy children of the Prophet! who have failed in all your duties towards those confided to your care, our first intention was to have your heads severed from your bodies; but, moved by the urgent entreaties of the Envoy of the Sultan of the French, and the honourable Europeans who accompany him, we remit the capital punishment. We release you, after you have each received fifty blows on the soles of your feet. Go!"

The sentence did not exactly meet the views of the Arabs. They liked the bastinado better than decapitation, doubtless; but it was manifest, from their looks, that they would prefer a free pardon to the bastinado: fortunately for them, our preferences coincided with theirs. M. Taylor motioned to them to remain an instant; and, turning to the Governor, who was astonished at our pertinacity, expressed to him, in his own and our behalf, our united thanks for the kind reception he had given us. He declared that our debt of gratitude was already so large, that there was no necessity for its increase by means of the additional civility he proposed at the expense of the Arabs' feet. He besought him, therefore, generously to release them from all chastisement, in consideration that these men, who when pressed by hunger failed in their strict duty, had nevertheless, on a

thousand other occasions, gone far beyond the line of their duty and our expectations; that after the great services they had rendered us, we no longer looked on them as guides to whom we had promised wages, but as friends who had a right to share with us. M. Taylor added that he did not, in these remarks, express merely his own desires, but also those of the other two Europeans.

The Governor turned towards us with an air of doubt; but seeing from our supplicating looks that M. Taylor's statement was corroborated, he stood for a moment irresolute and reflecting, as if seeking the solution of an inexplicable problem.

Meantime the Arabs, who had followed the interpreting of M. Taylor's discourse with the liveliest expressions of gratitude, and now saw that we were seconding his appeal, thought their time to join in was come. They therefore knelt down before their wavering judge, and repeated their supplications and prayers in chorus.

The Governor again looked at us, as if to inquire if we really persisted in our wish for a full and complete remission of the punishment so justly deserved by the Ishmaelites; when, finding that our minds were unchanged, he turned to the soldiers, and, with a sigh that came from the bottom of his heart, motioned them to retire. He then addressed a long admonition to Toualeb and the Father of Victory in their quality of *sheiks*, of which we understood nothing, except that it was lucky for them that they had such indulgent masters. This discourse being ended with suitable dignity, our Arabs retired.

We then expressed our gratitude to the Pacha for his clemency to the delinquents and his kindness to

ourselves, and assured him that if we ever revisited Suez, our first care should be to pay him our respects. He, in turn, thanked us for our friendly intentions, and made us promise to write from Cairo, informing him how the Arabs behaved during the remainder of the journey. We then made our adieus.

Ten minutes after leaving the palace, and while turning the angle of a street, we met our guides, who were watching for us. They rushed forward at once and caught our hands, which they kissed with an eagerness that left no doubt of their gratitude. These demonstrations were accompanied by promises of inviolable attachment. What had affected them particularly was, not so much our intercession for their heads, as our having denied ourselves the pleasure of seeing the bastinado inflicted; which, according to their ideas, was a most curious and interesting sight.

However, after the first moments of effusion were over, they proposed our departure without delay. The clemency of the Governor was so unexpected and unprecedented, that they could not quite confide in it. We found our camels saddled, loaded, and waiting for us on the road to Cairo; for the Arabs, as soon as they were clear of the palace, sent four of their number to put all things in readiness, so that we might leave Suez at once. We understood their haste, and followed them, laughing. We found our dromedaries at the western gate, and were seated on them in an instant. The Arabs did not wait for their beasts to kneel, but clambered up while they were running, as I had once seen Bechara do. When mounted, Toualeb and Abou-Mansour, — now the most affectionate of brothers, since the common escape from the common danger, — took the head of

the column, and inculcated a gallop, by means of which we, in less than two hours, put half a score of leagues between us and the Governor of Suez, from whom our Arabs thought they could never be far enough separated.

Night came on while we were performing the last two leagues, and we were forced to halt. Our tent was pitched in a trice. The Arabs were more alert and gay than we had ever known them: Bechara, especially, was almost wild with joy. He ran and jumped about without any moderation, as if to assure himself that in reality no harm had happened to his legs; and long after we had retired, we heard him talking with a volubility that betrayed his feverish emotions of joy.

The next morning we were on the road with the light. We followed again the line of bones, in which we saw a dromedary's carcass with some flesh still remaining on it; three or four jackals fled from it at our approach. This showed that a caravan had passed since our eastward journey, and paid its tribute to the inauspicious, dismal road. We rode under the "Tree of the Desert" without stopping, and, at the close of the day, planted the stakes of our tent in the petrified forest, at the foot of the Mokkatan: the terror of the preceding day had evidently upset all the topographical usages of our Arabs. The journey, too, had been very fatiguing: we had travelled twenty leagues without an hour's rest.

We were in the sinuous and difficult passes of the Mokkatan mountains when the sun arose. He appeared in the horizon just as we reached the summit, and his earliest rays were reflected from the gilded domes of Cairo. We welcomed the sight of the

populous city, bristling with madenehs, and covered with cupolas, with all the joy of a return home. We made a short halt to take in every point of this admirable view, more splendid at sunrise than at any other time of the day; and our *haghins*, as if divining our wishes, no sooner reached the western declivity of the mountains, than they broke into a run that soon brought us to the Tombs of the Caliphs. Thence to Cairo was but a step, and we passed the gates triumphantly, without fearing that our dromedaries would play us a trick. We had become perfect riders; and with our Arab dress and tanned faces, it was no easy matter to recognise us as Christians.

At ten o'clock we were at M. Dantan's, Vice-Consul of France, who appeared delighted to see us again, safe and sound. He immediately informed the hostages of our return; who, although not so voluble as he, seemed well contented that our number was complete.

After a few moments given up to the joy of again seeing a fellow-countryman, and finding ourselves (so to speak) once more in France, we proceeded to business. The amicable arrangement between Toualeb and the Father of Victory was, that they should divide equally the price of the return-journey. Not to deprive our faithful friends of the money they had so well earned, we determined to bear the difference ourselves. We gave, besides, to each as large a *batchis* as the state of our finances would permit, so that we parted on the best terms: they vowing to preserve an everlasting remembrance of us, and we promising to see them again. I know not if I shall ever keep my engagement; but I am

confident that they have kept theirs; and that more than once, while galloping swiftly on their *haghins*, encamped around their blazing fire in the Desert, or under the tents of the wandering tribe of Oualeb-Saïde, our names have been repeated as those of faithful friends and honest comrades.

CHAPTER XII.

ST. LOUIS AT DAMIETTA.

M. DE LINANT, the young artist who had made us acquainted with the Arab escort, hastened to our hotel as soon as he heard of our return. He would not listen to our intentions of staying elsewhere than at his house; and he carried us off accordingly. When we told him our purpose of visiting Jerusalem and Damascus, he offered to accompany us; this offer we most joyfully accepted. He had travelled repeatedly through Syria, and was the very best cicerone we could have. It was agreed that we should rest ourselves from our late journey by sailing down the Nile as far as Damietta; and as by the time we reached that city, we should be ready for our second excursion, we might send for Toualeb and his dromedaries to take us to Jerusalem by the way of El-Arich.

That very day we made preparation for our departure. Nothing fastens on one so easily and quits one so hardly, as the fever for travelling. When once the disease takes hold, the patient is satisfied with nothing but perpetual locomotion: the "wandering Jew" is only a symbol.

We set out at the close of a beautiful day, having the breeze against us, but the current and fourteen Nubian oarsmen in our favour. During the night we

passed that part of the Nile, already familiar to us, extending from Boulac to the angle of the Delta. When the morning dawned, we were entering the eastern arm of the river, which is more imposing than the one that laves the walls of Rosetta, and its fertility struck us the more forcibly as we had just come from the Desert. This day passed away in pleasant relaxation, and on the following one we arrived at Mansoura.

This name, like the Pyramids, called up one of those national reminiscences to which no Frenchman can be indifferent. Will my readers permit me to follow the holy expedition of St. Louis, as I have already done that of Napoleon?

It was in the month of December, A. D. 1244, that the Crusade was determined on. The king, Louis IX. had already shown his devotion to the Cross by redeeming from the Venetians the Crown of Thorns that Baldwin had left in pledge, and, with bare head and feet, carrying it from Vincennes to Nôtre-Dame. He had, in a plenary court, just invested his brother Alphonse with the counties of Poitou and Auvergne; and also that of the Albigenses, ceded by the Count of Toulouse. He had vanquished the Count de La Marche, who refused to do him homage at Taillebourg and Saintes; and afterwards pardoned him, although aware that the Countess had attempted his (the king's) life by poison. He had also compelled Henry III. of England to ask a truce, and granted it on receiving a compensation of five thousand pounds sterling. All was therefore quiet in his domestic and foreign relations, when he suddenly fell ill at Pontoise of a relapse of a violent fever that originally attacked him on his expedition to Poitou. The disease made such rapid progress, that his life was quickly despaired of. The

dreadful intelligence resounded from one end of France to the other. Louis was only thirty years old, and the commencement of his reign had augured a prosperous era to the kingdom. There was a general and sincere lamentation. Many noblemen and prelates hastened to Pontoise; alms and prayers were offered in all the churches, and processions were constantly made to them; at last, the queen-mother, Blanche, sent her almoner to Eudes Clement, abbé of St. Denis, to request him to bring forth from their vaults the bodies of the Blessed Martyrs — a ceremony never performed but in times of the greatest public calamity.

But the efforts of man were ineffectual; the prayers of religion useless. Louis fell into a stupor so deep and protracted, that the two queens, Blanche, his mother, and Marguerite, his wife, overcome by the conviction of his death, were carried helpless from his chamber. Two ladies alone remained in attendance, praying on either side of the bed. As they finished their devotions, one of them rose and proceeded to cover the king's face with the sheet; when the other begged her to desist, saying it was impossible that God could have struck such a blow to the heart of France. While she was speaking, Louis opened his eyes, and, in a feeble but distinct voice, pronounced these words:

"The light of the East has been shed upon me by the grace of the Lord, and it has recalled me from the gates of death."

The ladies uttered a cry of joy, rushed to the door, and brought back the two queens. The king extended his hands to them; and when the first transports of gladness were calmed, he asked for William, Bishop

of Paris. This worthy prelate hastened to the bedside of his suffering monarch, who, animated and strengthened by his presence, sat upright and demanded the Cross of the Crusade. The bystanders thought the king was still delirious; but Louis, perceiving their error, addressed the Bishop (who hesitated to obey his mandate) vowing that he would take no food until he had obtained the badge of the Holy War. William dared no longer refuse it; and the king, unable as yet to bind it upon his armour, laid it on his pillow.

From this day he rapidly recovered. He wrote to the Christians in the East to keep up their courage, promising to cross the sea as soon as he could assemble an army, and sending them, meanwhile, supplies of money.

Louis lost no time in performing his promise. Odon de Châteauroux, cardinal-bishop of Tusculum, formerly chancellor of the church of Paris, and now Legate from the Holy See, came to France to preach the Crusade; and a great number of nobles flocked together from the provinces, attracted, however, more by love for their king than by zeal for religion.

The queen-mother made a great effort to prevent this expedition. She went to her son, attended by William. The prelate spoke first. He told the king that the vow he had taken upon himself during his illness was a rash vow, and not morally binding: that if the king had any scruples of conscience on the subject, he would obligate himself to obtain a dispensation from the Pope. He told him that France, so recently quieted, would by his absence be exposed to the artifices of England, the sedition of the Poitevins, and the restlessness of the Albigenses. Here Blanche took up the argument:

"My dear son," said she, "listen to the advice of your friends, and trust not entirely to your own judgement. Recollect that obedience to a mother's wishes is well pleasing to GOD. Remain at home. The Holy Land will not be lost, and you can send to it a greater number of troops than if you went thither yourself."

"That would not discharge my duty, my dearest mother," replied Louis: "GOD expects more than that from me. When all earthly sounds were hushed to my ear, I heard a voice from Heaven, which said — 'King of France, thou knowest the outrages committed against the city of JESUS: I have chosen thee to avenge them!'"

"You deceive yourself," replied Blanche; "that was the voice of delirium and fever. GOD does not expect impossibilities, and the state you were in when you made the vow will excuse you before Him for breaking it."

"You think, then, my mother, that my reason was bewildered when I took the Cross," said the King: "well, I give it back according to your desire. There, my father," he continued, unbinding it from his shoulder and returning it to the Bishop, "there it is."

The Bishop received it, and Blanche was about to throw herself into her son's arms; but he stopped her, smiling:

"Mother," said he, "I have *now* neither frenzy nor fever; of that you are satisfied. And I now demand the restoration of the badge I have just relinquished: and Heaven is my witness that I will not eat until I receive it again."

"The will of the LORD be done!" said the queen, herself taking the Cross from the Bishop and hand-

ing it to her son. "We are but the instruments of His Providence, and wo to them who oppose his decrees!"

In the meantime the Sovereign-Pontiff had sent, to all the Christian States, ecclesiastics commissioned to preach the Holy War. Their zeal was not fruitless; for many lords had already repaired to Paris. There were some, however, whose enthusiasm was qualified by the hope of increasing their dignities and fortunes under the regency of a woman, and in the absence of their seniors. They professed warmly to approve the Crusade; but intimated that it would not be amiss to leave in France some men of courage and noble blood; whose task, though less glorious to themselves, would be as serviceable to their country as that of the more favoured gentlemen who were to accompany the King on his warlike pilgrimage. Louis was not duped by their disinterestedness; and he employed a very odd method to bring them to his purposes. Christmas was approaching; and it was an established custom for the King, on the Eve of the Nativity, to present the nobles of his court with embroidered mantles of a uniform pattern just before the commencement of the midnight-mass. On the present occasion, Louis distributed an unusually large number of these mantles. As the largess was bestowed while the bell was ringing for mass, and in a dimly-lighted chamber, the recipients put on the cloaks in haste, and made their way to the church. When they arrived, they saw by the light of the tapers the sacred sign of the Cross on their own and their neighbours' shoulders, which badge, once worn, could not be laid aside. It was too late to recede; and strange

as was the manner in which the soldiers of CHRIST took their vows, not one of them broke the oath.

On Friday, June 12th, 1248, Louis, accompanied by his brothers Robert, Count d'Artois, and Charles, Count d'Anjou, repaired to St. Denis: the Cardinal Odon of Châteauroux, awaited them there. He unfurled the oriflamme which, now for the third time, was to wave in the East, and gave to the King the staff and scrip, the pilgrim's emblems. The procession then took its way to the Abbey of St. Antoine, where mother and son were to take leave of each other. The separation was terrible to Blanche: this queen, so strongly fortified against the ordinary events of life, was completely overcome when danger threatened her son.

Louis placed himself at the head of his army, assembled in the territory of the Abbey of Cluny. There, ready and united for the sacred cause, were Robert, Count d'Artois, for whom death was waiting at Mansoura; Charles, Count d'Anjou, for whom a throne was waiting in Sicily; Pierre de Dreux, Count of Brittany; Hugh, Duke of Burgundy; Hugh de Châtillon; Hugh de St. Paul; the Counts de Dreux, de Bar, de Soissons, de Blois, de Rhetel, de Montfort, and de Vendôme; the lord of Beaujeu, Constable of France; John de Beaumont, high-admiral and chamberlain; Philip de Courtenay; Gayon of Flanders; Archibald de Bourbon; John de Barres; Giles de Mailly; Robert de Bethune; Oliver de Thernes; the young Ralph de Coucy; and the Sire de Joinville, who carried into Egypt the sword of the soldier, and brought back with him the pen of the historian.

Louis appeared in the midst of these nobles, their superior in rank, their equal in courage. He was

then thirty-three years of age; tall, thin, and of a sallow complexion: his features were mild and regular, his hair light, and cut short. His dress was after the Christian plainness, in all its rigid humility. And the same King who had caused his court at Saumur, to be styled, from its splendour, "the unrivalled court," now appeared in a pilgrim's garb, or in a suit of plain polished steel armour, so that, as Joinville says, "*en la voie d'outre-mer on ne remarqua une seule cotte brodée, ni celle du roi, ni celle d'autrui.*"

This magnificent assembly marched to Lyons, and thence followed the Rhone to the sea-coast. As France, at this time, had no port in the Mediterranean, and as that of Marseilles, — the only one Louis could command from his double alliance with Beatrice of Provence, — was not sufficiently capacious, he had purchased Aigues-Mortes of the Abbé of Psalmodi. This city was, therefore, the general rendezvous; and in its harbour were moored the one hundred and twenty-eight vessels, destined to transport the King and his warriors. These *nefs*, as Joinville in his simple and poetic language, calls them, were accompanied by a multitude of transports, for the horses and provisions. As France had no navy, the pilots and sailors were almost all Italians and Catalonians: the two admirals were Genoese; and most of the knights now, for the first time, beheld the sea.

The army embarked on the 25th of August, 1248, and the whole flotilla directed its course towards Cyprus, where reigned Henry of Lusignan, a descendant of the Kings of Jerusalem. This sovereign offered his island as the most convenient *relai;* and extensive magazines had been prepared there. The

army disembarked on the 21st of September; and, from that time, the Christians in the East, so often deceived in their hopes of relief, now saw those hopes changed into certainty. The news was received by them with enthusiastic joy, for they were in the last strait of misery and thraldom.

Since the crusade of Philip Augustus, when St. Jean d'Acre was taken, the affairs of the Christians in the East had been growing worse and worse. The King of Jerusalem, Jean de Brienne, had made a campaign into Egypt, taken Damietta, and was on the route to Cairo, when, abandoned by his knights, he was forced to retreat;—and, possessor of two thrones, son-in-law of two kings, and father-in-law of two emperors, he died at Constantinople, a monk of the order of St. Francis. Frederick, in turn, repaired to Jerusalem with vast projects, and a fine army; but his devotion terminated with his mere pilgrimage, and his ambition extended no further than his coronation in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. In a letter to the Sultan of Cairo, he announced that he had "planted his standard on Calvary and Zion, in order to preserve the esteem of the Franks, and lift up his head among the Kings of Christendom." Thibaut de Champagne, King of Navarre, more troubadour than knight, and the last of the Princes who took the Cross for the Holy Land, effected more by his verses than his sword, and returned to his domains to pursue, without interruption, his literary fancies. After him, one of those chances, common to Asia, crowded a whole nation towards the West. These were the Caramanians, whom the Tartars drove from Persia. In their flight, they took Jerusalem, because it lay in their way, and devastated Palestine

because they must needs have the means of living. Afterward they were almost exterminated by the Sultan of Damascus, to whom they were strangers, and who had never heard of them until the breath of the Almighty blew them upon his notice. General misfortunes were added to internal dissensions. The King of Armenia, and the Prince of Antioch, were fighting for some fragments of territory. At Cyprus, where Louis landed, the Latins and Greeks were at variance on points of religious doctrine; the Hospitallers and Templars were struggling for supremacy; and the Genoese and Pisans were contending for commerce.

The first care of Louis, was to establish peace and harmony among these important auxiliaries. At Nicosia, as at Vincennes, — under the palm-tree as under the oak, — he administered justice, and his decrees were religiously submitted to. But the mission of the angel of peace, retarded that of the man of war. When all differences had been adjusted, and the army was in readiness to continue its voyage, the season was found to be too far advanced for further progress. Henry de Lusignan offered his hospitality to the Crusaders for the winter, promising that he and his nobles would accompany them in the spring. Cyprus, with its admirable situation, its wonderful fertility, and its wines celebrated by Solomon, pleaded but too loudly in favour of this proposal; and the Christians found their Capua, like Hannibal, — but it was *before* they had conquered like Hannibal.

The Mussulmans, on their side, were a prey to violent discords. Since the death of Saladin, the family of Aïoubites had been almost yearly disturbed by domestic quarrels. However, from among such a

people, — encamped rather than established in Egypt and supported by war alone — trained, from infancy, to arms, and in all cases of common danger, uniting their ordinarily divided interests, — issued forth the most terrible adversaries, that the Christians could encounter.

When Louis disembarked at Cyprus, the Sultan of Cairo, Malek-Saleh-Negmeddin, who then reigned over Egypt, was in the heart of Syria, carrying on a war against the Prince of Aleppo, and besieging the town of Emessa. The illness that shortly after terminated his life was detaining him at Damascus, when a man disguised as a merchant reached him with the intelligence of the preparations at Cyprus. This news affected him deeply. The Orientals had learned to regard the French as the bravest of their enemies, and the King of France as the most formidable of Kings. Besides, these threatening facts received additional force from the notoriety of a prediction, spread as far as Persia and now credited both by Christians and Mussulmans, that a King of France should disperse the infidels and deliver Asia from the worship of Mahomet. Malek-Saleh considered, therefore, that he had no time to lose. He abandoned the siege of Emessa; and, ill as he was, ascended a litter and arrived at Achmoun-Tanah in the month of April, 1249. As he doubted not that Damietta would be the first point of attack, he immediately began to put it in a state of defence; he filled it with provisions, and supplied it with arms and munitions. He then commanded the Emir-Fakreddin to march towards the city and oppose the landing of the enemy; and, as he felt that his illness was increasing, he published throughout the kingdom, that all to whom he was in-

debted should present themselves at his treasury to be paid. Fakreddin encamped at the Gish of Damietta, on the left shore of the Nile: the river flowed between the city and the camp.

The season thus passed, both sides making preparation for the contest, until Louis deemed it advisable to put to sea again. He gave orders that the vessels should be loaded with provisions, and ready to sail at the first signal. These provisions, as before stated, were prepared in advance; the depôts of barley, oats, and wheat had been collected in such quantities on the plains, that the stacks resembled mountains; and the resemblance was the stronger because the grain, exposed to the weather, had sprouted to the depth of five or six inches from the surface, so that the hills were covered with the green shoots like grass; but beneath this the grain was as fresh and sound as if just taken from the threshing-floors.

On the Friday before Pentecost the King and Queen went on board their vessel, and the word was shouted from deck to deck that all must be in readiness; so that, on the following morning, at a given signal, the boats unfurled their sails and moved majestically on, covering the sea with a cloud of canvass and a forest of masts, — the flotilla consisting of no less than eighteen hundred vessels of all sizes.

On the morning of the day of Pentecost, the King found himself off the point of Lymesso, and saw a church whence issued the sound of bells. Desirous to improve an opportunity, which seemed offered by Providence, to hear once more the sacred mass, he steered towards the land with a detachment of the fleet. While he was in the church, a tempest arose which dispersed the flotilla, and drove most of the

vessels, in great disorder, on the coast of Palestine. In the event, Louis found that, of the two thousand eight hundred knights who had set forth from Cyprus, he could now muster scarcely seven hundred. Even this, however, did not deter him from prosecuting his voyage.

On the fourth day following this disaster, as the fleet continued its course with favourable weather, the pilot of the royal vessel sang out from the mast-head, "God prospers us: — there is Damietta!" The other pilots echoed the shout; and the Crusaders now beheld the long belt of glittering sand on the shore, whence arose the white walls of the city. This was on Friday, June 4th, 1249: the 647th year of the Hegira; the 21st of the moon Saphar. Shouts of joy now arose from every vessel; but Louis gave a signal that he wished to speak: silence prevailed, and the boats of the fleet clustered around the royal bark.

"My trusty companions," said he, "it is not without Divine permission that we are allowed to approach this shore. From this moment I am no longer King of France, the Chevalier of the Church: I am only a man whose life will be extinguished like that of the meanest, whenever the breath of the Lord shall blow upon it. But remember that every thing is propitious to us, be events what they may. If vanquished, we are martyrs; if victorious, the name of the LORD will be magnified, — the honour of France increased. Be humble, then, as becomes the soldiers of CHRIST: we shall conquer for Him, — but to Him be the glory. And now may GOD have you in His holy keeping, for here come tidings from the enemy."

The shore was lined with the army of Fakreddin, as well as the inhabitants of Damietta, and between

them and the Crusaders the Nile glided majestically to the sea. Directly, four galleys manned by corsairs appeared at the mouth of the river: they advanced to reconnoitre the King's fleet. When within three bolt-lengths of the first vessel, they turned to retreat, having apparently ascertained what they desired; but the swift boats of the King gave chase, disposed their mangonels, and threw upon the intruders a shower of stones, arrows, and combustibles. The corsairs were quickly overpowered, and three of their galleys sunk. The fourth reached the shore; her crew showed their wounds to the multitude, and assured them that the King of France had come with arrows and weapons of fire. The unarmed inhabitants took the alarm and fled towards the city. This movement encouraged the Crusaders, who pressed onward, crying, "to the shore! to the shore!"

Meanwhile the Saracens made ready to receive the Christians. Emir-Fakreddin rode through the host, clad in golden armour of indescribable splendour, encouraging and animating the troops.

Joinville's boat was the first to land, and he sprang on shore in face of a body of horse, followed by Ayrard, Brienne, Jehan de Belmont, and a score of knights. The Saracens spurred their horses to push the Crusaders back into the water; but Joinville and his chevaliers planted their lances and shields in the sand, and drew their swords; and the Saracens seeing their position, retreated without coming to the attack. Boat after boat touched the strand, the knights sprang out and took the same order of defence as Joinville had done, and the Saracens still repeated their attempts to disorder and drive them back, but entirely without success. The boat of the

King now approached; but so great was his impatience to join the fray, that, while yet some distance from the land, he jumped into the sea to make his way on foot, shouting "*Montjoie et St. Denis!*" Luckily the water was not over his shoulders. All now followed this example, and the sea was filled with men and horses, as if the whole army had been shipwrecked. At this instant, three carrier-pigeons arose from the camp of the Saracens, and took their flight towards Mansoura: they were bearing to the Sultan the news of the Crusaders' disembarkation.

The Saracens now appeared to regret the facility with which they had suffered the Christians to land. The latter, on their part, proceeded with great alacrity to pitch the tent of their King: it was of bright red cloth, blazoned with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. The Mussulmans concentrated their force and rushed towards this *point de mire:* the Christians pressed forward to defend their King, and the combat began. At the same time the Infidel fleet left the Nile and attacked that of the Crusaders. The melée was general, obstinate, and bloody, but of short duration. While the French and Saracens, on land and water, were encountered man to man, the Christian captives and slaves, confined in Damietta, succeeded in forcing their prison doors, rushed from the city with shouts, caught up the first weapons they found, and attacked the Saracens in the rear. The latter, surprised at this unexpected assault, recoiled and retreated in disorder. The field was strewn with Saracens, and among them were the Emirs Nedjm-Eddin and Sarin-Eddin. The Crusaders lost but one man, and that man was the Count de La Marche, the ex-ally of the English, the rebel vassal of Saintes and Taillebourg.

The conquerors dared not pursue their triumph for fear of an ambush. They pitched their tents around the royal pavilion. The queen Marguerite and the Duchess d'Anjou now disembarked; and the clergy, preceded by the Legate, chanted the *Te Deum*.

As soon as night came on, Fakreddin abandoned his camp, and retired to the right shore of the Nile. When he arrived, instead of halting to demolish the bridge by which he crossed the river, and entrenching himself at Damietta, or waiting for the invaders under its walls, he entered the city at one gate only to evacuate it at an opposite one. He took the road to Achmoun-Tanah without leaving a single order to defend Damietta. The inhabitants, finding themselves thus deserted and betrayed, flocked into the streets and butchered the Christians resident in the city; and the garrison, induced by this example, pillaged their houses. Then from every gate, men, women, and children issued forth like bees, not knowing whither to go, yet urged onward by the terror of the Crusaders. The garrison soon followed; and by the middle of the night the town was not only without defenders, but also without inhabitants.

The Christians were beginning to seek repose, when the sentinels gave an alarm. An immense volume of flame rose above Damietta, illuminating its walls, Gizeh, and the Nile; yet in the enormous circle of light all seemed quiet; no shadow was seen; no voice was heard. About three o'clock the day began to break, when two slaves who had escaped the massacre, arrived at the camp with the intelligence of the evacuation of the city. Their report was so incredible that the King doubted their vera-

city, although he recognised them as Christians, and they solemnly swore to the truth of their narration.

A knight stepped forward at this juncture, and offerred to reconnoitre the city. His proposal was accepted; and, after receiving absolution from the Legate, he set forth on his errand. When an hour had passed, he was seen returning, through the same gate that he entered. The King, too impatient to wait his arrival, spurred forward his horse to meet him on the way. The knight corroborated the account of the fugitives, and Damietta was indeed in the power of the French. It was a strong, well fortified city, and amply supplied with provisions. It might for years have withstood a besieging army. The flames, which gave the alarm on the preceding night, were extinguished without having done any extensive injury.

Great consternation prevailed throughout Egypt when the intelligence was spread abroad that the oriflamme waved over the battlements of Damietta. The Sultan received the news on his death-bed; and for a while his rage restored his failing energies. He commanded fifty officers of the dispersed garrison to be brought before him and strangled. One of these had a son of whom he was passionately fond, and he begged the Sultan that he might die first, so as not to witness the agony of his child. "I thank you for reminding me of that!" said the Sultan; "let the son be executed first, and under his father's eyes."

Fakreddin was next summoned.

"The sight of the Franks," said the Sultan, "must have been terrible indeed, since men like you could not support it for a single day!"

The Emirs who were standing around, fearing

their chief would meet the fate of the officers, now signed to him that they were ready to poignard the Sultan; but this last effort had so much exhausted Negmeddin, that he fell back on his pillow, pale and breathless.

"It is not worth while," said Fakreddin, aloud, in reply to their kind intentions; "let him die."

And on the 22d of November, 1249, the 15th of the moon Shabaan, the Sultan died, naming his son Tûran-Shah his successor.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF MANSOURA.

The French were not yet aware of the death of the Sultan, as every precaution had been taken to keep the event concealed, not from them only, but also from the Egyptians. This magnificent sovereign was in fact a corse, and for the moment the power and authority of his dominions was vested in the hands of a woman; yet the baharite Mamelukes still continued to watch at the door of his palace; meals were served up to him regularly; orders were given in his name; prayers were offered in all the mosques for his recovery; and in the mean time private messengers were despatched to Husn-Keifa, on the Tigris, where Tûran-Shah, his son, was in exile. During this time the Emir Fakreddin had taken the command of the troops. He was an excellent general and brave soldier, although by his precipitate retreat, — which has been ascribed to stratagem, — he suffered the downfall of Damietta. He was knighted by Frederick II, and bore on his escutcheon the united arms of the German Emperors and the Sultans of Cairo and Damascus.

The death of Negmeddin, however, could not long be concealed, and the fact after a time came to the knowledge of the French. But they were forced to

delay a prompt and decisive movement on receiving the intelligence, by the non-arrival of the Count de Poitiers, who was to follow Louis with large supplies of money and a large reinforcement of men. As it was eventually ascertained, this fleet encountered the same disasters of dispersion and shipwreck as that of Louis; the Count, with the greater part of his army, having been thrown upon the coast of St. Jean d'Acre. In the mean time, however, the Crusaders at Damietta were deeply distressed by the protracted absence of this force. Each one gave his own conjecture as to the cause; when the Sire de Joinville recollected that during his voyage from Marseilles to Cyprus, a very remarkable circumstance had occurred.

When he was off Tunis, about the hour of vespers, he came in sight of a large, round mountain. He doubled the point where it lay in the course of that evening, and, as he supposed, left it far behind; but on awaking the next morning, he found himself just where he was at the preceding hour of vespers, and the mountain in his front, although the pilot swore that they had made fifty leagues during the night. The oars of the vessel were now brought out, and during the whole of that day and the ensuing night they both rowed and sailed; but their toil was useless; for, in the morning, the mysterious mountain was still before them. They then understood that they were opposed by magic, which could never be overcome by merely human means. The Dean of Mauru, who was on board, now spoke:

"Dear sirs and chevaliers! I have never in my life seen the peril that would not disappear with the help of CHRIST and His Holy Mother, if on a Saturday a devout procession be thrice made, while the people sing the praises of GOD."

The day happened to be Saturday; and all on board at once began to march around the mast, singing psalms. The exorcism was efficacious, and the next day they lost sight of the loadstone mountain.

Joinville now proposed a similar expedient to the Legate, who adopted it immediately and proclaimed three processions in the army. They were to be made on every Saturday from the Legate's house to the church which he had consecrated in Damietta. They were performed accordingly with great faith, the King and all the nobles of his court uniting in them; and after each procession the Legate preached a sermon and pardoned sins. On the third Saturday, while the King was in the church, several vessels appeared off Damietta; and the stranger-fleet was soon found to contain the Count de Poitiers and the *arrière-ban* of France.

All ran eagerly to witness the landing of these welcome visiters, who constituted a large reinforcement of men, and who brought with them eleven chariots, each drawn by four horses, containing twenty-four iron-bound casks of talents, pounds sterling and money of Cologne. This treasure was the price of the goods of the Church, sold to aid the Crusade.

Thus powerfully reinforced, Louis prepared at once to pursue his conquests; and on the 6th of December he commenced his march, leaving the queen Marguerite, and the Countesses Artois, Anjou, and Poitiers, at Damietta, under the charge of Oliver de Thernes.

The army presented a magnificent appearance. Twenty thousand cavaliers, the flower of chivalry; forty thousand infantry, the best disciplined foot-soldiers in the world, ascended the right shore of the Nile. The river for the space of a league was en-

tirely covered with the various vessels appertaining to the troops, carrying arms, armour, warlike implements, and men. Their halt on the day following was at Pharescour, where they met their first obstacle and first surprise.

They had arrived at one of the numerous branches of the Nile which strike out from the main stream and afterward run parallel to it to the sea. This branch, although narrow, was too deep to be forded. At this epoch the secret of flying bridges (which now transport armies in a day across greater impediments) was quite unknown; and the Crusaders had no resource but to make drains, that the water might be reduced to a fordable depth.

This task was just completed, when a body of five hundred Saracen horsemen approached: they were splendidly mounted and armed, and made signs of peace. Louis sent to demand their intentions. They replied that the Sultan was dead and they were not willing to serve his successor; they had come, therefore, to offer their services to the King of France. This story did not seem plausible: yet as they were, from the smallness of their number, entirely at the mercy of Louis, he commanded that they should be received into his column, and allowed to proceed without harm or insult.

The Templars now took the lead, conducted by Regnault de Bichers; when, suddenly, the Saracens, who had formed themselves into a compact body, put their horses to a gallop and rushed towards them. The Templars, though not comprehending this strange movement, quietly formed their ranks and assumed the defensive. They were not long in suspense. One of the Turks, who by his impetuosity had preceded the

main body some two or three spears' lengths, adroitly unslung his mace and struck from his horse a Templar posted on the flank of the battalion. Regnault drew his sword, raised himself in the stirrups, and shouted:

"Forward, my comrades! at them, in the name of the LORD! for we cannot suffer such things."

So saying he struck the spurs into his horse, and the whole of that dreadful phalanx of steel charged the infidels home: one half of the devoted troop was at once thrust and trodden to the plain; the remainder, forced helplessly into the Nile, disappeared in its waves: not a man of them escaped. The Templars then resumed their march; the host followed; and the next evening all arrived at the village of Scharmesah.

However, the rumour of their march preceded them; and as they approached Mansoura, the last post of strength intervening between them and Cairo, terror spread throughout Egypt. As yet, no intelligence had been received from the young prince Tûran-Shah, and the responsibleness of public affairs devolved entirely on a woman. Nevertheless, the Arab historian, Makrisi, affirms that this woman surpassed all women in beauty, and all men in genius. The general apprehension was still further augmented by a letter from Fakreddin, promulgated in Cairo, to the following effect:

"In the name of GOD and Mahomet his Prophet!

"Hasten, great and small: the cause of GOD needs your valour and your wealth. The Franks, whom may Heaven curse! have landed in our country with their banners unfurled, and their swords unsheathed: they intend to destroy our cities, and ravage our pro-

vinces. What true Mussulman can refuse to march against them, and avenge the glory of Islamism?"

This letter caused the cowardly to flee from Cairo—the brave to meet the danger. For three days the city was in tears and disheartened, as if the so much dreaded Franks were already at the gates.

Meanwhile the Crusaders were advancing, ignorant of the way, yet knowing that if they followed the Nile they must eventually reach Mansoura, and afterward Cairo.

When they had proceeded some leagues beyond Bermoun, the vanguard halted and gave a loud shout: they saw the City of Victory. On the opposite side of the canal of Achmoun and on both sides of the river the camp of the enemy appeared, and the Nile between them was covered with their fleet. The Crusaders had not now to drain a small stream and encounter five hundred Saracens: they had a river to cross and an army to fight. They had reached the spot marked out by destiny where the fate of the campaign must be decided. Their fleet was allowed to anchor off Mansoura, and their troops were permitted to reach the borders of the canal without opposition: they then established their camp in sight of Nasir-Daoud, Prince of Carac, who watched their movements. This was on the 19th of December, A.D. 1249, and the thirteenth day of the moon Ramadan. The army of Louis occupied the spot where thirty years before, the King John de Brienne was encamped: and Louis now gave orders for the passage of the canal.

This canal was about as broad as the Seine at Paris. Its bed was deep, its shores precipitous, no bridge covered it, and no ford was known. A few

men on the opposite side might destroy a whole army in detail should the passage be attempted by swimming. It was necessary, therefore, to construct a causeway across the canal, and build two rolling towers to protect the workmen. These towers were completed in a few days, and the causeway was commenced.

The Saracens placed sixteen engines of war opposite to these preparations to throw stones and arrows on the men. Louis, on his part, constructed eighteen similar engines to reply to the attack. Among these was a very deadly one invented by Jousselin de Courrent. A strict watch was also maintained by night and by day.

The galleries being finished in spite of the showers of stones and arrows rained on the workmen, the embankment began to stretch out into the water. But the Saracens, full of ingenuity, presented an unexpected obstacle to the success of the project. They commenced excavating the shore opposite to the causeway, and thus made the landing-place retreat, as the means of landing advanced. Three laborious and bloody days were passed in this mutual effort at attack and defence; at the end of which time the invading army was as far as ever from the shore of the canal.

Fakreddin, meanwhile, descended the left bank of the Nile, crossed the river at Scharmerah, and, under cover of the night, advanced to attack the rear of the Crusaders: the Emir swearing that on the day of St. Sebastian, he would sleep in the tent of king Louis.

The French were at dinner, keeping a careful guard on the side of the canal and river, when an

alarm was given from the rear. Joinville was the first to move. He, with Pierre d'Avallon and their followers, was speedily in the saddle, and rushed towards the point of alarm. The Templars led by the indefatigable Regnault, followed next. This force fell upon the Saracens as they were carrying off the Sire de Perron and his brother Lord Duval, whom they had surprised in the fields. Finding themselves pursued, the infidels attempted to kill their prisoners, but their good armour protected them, and Joinville found them on the ground wounded, but still alive. Reinforcements continued to arrive from the Crusaders' camp, and the Saracens were obliged to retire with some loss.

Louis now ordered new works and redoubled vigilance. Trenches were opened along the whole line of the camp towards Damietta, stretching diagonally from the bank of the Nile to the bank of the canal: these trenches were defended by palisades, and thus covered the hitherto unguarded side of the encampment, which was in the form of a triangle. The King and the Count d'Anjou took post on the side towards Cairo: the Count de Poitiers and the Seneschal de Champagne guarded that towards Damietta, and the Count d'Artois, with a chosen band, took up his quarters around the engines that protected the causeway. Never was a camp better defended than that of Achmoun: it was guarded by a King and his three brothers.

The Turks, finding that they could not take the Christians by surprise, brought forward in front of the causeway, a new engine of singular construction. About ten o'clock on the evening following its appearance, as the stout chevaliers were keeping their

accustomed watch, a light appeared on the opposite shore, and at the next instant, a globe of fire came hissing through the air like a long-tailed dragon: it was about the size of a hogshead; it started with a report like thunder, and moved with the velocity of lightning. So great was the illumination produced by it, that the Christian encampment, Mansoura, and the Saracen host, were all as visible as in open day. It fell between the galleries in a ditch dug by the Crusaders; and there, although in the water, continued to burn, — for it was the Greek-fire, invented by Callinicus, which nothing but a mixture of sand and vinegar could extinguish.

The noise and the light, aroused the whole camp. The King came out of his tent: the soldiers stood around in mute astonishment; and the Sire Gauthier du Curel turned to Joinville and his knights, exclaiming:

"Sirs! we are irretrievably lost: for if we remain here, we shall be consumed; and, if we leave our posts, our honour will be attainted. Now, as GOD only can defend us in such a strait, I counsel you, companions and friends, that every time this fire is sent among us, we throw ourselves on our knees with our faces to the ground, beseeching mercy from our LORD, who is omnipotent."

The Seneschal and chevaliers promised to do what the good man advised. A chamberlain now arrived from the King, to ask if the flame had done any injury; but at this moment it was extinguished, having yielded to the efforts of a man in the camp, who had some knowledge of the infernal composition, and who alone had dared to approach it. The chamberlain therefore returned, somewhat re-assured, to the

King: but, scarcely had he reached the royal tent, when the sky was again illuminated with so terrible a light, that Louis fell down on his knees at once, crying out "Good Lord Jesus! preserve me and my whole army!"

This second thunder-bolt crossed the canal, as the first had done; but, inclining to the right, it moved on towards the tower, guarded by De Courtenay and his men: seeing it approach, they abandoned the spot where it was likely to fall, flying right and left. The burning dragon dropped at the shore, and but a few feet from the tower; when a chevalier, seeing it gain upon the building, and despairing to extinguish it, ran towards Joinville and Gauthier, saying,

"Aid us, sires, in the name of the Lord, or we are all consumed; we, and our towers. To the rescue, my lords, to the rescue!"

The two knights hastened to the spot; the men regained their courage; and all flocked around the mass of fire. Scarcely had they begun to extinguish it, when a shower of arrows, stones, and *viretons* fell upon them; but these were human weapons, which human means could repel. They annoyed the Crusaders but little, although their bucklers and cuirasses were soon bristling with them.

The night passed away amid such supernatural terrors. The sky flamed; and the knights watched; but they were beginning to believe that the false Prophet Mahomet had sent demons instead of men, to the defence of Egypt. The most extravagant reports were circulated and believed, during these hours of darkness, and on this unknown land. The Nile itself, which, bounteous and nutritive, glided

beneath the eyes of all, was the subject of strange tales. Joinville, with his religious and good-natured credulity, has preserved some of the odd opinions that the Crusaders originated, or received, on this subject.

The Nile, they said, took its rise in the terrestrial paradise; and they proved it, by citing the fact, that the fishermen frequently drew up in their nets, from the bottom of the river, cinnamon, ginger, and aloes. Hence, as these precious trees grow in Eden, it is evident, that branches and fragments, torn off by the wind, fall into the strea mat its source, and find their way down with the current.

Fortunately for the Christians, this night passed over without any actual injury corresponding to the extent of their alarm. Those who had watched through the night, retired to rest, and their places were supplied by others: the King and his brothers, however, kept their posts.

At day-break, the Count d'Anjou commanded the engines to be repaired; and as the darts of the Saracens annoyed the workmen, he brought the two towers to their protection, from which showers of arrows were sent forth. As the Christians were expert archers, the Turks soon found themselves at disadvantage. They, therefore, brought forward a sort of catapult; and, fastening their engines together to give them more power, they added to their terrible globes of fire, a cloud of heated arrows that no one could withstand.

The Greek-fire, too, when directed with the assistance of day-light, became much more fatal and efficient. The towers were soon in flames, and they, and everything around them, were consumed: this

rain of Gomorrah continued through the day; and in the evening, neither luggage nor engines remained. The night following was tranquil, for there was nothing left to burn.

The King now determined to break up some of his vessels to construct a new tower, and many boats were destroyed for this purpose. In a fortnight the tower was completed, being higher and stronger than the preceding ones. It was placed on the bank of the canal, and the workmen resumed their labours on the causeway under cover of its fire. But the Saracens brought their burning dragons to bear upon it, and it was soon smoking, blazing, and crumbling to ashes like the others.

The King was now overwhelmed. He saw no end to the conflict unless he could grapple with his antagonists. He felt, indeed, that the canal must be crossed, or the Crusade abandoned. The causeway, however, could not be constructed; the current was too rapid for swimming; and the depth too great for fording: to return to Damietta was both shameful and impolitic; yet to remain in their present condition was useless and impossible. Besides, the army began to be threatened with famine: and a disease had appeared in the camp, which, without having a decidedly contagious character, was attended with uniform and therefore alarming symptoms.

Louis assembled all his barons in an extraordinary council. The convocation was held under the King's tent: but their deliberations had scarcely commenced when Humbert de Beaujeu, Constable of France, brought intelligence that gave every one new courage. A Bedouin had just presented himself, who offered to point out a ford for horses on condition of

receiving five hundred bezants of gold. The King on hearing this proposition, acceded to it at once, stipulating, however, that the money should not be paid until the Crusaders were safely landed on the opposite shore. The agreement was made, and the time for the passage fixed for the night preceding Tuesday, the 8th of February.

On Monday evening, the King gave the camp in charge to the Duke of Burgundy, and set out with his brothers, leading their several battalions. Giles, Grand-Master of the Templars, led the van. Next came the Count d'Artois, followed by his retainers. Then the King, with the Counts d'Anjou and de Poitiers, commanding the rest of the detachment; in all, nearly fourteen hundred cavaliers; and three hundred archers who were to cross with the vanguard, riding *double*, each archer behind a Templar.

They marched in silence along the borders of the canal; but some of the cavaliers, imprudently deviating from the road, approached too near the edge of the sloping and slippery banks, and were suddenly precipitated into the water; these instantly sank and were lost. Among the number was a very brave Captain, John of Orleans, who carried the banner of the army. When the King became aware of these mishaps, he shook his head as if it were a bad omen; and gave special orders to the horsemen to avoid the edge of the bank.

At two o'clock in the morning, the Crusaders reached the ford. By the gray light of the breaking day, they perceived an array of three hundred Saracen horsemen on the farther shore, placed there, doubtless, to guard the pass. The Bedouin descended first into the canal, crossed and returned, to demonstrate

the practicability of the passage; the King then counted out to him the stipulated reward. The Crusaders immediately plunged into the water without order, and arrived on the other side safely, but in some confusion; luckily the bank was of a gentle slope and easily surmounted.

The Count d'Artois, who was among the first that crossed, no sooner gained the summit of the bank, than,—in defiance of the King's orders,—he dashed forward to the attack. The Templars, accustomed to lead, would not be left behind, and therefore pressed forward after the Count and his knights, without stopping to dismount the archers who rode behind them. These two bodies moved with such celerity that they surprised the Infidel guard, and bore the news of their own arrival at their spears' heads, into the very centre of the camp. The Saracens were asleep and totally unprepared for the assault. The archers dismounted and formed, the cavaliers deployed, and the carnage commenced. The Crusaders, exasperated by a month's fruitless toil and suffering, now that they met their foes hand to hand, fought with irresistible fury. They gave quarter to no one; but slew indiscriminately children, old men, maidens, and warriors: some in their beds, some flying through the rushes, some half-armed, and some half-dressed. The Emir-Fakreddin was in the bath when the cries of death, uttered by assailants and victims, reached his ears. He sprang to the door of his tent, seized a mace, mounted a runaway steed, and without other arms, or any clothes, flew to the spot where the noise was loudest, shouting, "Islam! Islam!" in a voice that was heard through the camp. He encountered the French at the moment they had

made themselves masters of the fatal engines of war which had so retarded their progress on the causeway; and found himself in the midst of their host before he became aware of their presence. His body was a mark for all his foes, and he fell dead with more than twenty wounds.

As the Saracens were now flying in all directions, a knight named Foucault de Nesle, seized the bridle of the Count d'Artois' horse and drew forward, crying, "after them! after them!"

The impetuous Count, who needed restraint much more than such counsel, dashed his spurs into his steed; but the Grand Master of the Temple, brother Giles, reined his horse across the pathway, reminding the Count of the King's orders, — already too rashly disregarded, — that the vanguard should wait the arrival of the whole detachment. Nesle, however, continued to pull on the Count's bridle, still shouting, "After them!"— for, being deaf, he had not heard the King's orders, nor their repetition by brother Giles. The Count, too much excited to regard the admonition of the Grand Templar, and, withal, irritated at his boldness, struck the flat of his sword on Giles's horse, and ordered him out of his way; adding that "they who were timid, might wait for the King, but must not interrupt those who had no fear."

"We are no more afraid than yourself, my lord," answered brother Giles; "and where you go, with the help of God, we will go."

So saying, he wheeled his horse, and the knights and templars renewed their rapid career after the flying Saracens, striking down all before them; diverging from the straight-forward course whenever they saw a group of fugitives out of the direct line;

and thus rushing onward without order, but with terrible destructiveness, they arrived at Mansoura. The gates were open to admit the retreating Saracens, and the victorious Crusaders entered without hesitation; but when they were fairly within the barriers, the gates were closed behind them, and this small but deadly phalanx was shut up in a fortified city garrisoned by the bravest of the Saracen troops: the Baharite Mamelukes.

In the mean time, the King with the second and the Count d'Anjou with the third troop of the detachment crossed the canal, and made their dispositions in face of a body of ten thousand Saracens, who had rallied and were about to assume the offensive. The King took post on a rise of ground with a great noise of clarions and horns, and there paused to issue his orders. Taller by the head than all who surrounded him; his casque, of gold; his cuirass, blazoned with golden *fleurs-de-lis;* he seemed the god of war. Christians and infidels, friends and foes at once recognised him, and all rushed towards him, — one to attack and the other to defend.

The contest now waged was one of the most magnificent spectacles imaginable: ten thousand Saracens, splendidly arrayed, rushing upon as many hundred Crusaders, clad in steel: the former vastly exceeded the latter in numbers; but the latter, consisting of the chivalry of France, covered with impenetrable armour, inspired by the presence of their King, and fighting with invincible valour, sustained the battle upon a footing of equality. The King, now in the midst of all, now foremost of all, laid low scores of Saracens with his own hand, and exposed his person to every danger.

After frequently endeavouring to break the iron ranks of the Christians, and enduring a prodigious slaughter at each repulse, the Saracens drew off to adopt another mode of warfare. New engines were put in requisition, and showers of arrows, bolts, and *viretons*, rattled like hail on the bucklers and helmets of the knights. The men, sheltered by their armour, were but little annoyed by this attack; their horses, however, began to fall, dragging the riders to the earth. The King, seeing the ruinous consequences of remaining in this position, in turn assumed the offensive: he gave orders to advance; himself led the charge, and the infidels were at length driven from their ground. But the King, from the smallness of his numbers, could not pursue his advantage, and was compelled to retire to a defensive position on the banks of the canal. The Saracens therefore rallied and renewed, at proper distance, their attack with the arrows. The Christians were again disordered by this sustained fire from the bows and engines; and their enemies, perceiving their own advantage, abandoned their projectiles, unslung their maces, drew their swords, and charged in a solid mass, with loud shouts of "Islam! Islam!" But the Crusaders, always prepared for this sort of combat, replied to the shouts with "*Montjoie et Saint Denis!*" closed their ranks, and received the shock without wavering. The contest now re-commenced, hand to hand, with the same fury as in the morning.

The Crusaders who remained in the camp, and who during the whole day had witnessed the conflict from the other side of the canal, were now frantic with impatience to join their brethren, from whom they were separated only by a distance of an arrow's

flight. They crowded down upon the causeway, thrusting rafters, fragments of boats, and various missiles into the water, which at length began to take hold from the bottom, and rose irregularly above the surface. This formed a sufficient obstruction to detain the dead bodies of men and horses, together with all manner of warlike weapons and instruments that floated down with the current from Mansoura, and from the whole intervening line of the canal, on the banks of which the battle was raging. In this manner a communication was established; a bridge was formed, — frail, uncertain, moving, infernal, but still a bridge, — which extended to the opposite shore. And on and over this the knights began to move, in all the confusion of fierce haste and eager joy.

It was time. The Christian combatants, oppressed by such overwhelming numbers, and fatigued by incessant toil, began to yield, when the shouts of the new-comers announced effectual relief. The reinforcing multitude spread itself without a leader, without order, like a fire or a flood, led on by rage alone. The Saracens paused; the Crusaders raised the shout of "*Montjoie et Saint Denis!*" and charged with great fury. The infidels retreated fighting, but strewing the ground with their own corses as they went, and the Christians pursued them beyond the limits of their camp. Still, this, on the part of the infidels, was a retreat only, not a flight: to the Christians it was an advantage, and not a victory. Night descended with its usual rapidity in eastern climates, and separated the combatants. The Turks disappeared among the tall reeds, and the Christians took possession of the infidels' camp. The battle lasted seventeen hours.

The Constable, seeing that the day was gained, requested Joinville to find out the King, and not to leave him till he had dismounted his horse and entered his pavilion. When the Seneschal joined Louis, he was setting out to inspect the tents they were pitching on the borders of the canal. Joinville took the heavy and embossed casque from his majesty's head, and replaced it with his own helmet, which, being of iron beaten thin, was much lighter. At this time, brother Henry, Prior of the Hospital of Ronnay, came up to the King, and kissing his gauntlet, inquired if he had received tidings of his brother, the Count d'Artois.

"Truly, yes!" said the King, with a stifled voice: "I have very certain tidings; my brother is in Paradise."

The prior attempted to console him by replying, that never King of France had so much honour as he; since he had crossed a dangerous river, and chased a numberless host of infidels from their camp.

"God be praised for all He has done!" answered the good King; but notwithstanding the resignation of the Christian, big tears rolled silently down the cheeks of the brother.

They were now joined by Guyon de Malvoisin, who was returning from Mansoura, to inform the King of the disastrous particulars of his brother's death.

When the Saracens first saw the Christians' vanguard entering the gates of Mansoura, they supposed that the whole army was immediately behind; and, giving themselves up for lost, they despatched a pigeon to Cairo, with a letter couched in these terms:

"At the moment when this bird is sent, the ene-

my is attacking Mansoura: a terrible battle is waged by the Christians against the Mussulmans."

This letter carried terror to the Capital of Egypt, and the Governor commanded the gates to be left open to receive the fugitives.

But as soon as the Saracens discovered how small a number of their foes was within the walls of Mansoura, the Chief of the Mamelukes, a man of courage and ability, caused the trumpets to be sounded, the drums beaten, and the portcullises lowered: and while the Crusaders, supposing the town their own, were pillaging the palace of the Sultan, he fell upon them with the Baharites—that soldiery of slaves who were already the best troops of Egypt; and on whom Napoleon was to avenge, by the victory of the Pyramids, the disaster of Mansoura.

Immediately, every Mussulman who could carry a lance, draw a bow, or throw a stone, armed himself, and prepared for battle. The Christians saw the storm gathering, and prepared to meet it; but in the narrow streets of this Arabian city, they could neither manage their horses nor use their swords to advantage. Every window became an embrasure, pouring forth arrows and stones; every terrace was a rampart, whence flowed heated sand and boiling water. The Count of Salisbury and his Englishmen, the Grand Master of the Temple and his monks, the Sire de Coucy and his knights, rallied and pressed around the King's brother, and maintained the conflict without hope of victory, but with the faith and determination of martyrs.

The Crusaders fought thus for five hours against Bibars and his Mamelukes; against the entire population of Mansoura; having death before them, death

behind them, and death over their heads. They fell one after another, and one by the side of another. The Count of Salisbury was slain at the head of his knights; Robert de Vere, who carried the English banner, wrapped it around himself like a mantle and died in its folds. Ralph de Coucy expired in the midst of a circle of Saracens, whom he had slain and piled around him. The Count d'Artois, beset in a house to which he had retreated, defended himself for more than an hour against as many infidels as the apartment could contain. His cuirass, ornamented with the *fleurs-de-lis*, caused him to be mistaken for the King, and all efforts were united against him, — and he nobly replied to all by voice and sword, by threats and blows.

At length, the Saracens, tired of a strife which cost scores of their bravest men, sent directions to their brethren below to set the house on fire, intending to retreat as the flames arose, and leave the Count to be consumed: but the brave knight, seeing their intention, and aware that he could not escape, determined, like Samson, to involve his enemies in his own destruction. He forced his way to the door; and, barring the aperture with his body and his weapons, calmly awaited the issue. The fire progressed, — the walls fell, — and Crusader and Saracens perished in the flames.

The Grand Master of the Hospitallers remained alone on the field; and, having broken two swords, and wielded his mace as long as he could lift his arm, was made prisoner. The Grand Master of the Templars, after seeing two hundred and eighty of his knights fall at his side, threw himself, with four survivors, into the canal, and swam, or forded, his

way to the camp, with one eye destroyed, his clothes torn, and his cuirass pierced with many blows. Of all that entered Mansoura, these five alone remained to tell the story of the fate of their companions.

At five o'clock in the evening of this day, a second pigeon was despatched for Cairo, bearing intelligence very different from that carried by its predecessor. The letter announced that, with the help of Mahomet, the French army that entered Mansoura, had been defeated, and that the King of France, with the flower of his chivalry, was killed.

"This news," says an Arab author, "was the key of joy for all true believers."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOUSE OF FAKREDDIN-BEN-LOKMAN.

The night was agitated: the Saracens, victorious at Mansoura, had been totally vanquished on the borders of the canal; their whole camp was in the hands of the Crusaders: the King, and the leaders of his army, had pitched their tents around the captured engines of war.

Joinville, who was quartered on the right of the encampment, was awakened in the middle of the night, by the cry, "To arms! to arms!" His chamberlain, despatched to learn the cause of alarm, returned in a moment, saying:

"Up, sir! up, sir! for here are the Saracens on foot and on horse, slaughtering the men who keep watch around the engines."

At these words, Joinville hastily arose, armed himself, and mustered his men. The whole camp was speedily placed in a posture of defence; and the Saracens were repulsed with great loss. They were not, however, pursued. A body of fresh troops was ordered from the other side of the canal, to prevent further disturbance, and the chevaliers slept securely till morning.

This day, was the first Wednesday in Lent, and

the whole army began to do penance: only, instead of ashes, the Legate strewed the King's head with the sand of the Desert.

The Saracens were encamped on the plain, about a stone's throw from the Christians; but although, at intervals, flights of arrows passed and repassed, and a few trifling skirmishes occurred, no serious contest was waged during this day. The Saracens in Mansoura were occupied with receiving the young Sultan Tûran-Shah, who had arrived on the preceding evening. He came by the way of Cairo, and entered the gates as the inhabitants were proclaiming Bibars captain of the army in the place of Fakreddin. The new Sultan confirmed the appointment; and fully believing the report that the King of France had fallen, he caused the armour of the slain Count d'Artois to be exhibited to the troops. The sight of this gave additional courage to all; and they were eager to be led on by the Sultan, to revenge the losses they had sustained; but Bibars, thinking it better to take a brief interval of rest, decided on Friday as the day of battle.

This delay was especially desirable to the Crusaders; and when Louis was apprized by his spies of the Sultan's intentions, he proceeded with alacrity to prepare for his reception.

The causeway across the canal was now completed in a proper manner, so that a perfect communication existed between the two parts of the Christians' camp. This causeway and canal were the base on which rested the encampment of the Crusaders. On their right was Mansoura, of bloody memory: on their left, and at the western extremity of the plain of Daquelich, were the ruins of Mendes; and in front, the vast plain that extends to Cairo.

Louis divided his army into eight battalions, and disposed them in a semi-circle, the convex segment of which was thrown outward towards the enemy. The first battalion, commanded by the Count d'Anjou, rested on the bank of the canal, nearest to Mansoura: these knights had lost most of their horses in the preceding battle, and, together with their leader, were all on foot. The next battalion was composed of Crusaders from Cyprus and Palestine, under the command of Messire Guy d'Ibelin and Messire Beaudoin, his brother. These troops had been unable to cross the causeway in time to join the last battle, and were well mounted and vigorous. The third battalion was under the command of Messire Gauthier de Châtillon: this troop was composed of the best *prud' hommes* and bravest chevaliers in the army. The fourth battalion was the weakest of all; consisting of the broken remnant of the Templars, under the command of the Grand Master, William Sonnac: it was protected by a breast-work made of the Saracens' engines of war. The fifth battalion was that of Messire Guy de Malvoisin; small in number, but composed of valiant knights, brothers and friends — one family, always fighting together, and together sharing spoils, danger, glory. The sixth battalion was under the command of the Count de Poitiers: this, like the Count d'Anjou's division, consisted of dismounted knights; the leader, alone, being on horseback. The seventh battalion was that of William, Count of Flanders: it had not taken part in the previous conflict, and was fresh and eager. The eighth battalion, resting on the canal near the ford, and completing the semi-circle, was the shattered band of the Seneschal de Champagne, that now sheltered itself under the

iron wing of the Count of Flanders. In the centre of the circle, on a rise of ground, commanding a view of the whole field, and ready to assist at any point when needed, was Louis, surrounded by his most valiant and faithful followers, among whom were the eight chosen men composing his personal body-guard, and styled the *prud' hommes du roi.* Along the border of the canal, and within the wall of steel, were the followers of the camp — butchers, grooms, sutlers, women, and pages.

When the sun arose on the morning of Friday, the Crusaders beheld the Saracen general at the head of four thousand men well mounted and armed, whom he first divided into battalions corresponding to their own in number and position; and then formed into a semi-circle curving inwardly, so that each of his eight divisions was opposite to, and at a uniform distance from, those of the Christians. In addition to this array of cavalry, he brought forward such a number of infantry as supported the horsemen, filled all the intervals, and enclosed as with a wall the whole French camp. A third body of troops now made its appearance. These men were commanded by the young Sultan in person, and posted in the rear to sustain any part of the lines that might be too hardly pressed.

About mid-day, all the preparations being completed, the Saracens advanced to the attack on the extreme right of the Crusaders — the division of the Count d'Anjou. The infantry took the lead, armed with tubes which ejected the Greek-fire; and the cavalry followed, to charge whenever the Christians should become disordered by the effect of this direful missile. This disorder was soon produced, and the cavalry were forming to take advantage of it,

when the King rushed forward with his guards and threw himself upon the infidels. A Saracen blew the Greek-fire over him as he came up, so that his horse was covered with it — but, by GOD's aid, this mishap, which threatened so much evil to Louis, proved ruinous to the Turks themselves. The noble horse, blazing all over, and frantic with pain, disregarded the rein and command of his master, and dashed into the midst of the enemy's ranks; Louis's sword flashed around in all directions, and he moved like the exterminating angel. Behind him came those valiant men, whose duty and desire led them to follow their King wherever he went; and such was the fury of their onset, — thus unexpectedly hastened, — that the infidel battalion was instantly and totally routed.

During this encounter the attack had extended along the whole line, and with various success. The second battalion received the enemy as became well mounted knights, thirsting for the strife: the Saracen infantry was overwhelmed and, — being, on the first shock, abandoned by the cavalry, — literally cut to pieces.

The fourth battalion, under brother William Sonnac, sustained the assault with different fortune. Their breast-work of wood was soon set on fire by the infantry, and the Saracens rushed through the flames like demons to destroy the remnant of this redoubtable soldiery. But the enfeebled band even here sustained their high reputation: they received the assailants on the points of their lances, and forced them back over the burning ruins of their rampart. They could not, however, pursue them; and the Saracen archers, standing at a little distance, rained showers of arrows in their turn. This was a fatal annoyance, and destroyed nearly all of the few remaining

horses in the little company: the Grand Master and four or five others alone remained on horseback. The Saracens seeing them thus discomfited, again charged in full force. The Grand Master, who had lost one eye in Mansoura, was at this instant deprived of the other by the stroke of a sword; but, blind and bloody, he forced his steed into the thickest of the Saracen squadron, swung his sword at random, yet with deadly effect, and sank, pierced with a hundred wounds. The King now came to the aid of the Templars, and routed the assailants with the same facility as before.

Meanwhile, the Count de Poitiers was in great peril. The infidel infantry advanced upon him, column after column throwing their Greek-fire in every direction, and the cavalry charged with effect among the disordered knights. The brave Count threw himself into the most dangerous situations, and was after a time made prisoner. But as the Saracens were leading him off in triumph, an unexpected reinforcement came to his rescue. The miscellaneous followers of the camp (placed in the rear for their own protection, and not called on to assist in the combat) seeing the Count, whom they all loved greatly, thus in imminent danger, rushed forward as one man, caught up indiscriminately the weapons with which the ground was strewn, and fell upon the Saracens with the utmost fury. The infidels, stunned by their clamour and their sudden appearance, at once took to flight, leaving the noble Count in the hands of his volunteer militia.

The third and fifth battalions received the Saracens with steadiness, and repulsed them with great slaughter. The seventh, under William of Flanders,

so disposed its lines as to cover the eighth, under Joinville. When the Saracens advanced to these united battalions, the division of Joinville dispersed itself on the two flanks, armed with bows; and, by a galling discharge of arrows, caused some disorder in the infidel ranks before they reached the knights. The latter, with William at their head, improved the moment to charge. The Turks could not for one instant support the shock of this admirable troop; they fled like hares from the encounter, and part of their cavalry escaped by the superior fleetness of their steeds; but for the infantry there was no hope; confused, overwhelmed, surrounded by steel-clad men, whose strength they could not cope with, whose armour they could not penetrate, and whose impetuosity they could neither understand nor resist, they sank and disappeared to a man under the feet of their destroyers.

Thus ended the battle; the Crusaders everywhere victorious. The Saracens had fled beyond the limits of the camp, and were out of the reach of pursuit; but the field, for the length of a league and the breadth of a thousand yards, was strewn, covered, piled with the corses of their best troops.

Louis, seeing that the contest was terminated to the great glory of his army, assembled his barons before the royal tent and thus congratulated them:

"Lords and friends! you can now see the great goodness that God has shown and still continues to show us. On Tuesday last, which was the day before Lent, we did, by His assistance, chase and dislodge our enemies from their entrenchments, where we are even now lodged. And to-day, on foot and badly armed, we have defended ourselves against

numberless foes, well mounted, well armed, and surrounding us at all points."

And to France, to whom he owed nothing but the truth, he sent this account, as honest and great as his soul:

"On the first Friday in Lent, the camp was attacked by the whole Saracen force: but God declared Himself for the French, and the infidels were repulsed with great loss."

Notwithstanding this second victory, Louis began to be aware that the plan of his campaign was about to fail. His army had sustained the loss of nearly all its horses, and a full third of its knights, and the remainder were exhausted with toil; while each day augmented the numbers of the enemy. To proceed to Cairo was impossible: to remain in the present encampment was perhaps possible, but certainly useless and inglorious: yet, to retire to Damietta — to retreat from a foe twice vanquished — this was not to be thought of.

Such was the result of the first day's deliberations; and a fortnight of inaction passed, during which the Christians vainly waited for a renewal of hostilities on the part of the Saracens. Meanwhile the Christians, rigidly observing the season of Lent, and restricting their diet, on the prescribed days, to the miserable fish taken in the polluted waters of the canal, began to suffer from the scurvy; the mephitic exhalations from the half-buried and unburied corses that burdened the ground, induced another epidemic in the camp; and these two phantoms called to their aid one still more terrible — famine. The Saracens had, with their fleet and their land-troops, completely cut off all communication between the Crusaders and

Damietta, and of course intercepted the supplies for the army.

The last illusion now vanished from the mind of the King: retreat was indispensable; it remained to be seen if it were practicable. Preparations were made at once to cross the causeway, regain the old camp, man the flotilla, and proceed with all haste to Damietta. Louis was aware that this motion on his part would draw upon him the full force of the Saracens, and he made his dispositions accordingly. The sick and wounded were sent forward first; after them came the baggage and arms, and the King followed with a sufficient force to protect them. He had, however, scarcely crossed the canal, when the tumult of a terrible attack by the Saracens on the rear-guard, reached his ears. But the Count d'Anjou and Gauthier de Châtillon with their best troops met the infidels and repulsed them. The attack was not renewed, and the rear-guard crossed the causeway without further molestation.

The next day Louis despatched Messire Geoffrey de Sargines, charged with full powers, to negotiate a peace with the Sultan. The whole army watched his departure, and awaited the issue in great solicitude. About five o'clock in the afternoon he was seen returning with a down-cast countenance.

He reported that the negotiation proceeded thus:

Article I. Louis should restore to the Sultan the city of Damietta, and the Sultan would place the French in possession of Jerusalem. This was mutually approved.

Article II. Louis should remove his troops, including the sick and wounded, to and from Damietta without hinderance; and should be allowed to take

from that city his stores of salted provisions. This, also, was approved.

Article III. Louis proffered, as a hostage for the fulfilment of his part of the treaty, one of his two brothers, the Count d'Anjou or de Poitiers. The Sultan, however, declined to receive any other hostage than the King himself: and here the negotiation was broken off by Messire Geoffrey, who declared that the whole Christian army, from its chief baron to its meanest groom, would lay their lifeless corses at the feet of the Saracen host, before one infidel among them should place a finger upon the sacred person of their King.

Retreat was now indeed unavoidable, and Louis determined to march that very evening. Being himself ill of the epidemic, he ordered Josselin de Corvant, inventor of the engines of war, to take post in the rear; and the moment the army commenced its march, to destroy the causeway so that the Saracens could not pursue them by a direct route. He then summoned his mariners, and ordered them to have their vessels in readiness at a specified hour to receive all the sick and wounded, and sail for Damietta.

One, only, of these important orders was executed. For the purpose of deceiving the Saracens, the campfires were lighted as usual; and as soon as it was dark, the disabled troops crowded towards the vessels, and the whole army began its retreat: but, either from traitorous haste to escape, or from the impracticability of the task, Josselin de Corvant failed to break up the causeway; and scarcely had a fourth part of the sick and wounded been removed, when the Saracens poured over the canal in overwhelming

numbers, dispersing the surprised men-at-arms, and slaughtering without mercy all the invalids they approached. All was now lost: the carnage was general; the plain for an extent of two leagues, was one death-bed. The mariners cut the cables of their galleys, and departed with the few who were on board; a battalion of men was formed and placed under the command of Erard de Vallery; and Louis, with his faithful Sargines, took post in the rear: the wounded, the sick, and the dying, were unavoidably abandoned to the tender mercies of the enraged infidels.

The little band of Crusaders marched all night. In the morning a strong wind arose which embarrassed the flotilla, but materially aided the troops on shore, as it drove clouds of sand in the faces of their pursuers. The Saracens saw that the Crusaders were about to escape; when, according to the Arab historian, Salih, the Cadi Gazal-Uddin spoke to the wind with a loud voice:

"In the name of Mahomet, I command thee to direct thy breath against the French!" and the veracious historian adds, that the wind obeyed.

And, indeed, the wind changed, and so agitated the surface of the Nile, that many vessels of the flotilla were upset, and others stranded. At the same time the troops on shore were wofully discomfited by the sand and the Saracens. They continued to retreat, however, in tolerable order until they arrived at Minie, where Louis was compelled to dismount in so feeble a state, that his attendants thought he could not live through the day. The Saracens soon arrived in pursuit. Louis, for greater safety, was conveyed to the palace of Abiah-Allah, Bey of Minie; and the Crusaders placed themselves at the entrance of the narrow street that led to his quarters.

Here the last struggle took place. De Châtillon commanded the band, which was composed of the flower of French chivalry. The defence, as may be supposed, was brave and obstinate to the last degree: but no valour could avail against such an array of numbers. The knights fell one by one to the very last man; not one escaped: but they lay terrible in death; having slain an incredible proportion of their assailants.

The infidels now rushed upon the palace. When Louis heard them attacking the doors, the courage of the warrior triumphed over the resignation of the martyr; he arose and seized his sword, but almost immediately fainted. In this condition he was found by the Saracens. The next day he was removed to Mansoura, taken to the house of Fakreddin-Ben-Lokman, and placed under the guard of the eunuch Sahib.

Tûran-Shah could not realize the truth of such a victory, until a sight of the captive King demonstrated it: he then wrote to all his Governors, announcing the great news. The Arab historian, Makrisi, has preserved one of these letters, which runs thus:

"Let thanks be rendered to the ALMIGHTY, who has changed our sadness into joy! To Him alone we owe the victory. The favours he has heaped on us are innumerable, and the last is the most precious. You will announce to all Mussulmans that GOD has given us a prodigious victory over the Christians. On Monday, the first day of this year, we opened our treasury, and distributed its contents among our faithful soldiers. We gave them arms. We called the Arab tribes to our assistance. A countless multitude of men ranged themselves under our standard. Du-

ring the night between Tuesday and Wednesday our enemies abandoned their camp and baggage, and fled towards Damietta. We pursued them, notwithstanding the darkness. Thirty thousand of their corses strewed the field, and we cannot estimate the number of those who threw themselves into the Nile, to escape the fury of our soldiers. We killed and cast into the river prisoners without number. The King, having retreated to Minie, implored our clemency. We have granted his life, and rendered him the honours that his rank demands."

The news was not long in reaching Damietta. The queen and the garrison were overwhelmed with amazement and grief, but no care was lost in securing the city against an attack from the Saracens.

One evening a considerable troop of armed men appeared in the distance, and directed their steps toward the city. They wore the arms and displayed the banners of the Christians; but, as there was something singular in their manner of advancing, the Governor caused the gates to be closed as they drew near; and, indeed, Oliver de Thernes soon discovered the tawny visages and long beards of the disguised Saracens, who had hoped to surprise the town. Finding that their trick was detected and frustrated by the vigilance of the Christians, they retired peaceably.

In the mean time, Tûran-Shah proceeded to take advantage of his victory by negotiating with the King for his ransom; and he proposed to set Louis at liberty, on condition of his restoring Damietta and the cities previously taken by the French in Palestine. The King replied that Damietta was his, because the Lord had permitted him to conquer it; but the cities

of Judea were not his, and he could not barter them. The Sultan then proposed to receive Damietta and the castles of Rhodes and the Temple. But the King answered that compliance with this proposition was equally impossible, as the castellians and governors of these fortresses had sworn never to yield them to the Saracens as a ransom for the body of any man: not even that of the King.

Tûran-Shah became exasperated at these answers, and directed his ambassadors to inform Louis that he should be put to the torture, unless he would accede to his conditions. The King replied that he was the Sultan's prisoner, and the Sultan could do with him what he chose: for his own part, he would welcome all pain which the LORD JESUS pleased to send.

The Sultan, still foiled, ordered the massacres of the prisoners to re-commence; and many thousands more were slain and thrown into the Nile. However, the counsellors of the Sultan now remonstrated, and, at their suggestion, a third proposal was made to the King: viz. that he should be released, on the payment of five hundred thousand livres. Louis returned answer that a King of France could not be ransomed with gold; but that he would redeem his army with the sum specified, and himself by the restoration of Damietta. Tûran-Shah was so pleased with the nobleness of this offer, that he exclaimed:

"By my faith! the Frenchman is liberal, and scorns to haggle about so large a sum. Go, tell him that I accept the city of Damietta for his ransom, and abate a hundred thousand crowns from the sum offered for the ransom of his people."

The bargain was concluded, and the Sultan gave orders that the King and his barons should embark

in four galleys, and proceed to Damietta. The vessels came to anchor at Charescourt, where an interview was to take place between the two monarchs.

Tûran-Shah had been educated in exile on the shores of the Euphrates, and had acquired there the habits of indolence and effeminacy bequeathed by the Assyrians to their successors. He possessed a certain elevation of character, but he lacked firmness of purpose and maturity of judgement. When he arrived at Cairo, he seized upon his father's treasures, and distributed them among his favourites: a most impolitic act; as it impoverished the state to enrich a parcel of useless men; and, more especially, as it gave great offence to those who had just saved Egypt at Mansoura. These latter were the Baharite Mamelukes, commanded by Bibars; a body of men who, at that time and for seven succeeding centuries, disposed of the lives of the Egyptian Sultans. The corps was originally formed by Nedjm-Eddin, the father of Tûran-Shah. At the siege of Naplosa, he was one day basely abandoned by his troops, and bravely supported by his Turkish slaves, purchased from Syrian merchants. Grateful for the courage and devotion which he had no right to expect, he loaded these men with benefits; raised them to the highest dignities, and confided to their care the palace he had just built on the island of Roudah.

Such men were to be feared: and the wiser counsellors of the new Sultan advised him not to break terms with them. But he, young, inexperienced, transferred abruptly from exile to a throne, and from the dignity of a monarch to the triumph of an almost unheard-of conqueror, laughed at advice given, as it usually was, in the midst of his orgies. He would,

on these occasions, draw his sabre, cut off the wicks of the candles that lighted the repast, and exclaim: "Thus will I serve the Baharites!"

His triumphs and his follies, however, were destined to a speedy termination. He gave a feast at Charescourt to his Mamelukes, which was sumptuous and free; but, he did not observe, that during the repast, the Mamelukes held occasional conversations in whispers, with the other guests. When he arose to retire, he asked Bibars to hand him his sabre, which he laid down on entering the apartment. The Emir did not obey, and the Sultan reiterated his demand in an imperious voice; when Bibars drew the sword from its sheath, and struck him with it, cutting severely the third and fourth fingers of his hand. The Sultan held up his bleeding hand, and shouted to the company for help; but the other Emirs drew their sabres, exclaiming, "We do to thee but as thou wishest to do to us; and it is better that thou, who art a coward, shouldest die, than we, who are brave!" Tûran-Shah saw his danger, fled swiftly to the tower, and fastened the doors behind him. Bibars, fearing that the army might come to the Sultan's aid, immediately left the pavilion, and addressed the troops. He assured them that Damietta was taken, and commanded them in the name of the Sultan, to repair thither at once. Not suspecting any deception, they promptly obeyed, and the Mamelukes were soon left alone to deal with their victim.

The Sultan now came to a window of the tower, and appealed for mercy to the Mamelukes, who were all under arms beneath him. Bibars commanded him to descend; but he refused, unless they would first promise that his life should be spared. Bibars

yet hesitated to attack the tower, lest some soldiers might be concealed there, who were disposed to defend the Sultan. He, therefore, formed with his men a large circuit, completely enclosing the tower between them and the Nile: he then ordered a discharge of heated arrows on this last refuge of his unfortunate sovereign. The tower, built of wood, was soon enveloped in flames; and Tûran-Shah, to escape being burned alive, was forced to throw himself from a window about twenty feet from the ground; he then ran towards the river, hoping to get on board the galley of that King, whom, only the day before, he had menaced with perpetual captivity or death.

The Mamelukes pursued him, and Bibars gave him another wound before he reached the water. He plunged in, however, and struck out for the galleys; but he was soon overtaken by the Mamelukes, who despatched him with poignards, and drew his body to the shore.

Bibars then took a boat, and with a number of his brethren, went on board the King's galley. He agreed to conform to the conditions of the treaty made by his murdered master, and words and oaths were mutually pledged for its fulfilment.

Damietta was free. The King paid down one half of the stipulated ransom for his troops; and the sick and wounded were left as hostages for the remainder.

In a few days, Louis, having faithfully performed his promises as a King and a Christian, departed from Egypt — the queen and her retinue having sailed a day or two before — with three galleys, and five hundred knights; the only remains of that army

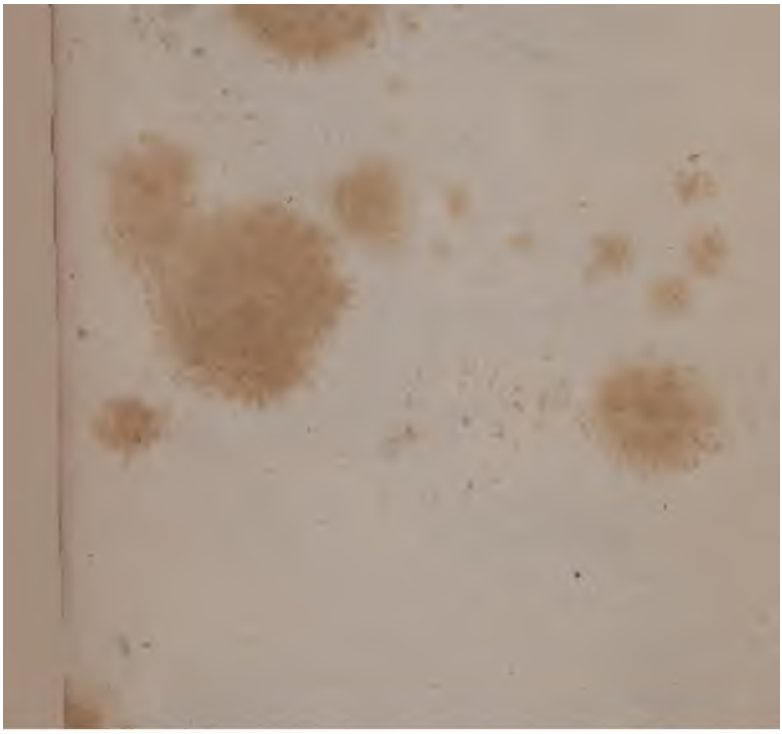
which originally landed at Damietta in eleven hundred vessels, and which consisted of nine thousand, five hundred cavaliers, and a hundred and thirty thousand foot-soldiers.

Eighteen years after, an Arab poet, named Ismael, having learnt that Louis was preparing for a second Crusade, wrote the following words:

"Frenchman! art thou ignorant that Tunis is the sepulchre of Cairo? Think of the fate that awaits thee. Thou wilt find in Tunis a tomb instead of the house of Fakreddin-Ben-Lokman; and the two angels of death, Monkyr and Nekyr, superseding the eunuch Sahib, will ask thee, Who is thy God? Who is thy Prophet?"

Louis embarked for Tunis; and on the 25th of August, A. D. 1270, the prediction of the poet was accomplished.

THE END.



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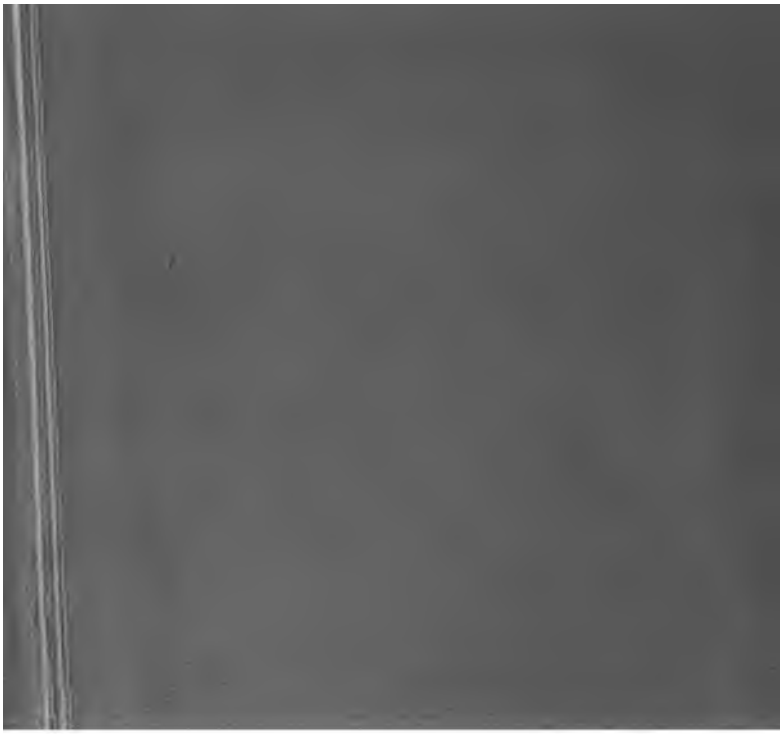

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